THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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The Second Elder Gives Battle

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ALVIN C. YORK comes from Pall Mall, Fentress County, Tennessee, and is second elder in the Church of Christ and Christian Union. The sect is opposed to any form of fighting; they are conscientious objectors. But York refused to ask exemption, went to war, and as Corporal York of Company G, 328th Infantry, killed twenty Germans on October eighth, captured one hundred and thirty-two prisoners, including a major and three lieutenants, put thirty-five machine guns out of business, and thereby broke up an entire battalion which was about to counter-attack against the Americans on Hill 223 in the Argonne sector near Chatel-Chehery.

He outfought the machine-gun battalion with his rifle and automatic pistol. There were seven other Americans present at the fight, but it was York's battle and only York's. But for him not a man of them would have come out alive except as prisoners. In my estimation it stands out as the greatest individual feat of the war, not only because of the amazing things he did that day but because of the man's deep religious convictions and scruples. For though York joined the army when drafted he remained troubled for months, and it was only after his captain had laid his doubts by quoting biblical authority for taking up the sword that he saw his duty clearly. Once his conscience was at ease the second elder went in for fighting in earnest—and he surely did one fine job.

Corporal Alvin C. York Standing on the Spot Where He Fought a Machine-Gun Battalion. The Boches Were on the Slope Directly Back of Him

Which is not to say that he has no regrets over the necessity which compelled him to kill so many of the enemy, but he is fortified by the knowledge that he was fighting in a sanctified cause and so his soul is at peace.

"What do you suppose Pastor Pile will say when he hears of your exploit?" I asked him there on the scene of his achievement.

"What can he say? What can any of them say?" he replied earnestly. "'Blessed is the peacemaker,' isn't he? Well, there was sure some stir-up in this country!"

York is now a sergeant and has been decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross. He has also been recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. To him said Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, in front of all the officers of the 82d Division—and "Honest John" is some soldier himself: "Corporal York, your division commander has reported to me your exceedingly gallant conduct during the operations of your division in the Meuse-Argonne Battle. I desire to express to you my pleasure and commendation for the courage, skill and gallantry which you displayed on that occasion. It is an honor to command such soldiers as you. Your conduct reflects great credit not only upon the American Army, but upon the American people. Your deeds will be recorded in the history of this great war and they will live as an inspiration not only to your comrades but to the generations that will come after us. I wish to commend you publicly and in the presence of the officers of your division."

York stood there, unflustered, looking him straight in the eye as one man to another. To him had been given the honor of carrying the colors that day. Never once did he do the wrong thing, though he was several times in situations about which he had received no instruction. This Tennessee mountaineer seems to do everything correctly by intuition; army officers who have been over the ground where he fought assert that no amount of military training could have improved his tactics, yet with York it was entirely the working of instinct, for until November 14, 1917, he was living on a small farm on Wolf River, five miles from the Kentucky border. On that day he joined the army at Camp Gordon, Georgia, and became No. 1,910,421.

He has always farmed or worked at blacksmithing. Possibly that is where he gets his physique, for York is a whale of a man, standing six feet, and tipping the scales at two hundred and five pounds. Once he wore a shock of red hair; now it is clipped close, as becomes a soldier, but it still flames like a headlight. His features are not rugged, but clear cut, and his habitual expression is one of kindly humor; but whenever he is stirred to resentment his eyes contract and take on the peculiar high and piercing quality of the hawk's. I suspect that the second elder would be a bad hombre in a mix-up.

Have you ever seen a gunman of the old Southwest? A real gunman, not the loud, quarrelsome, spurious saloon hero? Well, that's York. The same rather gentle voice in ordinary conversation, with a vibrant note when he is stirred that fairly trumpets danger; he has the same gray eyes, flecked with brown—eyes which can harden to pin points. And he has the same unhurried, half-indolent confidence of manner. In his steady gaze is absolute sureness of self.

Somehow he didn't suggest timber for a conscientious objector, so after sizing him up a while I asked a question: "York, you didn't always belong to the Church of Christ and Christian Union? Haven't you raised a little excitement now and again in your day?"

He was slow in replying, but the answer was as I expected. "Yes, I used to drink and gamble some. I went all the gaits. But when I got to drinking I was kind of liable to fight, and it was like to get me into a right smart of trouble." He was silent a moment; then countered with: "A feller does a heap of things he's ashamed of later, don't he?"

I admitted it—no use in arguing facts.

"And now you neither drink nor gamble? You don't even swear?"

The answer came like the crack of a whip. "No, sir; I play the game straight."

That was like him too. He added: "A man can't do any of those things and belong to our church. He can't just be a Christian on Sundays. He's got to live up to it all the time."

Now we were standing on the spot where he had crouched amid the brush, with machine-gun bullets showering down twigs on his head as he shot it out against an

entire battalion; and it seemed impossible to me—it seemed impossible to me that ——

"Man, didn't you cuss a little during the fight? Not just a teeny bit? Didn't the old Adam crop out during that inferno?"

"Not a single cuss," he replied, "because I wasn't excited. I was no more excited than I am now. My daddy used to tell me that if I ever got into trouble all I had to do was to keep cool and I'd come out."

Lieutenant Woods, who counted the prisoners a few minutes after their capture, confirmed the statement.

"They came out of the brush down the side of the hill, and I began to think he had brought the whole boche army with him," he remarked.

Let me say here and now that York's story is genuine from start to finish. It has been thoroughly sifted by headquarters of the 82d Division; by Maj. G. Edward Buxton, Jr., of Providence, Rhode Island, who formerly commanded the battalion of the 328th to which York belongs; by Major Tillman, now commanding it; and by York's captain, E. C. B. Danforth, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia. On top of this I questioned every soldier in the detachment with York, checked up every detail with the official reports and information, and went over every step of the ground while he told his story. In telling it he was far more prone to leave out than to amplify; men who do big things seldom like to talk about them, and are never fluent. This would be a useful fact to remember when next you listen to the outpourings of alleged war heroes. So many are newspaper made; the soldiers over here could explode many a bubble reputation at home.

York's Life in Tennessee

THE end of a week's investigation left me convinced that Corporal York had performed the most remarkable individual feat of fighting to the credit of the American Expeditionary Force. And the weapons he used were peculiarly American weapons—a rifle and a pistol. The big redhead is sure death with either. Back in the Tennessee mountains he used to carry off the money at most of the turkey shoots round Pall Mall and adjacent territory. You know the kind of matches I mean—the contestants crack down on a turkey, whose head only is showing. The object is to shoot it off. Usually a .32 is employed, but each entry can use whatever rifle he fancies.

Once, years ago, in a tavern row close to the Kentucky state line, York averted bloodshed by suddenly clipping the head off a tree lizard with his six-shooter as the lizard was running up the bole of a persimmon across the road. They just naturally quieted down after that. He is the crack shot of his battalion with the rifle, and in a contest with the automatic pistol against Major Tillman the corporal hit a penny match box every shot at forty paces.

He was born at Pall Mall on December 13, 1887, and is one of eleven children. He has a squad of brothers—seven—and three small sisters. The family has lived in Tennessee for generations. York's father was a blacksmith and had a small farm, on which they raised corn and wheat and oats and other grains. Living is simple in that region; a farmer raises most of what his family consumes and trades his produce at the store for the rest. It isn't a country where money circulates abundantly.

The Pall Mall people do not belong, however, to the class of mountaineers known as moonshiners. Neither are they feudists, though living close to the mountainous districts where feuds flourish. They won't stand for moonshiners or lawlessness in Pall Mall; they are a devout population.

York, however, strayed far from the paths of grace in the days of his youth. He frankly admits it. Until four years ago he never missed a bet, but went blithely along the road so many red-blooded youngsters have traveled. He had many a bout with John Barleycorn, settled many an argument after the fashion of mountain men—and he was no slouch at stud poker, either. In short, he was then as far removed from the tenets and spirit of the Church of Christ and Christian Union as any roisterer in those parts.

Then his father, William York, died. That occurred in November, 1911, and it left him provider for and protector of his mother, one brother and three small sisters; the other brothers had married or moved away. For a long time he took care of them, running the smithy which his father had left, and the farm on which the family lived. Still he did not change his habits, but went out from time to time with his old cronies, which was like to land him in a right smart of trouble more than once.

"My mother used to beg me to quit drinking," he said. "Often she would follow me out to the gate and beg me not to drink any more. So one day when she cried I told her I was through. And I haven't touched a drop since."

He came to this resolution in the fall of 1914. Shortly after that a girl of very fine character whom York expects to marry began urging him to join the church. This he was slow to do, being no backslider of sudden impulses, but a man who plays every game "straight." He would not embrace religion until he felt its promptings.

Finally he saw the light and joined the Church of Christ and Christian Union in February, 1915. From that day to this he has lived up faithfully to the rules of his sect. They are very strict. None but a man of deep convictions could adhere to their teachings; you cannot meet York without feeling a profound respect for his sincerity and the rugged strength of his faith.

His church is against fighting in any form, so when the draft came along and reached out for York he was in a difficult dilemma. For not only was he a member of the church, but second elder; often he led the services. He took a leading part in the singing, and several Sunday schools in the county owed their origin to him. What should he do?

The congregation were unanimous on the point: York must ask for exemption as a conscientious objector. Pastor R. C. Pile urged it long and eloquently. His mother, faced with the prospect of losing the head of the household at a time when her health was not robust, and with three small children on her hands, backed up his arguments.

But York refused. He belonged to the Church of Christ and Christian Union and subscribed to its doctrines, but he was not going to back out of serving his country when it was drawn into war. As with a great many other courageous men patriotism was stronger in the Tennessee mountaineer than any other impulse.

"They saw I wouldn't ask for exemption and so they used to plead with me," he remarked. "I remember one day especially. A man had been arguing quite a while, so I said to him: 'If some feller was to come along and bust into your house and mistreat your wife and murder your children maybe, you'd just stand for it? You wouldn't fight?'"

"And what did he say to that?"

"Well, he looked down at the ground and kind of studied a while, and then he says: 'No—I believe I'd kill him!'"

So York let the draft take its course with him. He was the only one of the family of eight boys to go; the others were all married or had other grounds for exemption. He reported at Camp Gordon, Georgia, and started in to learn soldiering.

Captain Danforth tells me that he made a good soldier, being willing and quick to pick up the work, and obeying all orders. But he was still troubled in regard to war; his conscience was not at ease; his religious convictions gave him many hours of worry. It was due to this that York was not made a noncommissioned officer earlier. The captain could not see his way to promoting a man with his ideas.

Often they discussed the question. York had read a fair share of war literature, but he remained dubious concerning some of the stories of atrocities. It was on the religious side, however, and not the justice of the cause, that his scruples lay. He could not reconcile killing his fellowmen with the teachings of the Savior.

A Soldier by Scriptural Warrant

JUST before the 82d Division sailed for France York came to see the captain again; and once more they threshed out the whole matter. Danforth and Major Buxton had frequently quoted biblical authority for the employment of force, citing the incident of Christ expelling the money changers from the Temple. How much more consistent would it be, they argued, to use physical force to insure the safety and honor of women and children; did York think that he would be criticized for protecting the helpless and the pure?

On this night Captain Danforth and the Tennessee mountaineer talked late. The captain was as thoroughly in earnest as York was. He quoted texts from the Bible, such as the thirty-sixth verse of the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke: "Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." Or St. Matthew x, 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." Or again, St. John xviii, 36: "Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

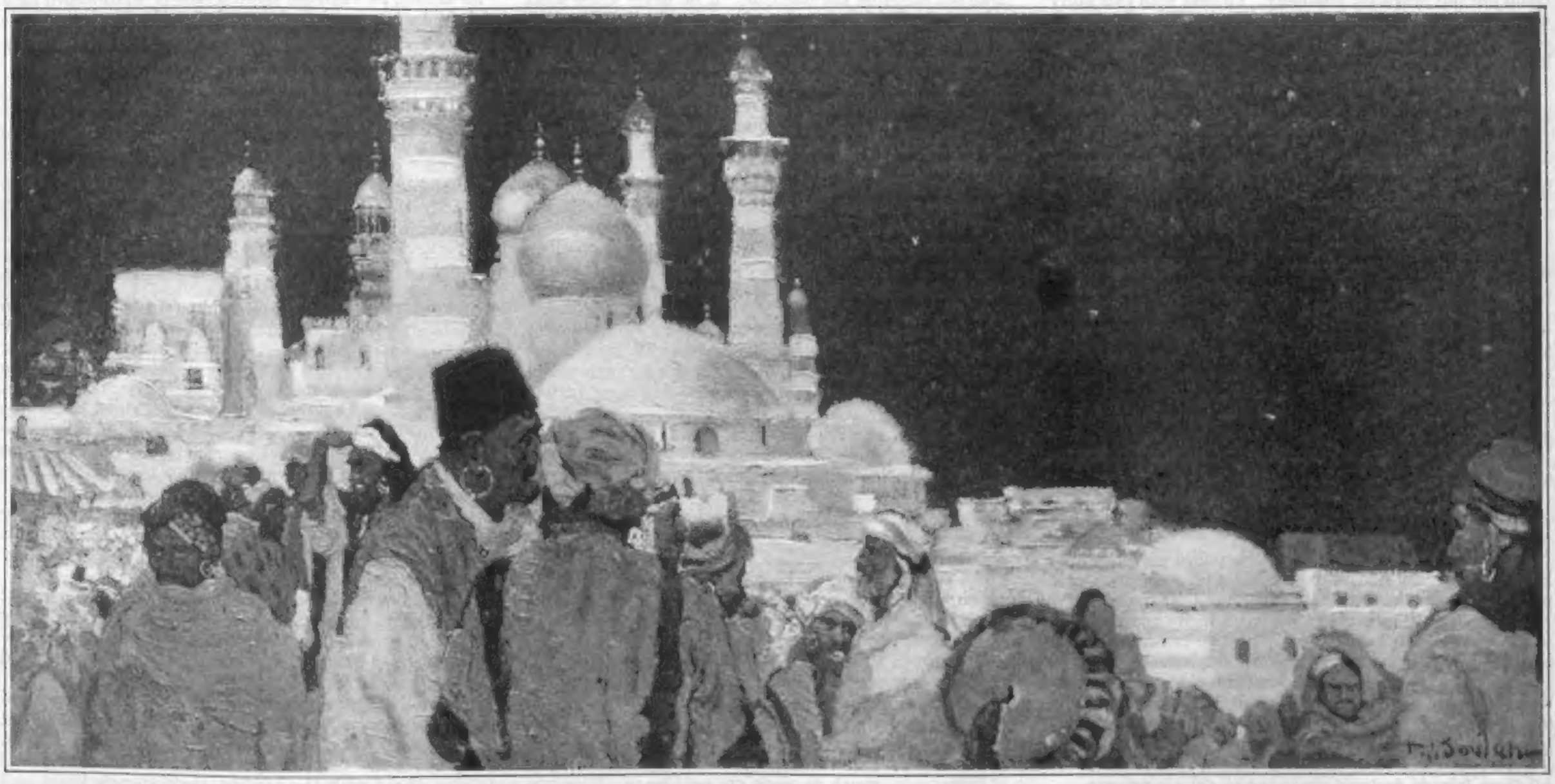
Such were the influences brought to bear. Ezekiel delivered the finishing stroke. Captain Danforth read from chapter thirty-three: "Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: If when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. . . . But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."

"All right," said York at last; "I'm satisfied." From that night all his

(Continued on Page 71)

American Graves Near the Scene of York's Fight. Here He Buried Privates Fred Wareing, M. Dymowski, Carl Swanson and Ralph E. Waller

THE GOLDEN WREATH



The Gray Hill Front of Temples, Pressed by the Weight of Centuries, Appeared as Ready as Always to Glide and Sink its Giant Masonry

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. JOULEN

ALONE in his dingy hotel room on a hot afternoon sat Daniel Towers, trying to keep awake and to consider affairs of business. They were none too flourishing—those affairs—at best; and now he found them complicated with bad news in a letter. It was the dickens and all, he thought, to be a bachelor, yet a family man. Dan was both, drawing bachelor's pay, keeping his family a secret, even from his best friends. Down along the Malay Peninsula he had a ward, half adopted, an orphan, the daughter of his dead friend, Parimban; an altogether too beautiful girl, whom for his own welfare no less than hers he had intrusted to the devout sisters of an orphanage.

Leda—her name was Leda—worried him. To pinch and save on her account could not give Towers care, for he was a frugal easy man, traveling light through life; but the reports of the godly chief sister could and did; and so did Leda's, which were anything but godly.

"Like to know what's best." Dan yawned and sighed. "Things go crooked at a distance. It takes so long to write and get an answer."

He sat in the good chair, with bare feet on the broken one, and doubtfully surveyed his bedroom. Those four cracked and spotted walls offered no comfort or inspiration.

"Ho, hum!" Dan rose and went to lean in the window. Looking upon an alley, it had the advantage that a man in cinglet and trousers might lounge there unobserved. "Ho, hum! But this fourth-class-sailors'-boarding-house pidgin does turn kind o' flat!"

One end of the alley opened on a thoroughfare and a gharri stand at the front of the hotel. Not much life appeared in this gap; only a bay mare's hindquarters, uncurried and bony; a slattern cab, under its rear axle her driver asleep on the ground; and, straining downward to eat his pillow of fodder, the cadaverous head and ewe neck of a dirty white horse, with pink eye.

This prospect, for want of a better, Dan regarded with mild enjoyment. It pleased him to see how Pink Eye, cunning with a lifetime's hunger, could steal his feed, nibble by nibble of long yellow teeth, from under the sleeper's head.

"Clever old plug!" thought Towers.

The view of his cleverness was cut off by an odd obstruction.

Into the way lurched an old black box, carried on black poles by four men, who halted and set it painfully down at the corner of the alley. Other natives followed, thronging round. It was an obsolete palkee, or sedan chair, in the side of which a door opened, and from the hearselike depths of which came bulging, rearforemost, a mighty bulk swaddled in white garments that seemed to hang wedged in the orifice and kick, like a bundle of washing with a Falstaff inside.

The escort lent a hand, pulling. Larger and rounder the bundle blossomed, whiter and whiter; it put forth legs, arms and a head; then it dropped and became hid in a respectful crowd that convoyed it toward the hotel. The black box went away empty, as though having served its turn in a conjurer's performance.

Dan stood wondering what all this might have meant, when down his corridor, within, came footsteps, flying. Someone tapped at his door and flung it open. Into the room burst the manager of the hotel, a mournful Eurasian whom Dan had never set eyes upon but once, for he managed by the *non lucendo* principle.

"Pardon me, sir!" he cried, his sallow face glaring with importance and haste. "Gentleman to see you. D-d-do excuse me, sir."

He threw off gestures with both arms, like a pin wheel shedding sparks, and babbled a set of wild orders, while into the room poured a stream of natives—the hotel staff mingled with all the neighborhood coolies. They brought in stools, rugs, a stepladder, four unhappy vegetables that Dan recognized as the potted palms from the office, a deck chair, a table, a vast framed photograph of Lord and Lady Curzon, and what seemed the loot of a wine cellar. These things tossed like wreckage on a whirlpool of men.

"Who's moving in?" asked Towers.

The Eurasian flew up the stepladder to the ceiling and had no time to reply. He was busy knotting a thong to the punkah, which during Dan's time in that cell had never yet wagged its age-worn tails of linen.

"There, sir!" cried the manager. "I will tell the gentleman you are at home."

Driving the crowd before him, he shut the door and was gone. Dan found himself alone, his room glorified with much furniture set askew.

The house became quiet again, except for a hum of voices below stairs.

"Now what's all this heap of salvage, I wonder?"

While wondering, Dan put on his tunic and his boots, and began to straighten matters. As he did so the punkah went off wagging madly overhead, the hum grew louder, the rustling of a crowd filled the passage, and a knock thundered at his door.

"Come!" he called.

Again the door flew open.

"Go away!" commanded a languid voice. "All of you. Go downstairs and wait till I call you."

On the threshold, a mountain of white wrappings with a dark face, infinitely bored, stood the Maharajah of Mayaganj. He waved one fat hand backward and made the crowd of admiring starers melt from corridor and landing like a snowslide down a roof.

"Too much fuss!" he complained.

Then the Maharajah dropped his sandals without, came in and shut the door.

"How are you, sir?" said Dan.

The visitor shook his great head and, moving despondently forward, took a chair at random, sat down like one who mistrusted chairs, and heaved a sigh. Lost upon him, the transformation of Dan's quarters went for naught. His broad face, with hanging jowl and pouting lip, remained downcast, his brilliant eyes fixed on the floor.

"Towers, I'm very angry," he declared in a calm voice of sorrow. "Very, very angry! It is disgusting to go on pilgrimage for your religion and have them rob you."

He sat there gloomy as a bull.

"How?" said Dan after waiting. "What happened?"

"The journey to Gaya and Benares, I was making that," came the disconsolate reply, "with a wreath of gold flowers for the Bishn Pad. Oh, you don't know! The Footstep of Vishnu. You don't care what that means. At Gaya. You call it all a dirty little superstition."

"Beg your pardon!" Dan objected. "Never said anything of the kind."

The gloomy white-swathed bull raised his head and grunted.

"Putting words in your mouth again, was I?" he asked with a look half sour, half friendly. "Well, I always do. Remember that and let it pass. Habit. Worst of the thing is, I made a damned vow. Walked five times round Mayaganj. Then, on the boat, they rob me!"

"Who?" Dan asked.

His Highness rolled himself upright by the elbows and leaned forward in his chair.

"They! Am I not telling you? The rotten pilgrims did. Who else?" His brown eyes blazed as though Dan had been a pilgrim. "Now if you don't help us find it I shall have to get another wreath made, go home, start all fresh, and toddle five times more round that pig-mud village of mine—in this heat. Duller than nine funerals; and I hate walking! No, thank you. If I undertake such a filthy job again may the red woman of Ujjain carry me off, body and soul! Towers, you simply must do it."

Dan did not smile; humor appeared in this dark and passionate complaint, yet the Lord of Mayaganj was deadly earnest. "Do what, sir? I don't quite understand."

"Help us! Get it!" snapped the Maharajah. Then he remembered his manners and sank back and grinned—a broad loving grin of cajolery. "You'll help us, won't you? Of course you will, my dear chap! We count on you."

He gave a laugh, so persuasive and ingratiating that Dan could not but laugh for company. To deal with this burly potentate was always troublesome; yet funny, because one never knew what he might be driving at, except that it would prove to be something extraordinary.

"Us?" Dan echoed. "Who are we?"

To answer the question there came a knock at the door. The Maharajah lifted one big hand, signaling delay.

"Wait a bit. There they are now. Look!" he implored. "Before letting them in, Towers, promise that you will help us."

Our friend seldom made rash promises.

"Will if I can," said he. "Let's hear what it is, first."

"Quite all right, then. You can!" said he of Mayaganj with a satisfied air. "That's all I ask." And, glancing over his shoulder, he called blandly: "Come in!"

The door opened. Two very trim young gentlemen, wearing the newest smoothest garb of the worldly wise, looking abnormally cool, modest and bright, entered the room. One was blond, the other brunette.

"Ah!" said the first. "At it already?"

"Hello, Towers!" cried the second. "Coming with me, aren't you? I know you are."

Dan rose, heartily glad to welcome Captain Weatherby and Runa la Flèche.

"Might have known it was you!" he exclaimed as they shook hands. "The Trouble Men. Who's to be in hot water next?"

The two youthful members of the police gave the Maharajah a friendly nod, skimmed their helmets like a pair of quoits across the room to the bed, and sat down.

"*Magnifique!*" murmured Runa, wickedly admiring the new furniture. He held in his lap a dirty brown cloth bag and looked very sly. "You have outdone yourself, Danny."

His chief, the captain, said nothing, but hid a diplomat's yawn behind finger tips and seemed to await further information. That passionate pilgrim, the Maharajah, scratching under his white swaddlings, produced a huge gold cigar case, which he offered roundabout. All three friends declined, knowing of old his private stock tobacco, which left a strong man dizzy for hours.

"No?" His Highness lighted a cheroot blacker and blunter than his thumb, drank the smoke with a supping noise, and lay back in his chair contented. "Well, I leave the talk to you, gentlemen."

Captain Weatherby sighed, crossed his legs, drew out a handkerchief, brushed some atom off one knee, put the handkerchief away, recrossed his legs and gave himself up to fatigue. At last he drawled:

"You do it, Runa."

Mr. la Flèche, of Chandernagor, promptly and willingly obeyed. He set his brown cloth bag on the floor, pointed at it with an engaging smile, as if it were a bag of tricks, and at once joined battle with Dan. "That's all our evidence," he said cheerily. "An impossible job; quite impossible. But I'll try it—on one condition. You must come help me, Towers. With you, I'll go hunting this golden wreath for His Highness. Without you, I won't stir a step; and so I told him."

The Maharajah nodded wisely from a blue cloud.

"La Flèche is the only man in the country," he declared, "who could find it. Weatherby says so."

The captain, whose eyes roamed round the ceiling, patted his mustache thoughtfully and agreed.

"You flatter me, sir." Runa bowed gracefully from his chair toward the Maharajah, on his right, and gave Dan, on his left, a lightning wink, hard and impudent. "I'll try, with Towers' help. Let's recall the facts; and, if you please, correct me."

Runa opened the brown bag, like a peddler's pack, then let it stay ready. It seemed full of colored cloth and trinkets, all in a mess.

"You were on pilgrimage, sir, traveling by boat? Between Manihari and Monghyr, to visit some islands on the way? Good! Taking a gold wreath to Vishnu's Footprint? Yes. This wreath you carried in a satchel, and you slept every night with your satchel under your head?"

The Lord of Mayaganj inhaled smoke from his man-killing cigar and gave a saturnine look of agreement.

"You woke one morning, found your satchel gone, and this thing"—Runa gravely indicated the peddler's pack at his feet—"this friendship's token in its place? Very well! What did you do then, sir?"

"I raised the devil in that boat." The pilgrim scowled.

"Of course!" continued Runa. "You would. Any man would. But next, I mean. What did you do next, after that, sir?"

"I came back."

Dan sat enjoying the dialogue. If he never knew what the Maharajah might be after, he understood Runa even less perfectly, as a rule; and this was his first sight of Runa conducting examination. The youngster's dark eyes were bright as a crow's, yet not inquisitive; his tone and manner conveyed just the proper amount of sympathy.

"The boat—by the way; what was she?"

In the lordling's opinion she was an old *bajra-doonga* kind of pot, not worth describing.

Runa consulted a slip of paper in his hand.

"And for passengers, now: I see there were eight or ten of you on board. All pilgrims and strangers. An apothecary; a musician; a holy man—who talked to himself in an unknown tongue? Yes. A dying man being taken to the Four Palms to be burnt and three or four others whom you don't remember?"

The Maharajah nodded. Runa put away his memorandum and, returning to his peddler's bag, skillfully dumped the contents on the floor. They formed a strange gaudy heap—a mirror framed in tin, four or five long turban cloths of as many colors, a beggar's bowl, some tangled bead necklaces, and a small round pot filled with scarlet paste.

Captain Weatherby roused enough to cast his eyes upon these things.

"A first-chop Frungles Collection," he drawled. "Bhampta work."

Runa agreed.

"The common layout," he said. "Little or nothing to work on, you can see, sir."

Their huge client grasped his cheroot by the middle and brandished it, fuming, overhead, like a brown Jove prepared to launch a thunderbolt.

"I never was robbed before!" he cried with heat. "If I lie down under it and submit to these misbegotten pilgrims there'll be no end. I'll become everybody's milch goat. They'll play the Iron Safe game on me next. I don't care if there's little or nothing or much to work on, gentlemen. You two go catch them if you can—that's all. The stipend will be"—he named a sum large in rupees, large even in pounds sterling—"for each of you, and expenses. That's whether or no. If you find the wreath—double. Mr. Towers will go with you, he says, and you're a lucky pair when you work together."

A Door Opened and From the Depths Came Bulging a Mighty Bulk, Swaddled in White Garments

Now at that moment of Dan's fortune such a lavish offer came like a windfall; but, instead of jumping at it, our friend, though greatly tempted, thought more than once and shook his head.

"Very handsome of you, sir," he replied. "Afraid I can't, though. Shouldn't like to take so much that I hadn't earned."

Runa made indignant outcry:

"You'll earn it! No fear!"

The young man from Chandernagor began to reason warmly; the Maharajah joined him; they argued high, they argued low, they also argued roundabout it. Captain Weatherby sat quiet and appeared not even to be listening. But in the end it was he who carried the day with half a sentence.

"What do you think?" Dan appealed from Runa to Runa's chief. The young captain gave a look and a nod.

"A great help," said he, "if you could manage."

"All right!" said Dan.

The Maharajah heaved himself out of his chair, nodded, smiled, dropped his cheroot, still burning, on one of the new rugs and rolled away toward the door, which Runa, darting past him, held open.

"Thank you so much, Towers!" murmured the great man while shuffling his toes into his sandals. "I feel better now."

The rustling cloud of witnesses poured upstairs to fill the corridor again. He eyed them without pleasure and waved them apart. "Oh, by the way!" cried Runa after him. "Do you speak Telugu, sir?"

The departing giant looked back.

"Why should I?" he returned scornfully. "English is bad enough."

So saying, he vanished down a lane of white-robed men with dusky faces and staring eyeballs, who flattened themselves on either wall before him and closed in silently behind.

Runa shut the door and tossed off a shrug.

"They never rob him," he sighed. "You heard that? Poor little one! They never do anything else."

Dan smiled, for he had looked over the Maharajah's accounts.

"Well," said Weatherby, coming to life, "let's trot round by the club. A little tennis before dinner; then we'll talk. Step on that coal. The rug's afire. . . . But I say, look. We must really do the old chap a good turn."

II

A BROAD river flowed gleaming tansy-colored in the late afternoon sun. Here and there, but rarely, a few great trees darkened its margin with reflections growing deeper, in the intervals of which ran level banks of grass and mud. A tumble-down shrine or small forsaken temple dome, bulging toward the water, aided these tree clumps in prolonging their broken line of silhouette against a wall of snow-white clouds far off that rose many-bosomed from the plain halfway to the zenith.

Boats traveled on this river. Its breadth and long-curving vista and nakedness under a blazing heaven made it look empty; but scattered along its reaches appeared a number of specks, light and dark, which if brought together would have seemed a multitude.

Of these boats a few slid rapidly down with the current; most of them labored upstream, punting or rowing under the banks, or, where a breath of hot wind availed, rippling dreamily along beneath a great square sail gilded with sunlight.

One brown dinghy, losing her breeze, had lowered sail and glided into the shadow of the mud. Her captain squatted aft, steering with a long tiller crooked as a ram's horn. Her deck hands—three Ganges men in breechclouts—went stalking ahead with the towline, their spindle limbs and frail bodies, bent each to its yoke, showing black against the clouds.

Amidships, under her rounded roof of basketwork, lay her passengers—a huddle of white calico and dark skins. They were talking lazily. The cabin was hot, and heavy with bilge and other rancid smells.

"No," droned an old man, who squatted by one of the hatch windows cut in the matting—"No; never were so many pilgrims going to the holy places as now. So men say."

Half asleep, he hugged his knee bones and spat a red shower of betel juice into the river.

"That is true," cried a cheerful voice. "My aunt in Benares has lived years and years. She never saw so many pilgrims; the living, the dying and the dead, they come flocking by every road and path. Ah, that is a wonderful city! None like it."

The speaker, a foolish-faced youth, who perched on the gunwale by the opposite window, grinned and wagged his head, distributing nods of self-approval round the company to give his information the more weight. On his forehead he wore, freshly painted in vermilion, the crescent and dot of Siva.

"And my aunt says," he continued, with a loose-mouthed laugh of incredible vacancy, "there is not on the stairs a bare space for your ten toes. No. And she says the water is so full of bathers, out as deep as a tall man's neck, that you can walk dry-shod on their heads as on a great black road, from the Manikarnika to the Sitla Ghat; yes, and beyond, both ways!"

A burly merchant reclined at the fore end of the cabin, in shadow speckled with fiery points where sunlight pierced the matting roof.

"Ha!" he grumbled. "And there are no donkeys in Kabul; and rain is wet. It takes a very young man and his aunt to teach us the wonders of this world. Yea, verily!"

Another traveler roused and chuckled:

"Tell her she'd better not try walking on my head when I come there!"

These retorts met with popular success, but failed to discompose the follower of Siva.

"That I am young is nothing," he answered pertly. "When hair withers, the brains are gone dry." He grinned at the merchant, who, being gray-haired, put on a weary look and said nothing. "Doubtless many old stumps call themselves green trees; but my brother"—he pointed at a man lying asleep in the deeper shadows aft—"my brother is the richest man of you all on board, and the wisest. And he is a year younger than I."

The chatterer goggled with triumph.

"He never opens his head," the merchant quietly admitted. "Parents learn much wisdom in a year with the eldest child to teach them."

"Perhaps they had but one tongue in the house," observed the old betel chewer, "and the first-born ran away with it."

The butt of these witticisms grew angry.

"That is not well said, father!" he cried. "It was the gods who made my brother dumb. From his birth he has never spoken. But he is the richest goldsmith in this land. Even at his age! I tell you, he is Keshab, the great Dumb Goldsmith, known from here to Karachi. If you doubt it, see! His name card."

The youth held up a small pasteboard ticket, which he stuck by one corner among the splints of the wall; then he made a gesture of disdain, turned his back on the company, and, with swaggering unconcern, lighted a lumpy spill of tobacco.

"Known to everyone but the ignorant," he muttered, and sat blowing smoke overboard.

His bragging took effect; for, though it neither abashed nor in any degree silenced his mockers, it made them regard with new interest the man sleeping in the shadow. He was a long, rather lean figure, wrapped in dirty white, one fold of which he had pulled across his head.

Thus muffled, Keshab the Great snored peacefully, forgetting his honors. Of his wealth he showed no outward mark except that under his neck lay, for pillow, a noble bag of leather such as sahibs carry, conspicuously new.

To see him better, the merchant stood up, or halfway up, as high as possible under the curved roof. He squinted also at the name-card ticket.

"No doubt," said he, "it is another Aurangzeb."

At this word, which might mean either a conquering hero or a very troublesome boil, the other pilgrims laughed.

Keshab's brother snorted, but made no reply. He sat smoking, let one foot dangle in the muddy Ganges water and ignored these low-minded fellows. They baited him in vain. He kept his back turned and heard nothing. The young goldsmith continued to snore; so by and by, after a number of good quips had been wasted, the talk flowed into a more serious channel, among fields of human thought perennially bright—food, the prices of food, ancient debts, a lawsuit, and how much one Romanath paid for his daughter's husband.

Debate grew lively.

The sun went down in a glory unperceived. The blaze of the river was quenched, turning from fierce yellow to a vast blue that shone deeply with imprisoned light. But inside their cabin the pilgrims argued more hotly as the night fell cooler, and made a hubbub of talk. Twilight became darkness. The dinghy seemed a magic basket that floated in space, full of angry ghosts, pent up and chattering.

Thus it slid under the bank and grounded, and was made fast alongside many other boats at a beach where a red bonfire revealed the ring-streaked bark of palm trees leaning disorderly. Their columns barred the shining ooze with black reflection.

The captain, a turbaned shadow, leaned into his basketful of noise.

"Gib-gab!" said he. "Chitchat! We stop here. The gods have brought us in safety. Passengers going farther to-morrow must pay again."

Among the first passengers to climb out and wade ashore came the talkative young man, who led by the arm his brother, half awake, yawning. For one so rich and famous, the Great Keshab had a stupid look. He blinked at the fire, at the mob of white-gowned pilgrims thronging about, and knew not where to go next or what to do until drawn away by the sleeve. For a time afterward he and his guide, with their noble red-leather bag between them, were seen to be camping on the muddy steps of a shrine above, where firelight strayed up and lost itself under palm fronds. Later, when friends came seeking them, they were gone.

"Well, that's a pity!" cried the merchant who had talked of Aurangzeb. "They could make sport for us tonight. A good fool is always good fun. But I would pray for such a brother as that dumb goldsmith has to go journeys with me if I were longing to be murdered and robbed."

"Ha! Right!" said another. "They and their aunt and their money! A long tongue is Danger's child, whose mother watches near."

The speakers, laughing, rejoined their circle round the fire. Thus, before bedtime, dumb Keshab's reputation flew on the tongues of men, spreading among the ignorant, while sleepy gossips nodded or smoked, red coals fell into embers, and overhead a glorious heaven of stars wheeled westward imperceptibly against the flow of Ganges water that glimmered and whispered through the bottom of the night.

Keshab Made a Quick Murderous Gesture With the File; Then as Quickly Relapsed Into His Former Dullness

III

NEXT morning a breeze, languid and moist, came, bringing in the dawn. The boats put off like a flotilla of swollen baskets going adrift, that one after another hoisted a square sail, black against the mist, and presently vanished. By daybreak, in such a dim and noisy confusion of boats, boatmen, pilgrims, peddlers, cloth bundles, brass bowls and earthern jars, no man could well distinguish faces or forms. The tally of persons was lost among vague movement and disorder.

Whoever went, it was not the goldsmith and his brother. At sunrise, when the river mist had burned away and the breeze of its motion failed, two men were strolling by the bank. One, a young disciple of Siva, his forehead sealed with a red crescent and dot, led the other, who followed silent and mournful. They rambled like strangers without a purpose.

"Ho! Last night's bhang is heavy this morning?" Siva's protected one hailed, with friendly derision, a downward-bound boatman who sat washing his head in the muddy stream. "Cool water for a hot pot! I hear it sizzle, O Bhangi!"

The bather rinsed his mouth, spat, and retorted fluently. Every lounger about the Temple of the Four Palms heard what he thought concerning that young man's appearance, intellect and family history. His words were loud and winged; his audience grinned; and his victim passed on with the empty laugh of one who has got the worst of it in public.

Yet a simple soul is not cast down. Keshab's brother went his way; but only to halt and gape at his surroundings like a man with years of time to spend, who preferred spending them in talk. Soon he was busy greeting a pair of Jain priests, whose brown eyes, regarding him with sad philosophy from above their veils, lighted in mild amusement. He seemed a creature friendly to all men; for when the Jains, thin, haughty and taciturn, had gone stalking by he turned aside to squat, and make his brother squat, among venders of betel and tobacco.

So the pair wandered through the crowd, leaving behind the temple, the row of mud walls and roofs of rusty tin, and the four palms that overhung the sacred stones garlanded with wilting marigolds.

Apart from all this, on the low river bank, a few outcasts lingered round a crate of slats half hidden in dismal smoke. It was a wretched funeral pyre, too poor to burn. Under the lee of it stood one, all staring bones and wild hair, who held a bamboo cylinder and was a Breather of the Smoke.

Keshab's brother greeted even him, vouchsafing civil words and putting questions. The goldsmith himself stood by, paying no heed, nursing under one arm his rich leather bag. A dull face this Great Keshab had; a dark dirty face, which neither displayed nor evoked passing interest, and of which his gray eyes appeared the only notable feature. By an old proverb the Gray-Eyed are Fortune's darlings; but these orbs had so little speculation in them that it would seem as though Fortune did not always grant her darlings the gift of enjoyment. The foolish brother had that gift.

"The burnings go busily?" he asked in a glow of pleasure, like one who found a subject dear to his heart. "You burn many nowadays, to be sure!"

"No, sir." The smoke swallower cringed and drew back, scared by such affability. "Very few, sir."

"What!" cried Keshab's brother. "Few? In this season? And all these travelers?"

The frightened ghoul shook his head.

"We are poor men, sir," he whined, trembling. "We get none but our own. Those who can live and last so long go on to Benares to die in holiness—or as near it as they may come. We have no luck."

The other condoled with him, asked more questions, flung a copper coin upon the ground at his feet and, beckoning the dumb listener to follow, passed on with a lordly air. The fool's thirst for talk was insatiable. Even after this unseemly episode, when the pair had wandered far afield, the watchers by the pyre could see, through the smoke, out in a sunlit waste where neither living nor dead man dwelt, Keshab's brother, wagging his head as he walked. Whether to himself or to a dumb man, he went busily chattering by the river.

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The Great Sucker-List Industry

By Albert W. Atwood

PERHAPS no industry is being more ingeniously and effectively conducted in this country at the present moment than the corralling of financial suckers. It is a strange destructive business—this artful pursuit of millions of people, with the sole object of plunging them into reckless venture. It is at once an economic loss which sickens the optimist and a cause of suffering and disillusion to the victim.

But it is not with these topics that this article deals. It is my purpose to describe the machinery of the thing, the details of the pursuit, the technic of the chase, as it were. Here is the story of allurement, not of headache on the morning after. Here is told something of how men and women are led up to the abyss of rash adventure, not of their vain regrets.

It has been said that no matter how often the crop of wheat, cotton or other basic products might fail, the crop of those who nibble at enticing but worthless stocks never fails. This may be true in a sense. There are always plenty of foolish people with plenty of foolish money. It is said that one is born every minute. But the crop varies enormously in size. Certain it is that the industry of selling imitation investments moves in great waves or cycles. That we as a people are now somewhere near the crest of one of these waves is evident enough.

Mankind of course has always been a prey to those of its members whose ethics were peculiar. But naturally their activities are most completely rewarded when conditions make people most suggestible and susceptible. Such were the conditions in 1916, when the war boom was creating new wealth and new fortunes on a scale previously unknown; and such are the conditions now, when people as a whole are still enjoying the wealth which came to them during the war.

Much has been said in recent months of the danger that confronts our great army of Liberty Bond holders, that multitude which is supposed to number somewhere between twenty and forty millions of souls. These bondholders have been urged and warned to resist the temptation to exchange their bonds for dubious stocks. The fact that the promoter has a thirty-million sucker list has been much harped upon.

Pockets Bulging With Money

BUT it is not essentially or fundamentally the ownership of Liberty Bonds by millions who never before owned a bond that causes stock jobbing to flourish. The real cause is the possession by the American people of more money, of more wealth, than any nation ever dreamed of before. The widespread ownership of Liberty Bonds is merely a form, an expression, and only one expression at that, of this fabulous national estate. Big wages and high prices—these tell the story just as unmistakably as do Liberty Bonds.

The country is full of big money, and the stock promoters are going after it. Now is their golden opportunity. Big people have big money, and little people have big money. The easy slice, the cream of it in a way, is going to those whose business ethics are peculiar, just as in the past.

Never were the pickings so fat and juicy, for never before did so many millions of people have a couple of hundred spare dollars to invest. Except during the Liberty Loan campaigns there is nothing to stop the harvest. The truth is that we have reached a point in our national development when wealth is so widespread that a telephone book is really a directory of investors, of bondholders and stockholders. The opportunities for exploitation are immeasurable. The boundaries of the country, the sky above and the size of the population are the only limits in sight.

Nearly ten years ago one of the most astute participants in the game of finance said that he was often moved to admiration "while contemplating the efficiency of the machinery set in motion to fleece the innocent investor." I wonder what he would say now!

It must not be hastily assumed, however, that reckless stock promotions are selling themselves these days. People

Never Before Did So Many Millions of People Have a Couple of Hundred Spare Dollars to Invest

bought Liberty Bonds because of patriotism, because of unique selling methods suitable to a national crisis, because they were compelled to. Their ownership of Liberty Bonds does not make them stock buyers by habit. On the contrary it may be said that the larger the possible consuming public the more elaborate is the mechanism of low underworld finance that needs to expand to take care of the business. It is constantly developing and perfecting its methods, as detailed and almost as large a piece of specialized machinery as the entire business world affords.

"Watching it at work," said a man who has been closely identified with nearly all the campaigns against the get-rich-quick game, "one gets the same feeling that comes as he stands aside to watch the working of a complicated typesetting machine or a combination header in the golden wheat fields of the West. It is so excellent, so efficient, so infallible. If by chance it gathers in some strong-lunged and heavy-fisted fighter, some dangerous victim, its sensitive mechanism rejects him very quickly. He gets his and goes his way. There are professional victims who get rich by being caught. Carefully it picks its victims—old men who know not the ways of the law, young men who dare not fight, women of childlike trust and simplicity, clergymen whose lips, if calamity comes, are sealed by shame."

But it is no light and simple undertaking to point out the peculiar and distinctive features and methods that characterize the great pursuit of reckless, adventurous and more or less ignorant investment money. There is a specialization about it all, true enough, and yet the lines that separate it from the legitimate are so faint and intangible in places, the cleverness of the faker is so extraordinary, and his plausibility and slipperiness are so constantly in evidence that the task of exposure is always both difficult and dangerous. The trained expert usually feels—indeed he rarely fails to know—when something is rotten in the state of Denmark. But to translate this instinct into words that carry meaning to the uninitiated is something which is almost impossible of achievement.

For we are in a strange underworld, full of hiding places and mazes. There are some fifty different states with fifty different sets of conflicting corporation laws, each state a supreme sovereignty. Somewhere there is almost sure to be found a law to protect anybody in anything, provided only he consults expensive-enough counsel beforehand. It takes finesse and silent strong-arm work to move about. Ordinary compasses are lacking.

Two prominent oil companies were recently consolidated and a considerable amount of new financing had to be done. The deal came at a propitious moment when the price of oil was high and there was a prospect that everybody interested, big and little, would make considerable money. The company, which we shall call the Blank Oil Producing Company, was chartered in a state with notoriously lax corporation laws. Just at the moment that the deal was going through every stockholder of the two companies received an appeal from unknown brokers to buy stock in the Blank Consolidated Oil Producing Company, chartered in the same state.

It was simply a crooked scheme promoted by a man who had graduated from a well-known state penitentiary about four years before to slip in on the deal and get his. He imitated the name of the prominent oil company as nearly as possible; bought, stole or in some other manner acquired a list of its stockholders and circularized them. Of course the big stockholders, the insiders, were angry. But the small stockholders were merely puzzled. The clever use of the word "Consolidated" in the name of the fake, imitation company at the very moment that the real company was actually being consolidated with another large concern naturally confused the smaller, less well-informed stockholders and no doubt led many of them to send their money to the wrong concern. Of course the promoter expected this; or rather he hoped to be bought off by the corporation. But the big company would not be blackmailed. It immediately set to work to discover if the states-prison alumnus had any right to a name so similar to its own. But the sleepy secretary of state of the sleepy old state which had granted the charter had given the promoter the name in good and regular order. There was nothing to be done on that score. Court proceedings were the only recourse, and it took six weeks to rouse the sleepy courts from their slumber. At last an injunction was secured, though by that time most of the harm had been done.

The Lure of Large Promises

ALL the time it had been necessary to proceed with extreme caution for fear the promoter could set up a counter action, charging some form of oppression. At last relief was obtained, but the stockholders were immediately circularized all over again, this time by a concern with a similar but slightly changed name incorporated in another state. Apparently the whole scheme was new, a different broker's name being attached to the circular. But the same man was behind the new move. He had easily enough formed a new brokerage house. And then all the litigation had to be started over again.

All that the average person knows is that in some fashion, he does not know how, his name has got on the lists of the promoters and brokers of unknown standing and that he is being pestered with letters, circulars, telephone and telegraph messages and personal visits. Time and again in the last few months both men and women have said to me: "How they got my name I do not know."

Now the securing of your name and mine is an exceedingly important, indeed a vital, link in the whole chain. If only enough prospects can be reached the reckless stuff can be sold. You and I may not bite, but enough of our neighbors will yield to the lure of large promises to make the game a profitable one. And in what may superficially seem this unimportant detail of making up lists of prospects may be found an unwritten chapter of finance at once devious and absorbing.

Now of course a list of customers or of possible customers is a valuable asset in any business. But the ethics of the means by which a list is acquired and the ethics of the manner in which it is used range all the way from names of depositors on the books of a savings bank, most of whom have become such through their own initiative, down to the victims of an out-and-out swindle.

In no line of business, however, is the list of greater value than in the dubious-stock game. It is the only real asset which such operators have. It is the only thing in their offices of sufficient value to keep in the safe. It is the one possession that is nearly always spirited away before the police arrive.

One of the most curious features of the financial underworld is the marvelous rareness with which customers' lists are seized by the raiders. No matter how vigilant the police, the district attorney and the post-office authorities may be, they always suffer under a peculiar and terrific

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Demobilizing the American Women—By Corra Harris

ON SUNDAY, the ninth day of February of this present year, I made up my mind what to do, and did it. The preparatory step was to send a telegram. It conveyed the announcement that I was about to start on an important mission, the nature of the mission clearly intimated, all expressed with the high note of formality, an idea of diplomatic manners I must have received from reading Sir Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, because subsequent events showed that nothing transpired or could transpire in these days to warrant the stilted elegance of this message.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening I drove from Red Acres to the railway station at Wilsonville. The northbound express was late. I remained in the car. I was not absconding, but I was making a private exit from Wilson County. When you are about to start on an adventure the success of which is a matter of grave doubt it is best not to advertise the risk you take.

The train was in fact nearly two hours late. When at last it roared in and I climbed aboard the Pullman I faced a green-curtained aisle. Every passenger was already in his berth. And I had a feeling, a sort of nervous kick of intuition that there was not a "his" berth in this car.

A Shambles of Political Reputations

WHEN you are a woman yourself and have worked and argued with women for nearly two years it requires something more than thick green curtains to conceal their presence. They produce a psychic condition, keen and poignant, like a prayer waiting to be answered or like a toothache which is about to start again. Feminine-toed shoes appearing and disappearing beneath the gently swaying curtains confirmed my suspicions. There was a particularly large, substantial pair with low heels sitting blatantly in the aisle opposite my berth, their tops relaxed and wide open as if they had seen hard service.

"What place is this?" came a voice from Number Five.

There were several answers, purely speculative. No one knew what place it was. I could have told them, but the reply might start an inquisition more personal, so I remained silent. The train moved out and they changed the subject. It developed that every lower berth was occupied, some of them doubly so, and that every woman in that car was wide awake with the wakefulness women practice after they retire and continue to discuss those topics which they have probably been discussing together during the whole of the previous day. There was a perfect babel of voices representing all the tones and drawls in this country, from the quadrupled burr of the West to the nasal note produced by the weather and strong character in the North and East.

Seated on the edge of my berth making some preliminary preparations for retiring I had the sensation one sometimes has upon arriving at church after the text has been read and the minister has advanced too far in his discourse for one to know whether he took it from the Old or New Testament, whether it was designed to be a comforting sermon or one founded upon the wrath to come. Finally, however, I gathered that this was a delegation of women who had been somewhere on a constructive mission and that they were going somewhere else now for a kindred purpose. My impression was that they were more anxious than hopeful, and that in a way it was near to being a matter of life and death.

"Have you written to your senator?" a woman asked.

She addressed no one in particular but she received a chorus of answers. Every one of them had written to her senator. The woman in Number Nine said she made a practice of writing to her senator when any issue came up about which a man needed a woman's advice. This was a splendid idea. They applauded it. They quoted from letters received from these badgered senators, much as authors quote the encouraging replies from editors who have refused their manuscripts.

This led naturally to a confidential discussion of senators. It was enlightening and often drastic. They knew these temporarily great men as a merchant knows his stock, the votes they had cast for or against this or that measure. They took the Congressional Record and read it! It was appalling and profoundly disillusioning, the accurate and damaging information they had about the deeds of these men done in the Government. My belief is that if the Congressional Record ever becomes a popular magazine this will be a very unpopular Government. The Record is, as a rule, the closet where political skeletons are buried. But these women ransacked it that night. They dragged forth quotations made by senators four years since which in the light of recent developments, especially along the lines of feminine developments, were as shocking as the sentiments of savages. They spilled the blood of these men. That coach became a shambles of political reputations in Washington. They lay back exhausted from time to time, only to begin again when one of them would think of another senator who must be investigated and tried.

The military court-martial is not the only kind of court-martial effective in this country. I comprehended for the first time that women do not reach the full measure of their critical powers when engaged in personal gossip, but it is when they discover, define and mark up the larger limitations of men. Never again could I think with the same reverence of this august body of men. But if ever I saw them—little dreaming how soon this would be my privilege—I felt that I could look down upon them with a certain regretful compassion. Even those who were not Ichabods had been Ichabods, and might be again. You never could tell what your senator would do. It depended upon the trade winds between party lines. This was the conclusion of the whole matter. The talk became fragmentary. Remarks issued forth and met no reply with which to wrestle. Finally silence. It was the silence of little voices, of young and ardent women who had something of too vast an importance upon their minds.

The Habits of Doves

I GLANCED once more through the parted curtains at those wide-soled, flat-heeled, capable shoes sitting stodgily on the opposite side of the aisle. Not a sound had issued from this berth during the recent high wind of opinions that had swept lustily back and forth in the car. But I was sure the occupant was not asleep, by the periodic revolutions which took place behind the curtains, denoting a kind of large restlessness.

"Are you awake, my dear?" came a voice.

It was deep, feminine, but it rumbled with the resonance of years. Obviously it belonged to the owner of those comfortable shoes.

"Yes, of course! Who could sleep?" was the reply from the next section. I discovered from the sound of it that this woman had reversed position, and that only the thin partition separated her head from mine.

"I was just thinking," the other went on; "we hear so much these days about the dove of peace. But the dove has wings. Nothing with wings ever remains where it is"

"There is to be the League of Nations to enforce peace, you know," the other reminded her.

"We shall get that and put some kind of contentious end to wars for a long time," the old lady answered, "but it will be only a flying peace between nations; I doubt if it affects the internal peace of peoples."

This opinion provoked no comment. My impression from the irritable tossing of the woman in the next berth was that she preferred repose to conversation. But she did not get it.

"Strange how we bring ideals down with us from age to age, preserving them in poetry and oratory, believing that the time will come when we may be able to live up to them," came the rumbling old voice through this roaring silence. "But it never does come. Now that dove-of-peace notion belongs to the Scriptures, like salvation,

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We Belonged to an Enormous Organization, Named and Created by the Government and no More Effective Machine was Ever Created

With a Letter From Trotzky

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VIOLA was a widow.

Often enough she had been criticized for that quality which marred an otherwise complete appearance of youth and innocence. Her defect lay in the fact that she was a little too heavy in features to be a good representative of the old family from which she came. She was slender, but her lips appeared a little too affectionate and her eyes a little too tired for one who has reached the maturity of twenty-seven and has been married only once.

At about the time of her coming-out the society news columns had always referred to her as the beautiful Viola So-and-So. She was just beautiful enough because of her brown hair and her dreamy manner of being about to do something—a charming effect of latent vivacity overlaid with a veneer of reluctance—to make it impossible to tell whether her father had written these press notices himself or asked his secretary to do it.

He had been rich. He had been a banker. He has been forgotten, and two bankers have sprung up where only one groveled before—but Viola has some of his money and wears good clothes and something of the expression of those who sin not in spite of their wishes. She goes to high church, but wears earrings to make herself look as much as possible like a young woman who does nothing of the kind.

No injustice is intended. Viola has a good heart, a sympathetic smile, and hands which stay warm in the coldest of taxicabs. She means no harm to anyone. She sleeps late of mornings and consults specialists, who knowing her income try to anticipate the moment when she will turn her back upon the last consultation and pass on to the next medical fad. When the latest specialist sees this coming he tells her that really there is nothing the matter after all. As Doctor Brush, the throat man, says, quoting the Chinese phrase, "That's the way I save my face."

Viola was a widow.

As a widow she was interesting. As a young widow with means she was very interesting. Some men saw a chance, and all women saw a menace. Furthermore she was "intellectually flip"; she had *no* "brains" of the kind which make women odious to most men, but only the mental machinery plus the manner which pleases the smart-Alecks among modern drawing-room thinkers. In birth control she had the same interest that attracts the childless, in the labor problem the same interest that holds those who have never labored, in reforms of any kind the same interest that enthralls all who like to pat the world on its troubled head as if it were a little boy. Being an "intellectual" procured for Viola a free ticket to conversations which, had they taken place in an honest tenement, would have been the basis for a raid by the police.

Someone had told Viola that Washington was the place for her. The informant was a successful piano manufacturer from Michigan who during the war had been called to the Council of National Defense and left, by good intention, an overweight of better half in Grand Rapids. His was a cross between the club mind of a city broker and the sweet mentality of a rural poetess. He worked this combination all the time he was away from home among the war-working ladies of Washington in an attempt to get himself into the thrills of an adventure. When he hoped that a kiss for him had ripened on the full lips of Viola and like a ripe peach or cherry was about to fall, he tried to shake it loose by saying:

"A woman of your brilliance—like Mesdames de Staël and Récamier and, er, others—ought to come to Washington and establish a salon. There is none at present except one which is being held by an ambitious little reformer with a strong streak of the feminine. But a widow would have a little something on a bachelor—now wouldn't she?"

Viola moved the black fox fur on her white shoulders and knocked the ashes off her cigarette with a perfectly manicured nail in the manner of good old New England blood when it goes off yearning for Balkan-countess personality.

"You, however, are the only woman I know fitted to hold salons in Washington," said the bobo. "You have an international mind. You are a credit to America. America is so stupid—so provincial. After the war there will come a new world."

"I vision a new world after the war," said Viola archly. "It is a call for forward-looking leadership. I think the Young Opinion utters little cries across the chasms of American unregeneracy, *n'est-ce pas?*"

She held out the kiss and dangled it a little and then withdrew it.

"I would ask you to have tea but I've lost another maid," she said, yawning. "I've wanted to swear about the troubles I've had with servants. My doctor says that I must not take on any more troubles. I think I will go to Washington—if Washington needs me."

Viola did not know how much she would intensify her life by going to Washington.

She went down to lead the chorus which chants, "A new world is coming; we must meet its challenge." This chorus consists in part of those intellectual toreadors who wave red flags in the face of the great bull Mob while the decent world is engaged in gathering enough fodder to feed the critter.

Viola found it amusing to talk of a new world and revolutions; it was a new form of self-expression.

As remarked before, she did not know what was coming to her.

"Always cooing about that thing, self-expression!" complained the dumpy little wife of the dumpy little lawyer on the Federal Board. "For my part I do not understand what she means. I suppose she means jumping from one thing to another; but jumping from one thing to another takes more money than I have."

"Jumping from what to what?" asked Mrs. Plusher.

"Well, from art to literature, for instance," was the answer. "I think she is quite conscious of being a siren. I have her record."

She had—in fact. Those who have seen it remember that in all its brevity it is the story of more than one modern young woman who has burst the golden chains of affluent conventionality, not by straining them in any one direction but by leaping every which way at anything in sight.

"She tried marriage first," the memorandum said. "He was pâté de foie gras—a little heavy except in body, rich and too much. He swore off drinking eighty-eight times between his twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh birthdays, and died in a residence not his own just before taking the eighty-ninth oath. His friends called him Jimmy.

"Next vocation: Professional widow; clothes.

"Number Three: Art. Lessons in sculpture. Six months. Bust of child followed by ennui.

"Four: Poetry. Blank verse. Excuse for a summer in a poet's colony. Result: Bobbed hair.

"Five: Self-support. Six months—designing simple frocks. Sixty dollars.

"Six: Magazine literature. Tea table adviser for the staff of the Young Opinion.

"Result: A scene with a book reviewer who had dodged the draft and who misunderstood soft-eyed flattery from a lady who in her turn did not understand his book reviews and therefore admired them.

"Seven: War work. Patriotism. Dancing with sailors. Caught cold and had to go to Pinehurst.

"Eight: Liberalism. Has joined the Washington Starch-shirt Bolshevists. Still at it."

Viola was still at it, and Russia was her particular interest.

"You are Adorable," Said Ivan. "I Can Tell That You are One of Us—One of the Free"

She had a small furnished house up Connecticut Avenue, for which she paid a rental equal to the appraiser's valuation, and to her informal jolly dinners she invited everyone whom she could find who had returned from Russia. One or two indulgent senators, who for Burgundy in a dry town would listen to anything, found her lounges comfortable. A correspondent with a shock of yellow hair, prominent cuffs and noisy links, who would have liked to bring his Malacca cane into this salon, pulled a lavender handkerchief out of his sleeve and gave reminiscences of Berlin in a grand manner—the manner of an automobile salesman getting an order. A millionaire who believed that he saw Bolshevism becoming stylish in America and wanted an anchor to windward contributed under the oak-paneled ceiling of Viola's dining room to a fund to liberalize the backward population of our country. Things were said over the sparkling silver, glass and gold-luster coffee cups which would have challenged the Department of Justice if it had wanted to disturb the sources of party-campaign contributions. Viola's uncle was still a banker who, to use a vulgar expression, "plays politics both ways"; and besides one can propagate in a salon that which may not be propagated from a soap box.

Russia was represented on the conservative end by a former ambassador, now financed by a New York international banking house and by a correspondent of Kerensky, because Viola said she wanted breadth of view. These men were never invited when the radicals were present, such as an American who had been indicted for saying a word in defense of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils and the Soviets and the soft-collared Russians.

At last an evening came into Viola's life the fruit of which was ripened by Destiny.

The hour of midnight had cast its gloomy pall upon the snow-covered residence streets of the capital and the cigarette smoke of Viola's departed guests was swaying in the heavy air, brewed like beer from the harvest of discussion, when the trill of the front-door bell interrupted the bored and weary yawn of the beautiful hostess, who had visioned the new world and by entertaining mouth revolutionists had been helping to solve the vexations of Russia and other free and democratic "peoples." It was an odd coincidence that the particular thumb which pressed the bell should

have come at this moment: Viola was beginning to take an interest in psycho-analysis, which, if Fate had willed otherwise, next day might have supplanted Russia and liberalism and a world of words.

The thumb was the thumb of Ivan Maricoff!

Viola had become so used to the idea that men were not frightful even in their frightfulness that without a thought of waking the servants she herself opened the bronze and plate-glass door of the white-paneled vestibule and admitted an extraordinary stranger.

He wore a black astrakhan cap, and dilapidated gray astrakhan formed a wide collar on his long coat. In his hand was a bag made of cheap imitation leather. The absence of gloves on his large, long-fingered hands added somewhat to the atmosphere of poverty which trailed him, but this poverty appeared to meet eternal resistance in the pride of bearing of this young blond giant, whose eyes, unlike the eyes of the golden-haired commonplace, were large, limpid, steady and hypnotic and almost black.

"My heavens!" said Viola to herself, under her breath and greatly pleased. "Hasn't he eyes just like those of the wicked Rasputin!"

"I am Comrade Maricoff," he announced with a deep and resonant voice in which a trace of the Russian accent was discernible.

"You are!"

"The exact Maricoff."

"Exact!" exclaimed Viola, quite nonplused. "Exact Maricoff?"

"You have not heard of me?"

"No."

"I have come to America most direct—I have left Moscow and have come most direct. It is Comrade Isenstein of New York who has sent me to you."

"Did he tell you to come at this hour?"

Ivan blushed; though she could see that he must be more than thirty he had the air of an embarrassed boy.

"I did not know," he said. "I had the letter thanking you for the money brought to Petrograd by Comrade Poposky. Comrade Isenstein has sent me to you. You are one of us. Where I come from it is nothing of difference between man and woman, nothing of difference between middle night and noonday. Any hour will do. Time belongs to the people."

"No difference?" said Viola like a child receiving welcome instruction.

Maricoff dropped the bag on the tiled floor and bestowed upon Viola a kindly indulgent smile. It could not have broken out upon any face that was the mask of a mean soul.

"Freedom!" said he softly, as if he had remembered the password.

Viola was entranced. Russian prince or impostor, Bolshevist envoy or burglar, it was all the same to her. She had tired of sculpture, self-support, dress reform, the Young Opinion, society, war work and doctors.

She said, "Come in—er—er—Comrade—er ——"

"Ivan," he prompted.

"Yes. Don't wake the servants. Come in here. I'll put another stick on the fire."

He let her do it.

Ivan was a most attractive young man. His young giant's body was hung rather than clothed in a suit of homespun, he wore a brown shirt with a soft collar and a large black tie done in a drooping bow, suggestive of intellect and spirituality. His shoes were unpolished, huge and thick of sole; but this could be forgiven, even by Viola, if the wearer could so comfortably stretch himself out on a lounge, light a cigarette and regard her with dark and dreamy eyes and say to her, as he did say at once, with utmost freedom, "Madame, you are charming."

No doubt Viola was charming. The light through the vellum shade of the single lamp fell softly upon her face so that youth and warmth rather than experience and artifice were emphasized, and her simple dress in peasant style of a material priced at many dollars a yard, combined a suggestion of a new and socialistic world with that of a world of luxury and check books. This of course is always a soft blend.

Maricoff gazed at her steadily and dreamily.

"You are adorable," said he with calm. "I can tell that you are one of us—one of the free."

Viola did not catch the rhythm of this Russian's soul at once. It appeared to have some speed. He could say the word "free" with an accent so agreeable that it sounded the way the cat feels when it is scratched round the ears. Nothing is quite so comforting to those who dassen't as a philosophy which makes it dutiful to be scandalous not because one wants to be—that is neither here nor there—but because to act free is a school of conduct, and because to act free is a duty to society, which will replace such things as paying taxes and rendering military service and not waking the neighbors on the way home. It is the new world! Viola had visioned it. The world was to be made safe for breakfasts in bed and midnight suppers in cafés under the street and I don't care!

"I said you were adorable," repeated Ivan with his pleasant foreign intonation. "Who knows? You may be the one woman in the world. It is midnight. Here it is warm—comfortable. You do not speak Russian, to be sure, but I speak your tongue. It is midnight—the time for fellow creature to say great things to fellow creature. The house is still. The wood on the hearth is burned low. The smoke of fragrant tobacco hangs in a mist of lavender about us. No person watches us. What a moment! What a moment for strangers!"

Viola was not alarmed. On the contrary she felt herself in general agreement with this young man. If he had proposed marriage then and there it would not have angered her. She had to look at his heavy unpolished shoes to be sure that she would not have accepted him.

"Do not stop," she said cheerfully, clasping her jeweled hands over one knee and leaning forward. "I do not deny that we are alone. And besides there is something deliciously like taking short cuts in flirtations—since—since the revolution in Russia."

"True," assented Maricoff. "The day I left Petrograd my friend Paul Kavalof, who had had vodka to heart's content—which is rare these days—picked up a pretty lady on the street, threw her over his shoulder and took her home. Most unfortunately it turned out that he had not seen her with clear vision. She was a wife whom he had divorced, at the cost of fifty rubles, three months before. Rather a joke, I think."

Viola clapped her hands with delight.

"Tell me more!" she exclaimed. "You have lived through glorious days. Sometimes we Americans with insight are inspired by the great vision of Russia. Sometimes, too, we are shocked by things we hear—things which must attend the great awakening of peoples everywhere and the safeguards set up so that every man or woman shall have the right to express himself or herself. Tell me something shocking."

"Yes, I will tell," said Ivan, running his great fingers through his blond hair. "For have I not seen a hundred men and women tried and executed in one day for their willful refusal to accept these principles—these fundamentals of the Bolshevists?"

He paused.

"I remember a woman—a young woman—a counter-revolutionist, they said," he went on cheerfully. "She kept shrieking 'Freedom, freedom, freedom!' As if trying to pretend that she had seen the light at last would do her any good! The rope cut off her cries of hypocrisy. She was a dangling lesson against tyranny of monarchs and capitalists. She wore an emerald ring—like yours. I saw its green eye in the light of dawn."

"I think I would rather have you tell me about yourself," said Viola, somewhat thrilled with that instinct which makes humanity crowd round a dangerous turn in an automobile race course but which sickens a little if the hunger is satisfied. "Who are you? What part did you play?"

Ivan did not recognize in these questions one of the best tricks in the feminine bag of tricks—the one called "Tell Me All

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Viola Sleeps Late of Mornings and Consults Specialists

STARVATION IN VIENNA

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Germans have received two hundred thousand tons of food already, while we have had only fourteen hundred tons. How does that happen? Surely the Allies have a better feeling toward Vienna than toward Berlin. At least the Americans have. And Vienna is in a much worse condition than Berlin ever was!"

The gentleman who said this to me in a very mournful tone was an eminent Austrian physician, and we were standing in the magnificent but empty kitchen of one of the largest and finest hospitals in the world. It was built to commemorate the jubilee of old Francis Joseph and was completed in 1913; just in time to become one of the finest military hospitals in Austria, though it was intended for civil purposes. We had walked a dozen city blocks or more through its immaculate tiled corridors and had visited its handsome private suites and its great wards still filled with sick and wounded soldiers. The superintendent and a small company of resident doctors had shown me with pardonable pride through its perfect operating theaters, its Röntgen Institute, its anatomical museum, laboratories and dissecting rooms, its splendid baths of every imaginable variety, its gymnasium equipped with every known device for correcting physical defects, and its vast power plant designed to furnish light and heat to the widespread group of noble buildings that house five thousand people.

And we came at last into an isolated pavilion surrounded by balconies and overlooking miles of gloriously wooded and splendidly kept park. Here were three hundred men, all ex-soldiers of the Austrian Army and all exhibiting marks of the advanced stages of tuberculosis.

What the Doctor Said

IN THE corridors and out on a glass-inclosed veranda many of these men were sitting or lying round in hospital garments reading or playing games, while most of the wards were filled with those who in the last stages of the disease were merely waiting for death. That was what one of the young house surgeons said. He acted as spokesman and interpreter for all the others, except the old doctor who accompanied me.

The young man, wearing a long white hospital coat as though he had just come from the wards, had a kind of beaten look in his eyes, as so many have, and with almost every other sentence he ran his thin nervous fingers through his rumpled hair. He leaned against the glass door and gazed down the length of one of the long wards in which every bed was occupied.

"Just waiting for death," he said, "and a toss-up whether they die of tuberculosis or starvation!" He spoke American rather than English, and liked to refer to his familiarity with the United States.

"But good nourishing food is necessary in the treatment of tuberculosis," I replied. "You can do nothing for such patients without it."

"Certainly not."

"Well, what do you do?"

"Just what you say—nothing!"

"What do they get to eat?"

"The same things the rest of us get. There is nothing else in Vienna."

"No meat, no milk, no eggs?"

"Little meat, no eggs, no milk. This hospital used to consume from twenty to thirty thousand liters of milk a day. We are now reduced to seventy liters. Not enough to give even the patients in the last stages of tuberculosis a small glassful. Then there are our three hundred or more ancient people who are taken care of by the city. Some of them are so old and feeble that milk is as necessary to them as to infants, but they have to get along on such food as we can find for them. Eggs—when there are any—cost two to three kronen. In your money that would be forty to sixty cents each. A thin old chicken costs forty-five to fifty kronen; and I haven't seen a chicken for so long that I would look at one with positive curiosity. The fowls have mostly been killed and eaten long ago because there was no feed for them. What the cattle and the fowls and the hogs used to eat is now being eaten by the people. This week we have meat; one hundred and twenty-five grams for each person. Next week we are to have no meat at all. The food administration announced it this morning. But it isn't depriving us of much. One hundred and twenty-five grams is a piece about the size of my thumb. For a week! And for that, if it is fit to eat, we must pay the equivalent of about two and a half dollars a pound at the normal rate of exchange; and even at the present value of the krone it is more than a dollar a pound."

We left the tuberculosis pavilion and he talked volubly as we walked along beautifully kept paths toward another building. We paused at a crossing over a roadway within the grounds to let a trolley train of three cars go by. The last two cars were smart-looking but peculiar. They were windowless and wholly unlike anything in the way of a street car that I had ever seen. With their polish and decorations they might be described as box cars *de luxe*. The train slipped past us and down the slight grade toward the great gates at high speed.

"And there go the afternoon dead wagons!" said the young doctor with a most unpleasant laugh.

"What do you mean—afternoon dead wagons?"

"Those last two cars are full of corpses on their way to the cemetery. Rather smart system, isn't it?"

I indicated my bewilderment.

"Well," said he, "we have no horses and we have had no petrol for a very long time; we could not run hearses or motor wagons, so we built a tram line from the hospital to the cemetery and attached it to city power. Getting rid of the dead is now a very simple matter. And it is further simplified by the fact that we have no coffins."

"No coffins? Not for anybody?"

"No, not for anybody, man, woman or child—that is, unless you are rich and can afford to pay nearly as much for a coffin to be buried in as you would for a house to live in. And that means people who die at home as well as people who die in hospital. All we have to do for the dead is to wrap their clothes round them and put them in the ground. I should like to burn them but we don't believe in cremation."

"Why haven't you coffins?"

"No wood in the city. No transportation to get it. And no workmen to make it into coffins if we had it. There are one hundred thousand workmen in Vienna drawing twelve kronen a day from the government as an unemployment bounty. This is as much as most of them could make by working, so they refuse to work. We had a big snowstorm last week, one of the heaviest Vienna has ever known, and you can see for yourself what the streets are like. The city called for fifteen thousand men to clear it away from the principal avenues of traffic, and only six hundred men responded. And there it lies! I have never seen Vienna in such a filthy state. There is no authority, you see. Only citizens' and soldiers' committees. So what's to be done? In such a time there is no dignity even in death. Coffins are of no importance!"

"How many deaths a day do you have in this hospital?"

"Thirty-five to forty; sometimes less, sometimes more."

"From what, mostly?"

"Oh, from a little bit of everything. Though if I were telling the exact truth I would say that a great many deaths are directly due to malnutrition—otherwise starvation. We can't give the sick the kind of food they can eat, so they die—that's all!"

Superb Kitchens But Nothing to Cook

AND we came then into the vast kitchen with its white tiled walls and floor and its rows upon rows of shining ranges, caldrons and utensils. A more magnificent place for the preparation of food I had never seen. I expressed my unqualified admiration.

"Yes," said the young doctor, "quite superb, is it not? But please observe also that it is quite empty. Only two cooks and a few caldrons of soup. This is a meatless day, so our patients—and we also—get a meatless soup and some sauerkraut. I can tell you one thing—this siege we are living through is going to cure us of our love for sauerkraut. That is the one thing that has been plentiful throughout the war, and myself, I shall never eat kraut again unless it happens that I am half starving as I am now and am compelled to!

"You must excuse that the walls of the kitchen have been allowed to sweat and become a little discolored. Our workmen are getting Bolshevistic and can't be ordered to do things unless they wish to. They are letting the whole institution run down. I am ashamed that it looks so untidy." It did not look untidy as a matter of fact, but the Germanic standard of cleanliness leaves most of us far in the rear.

"How many people do you employ?"

"Five to six hundred."

"How much do you pay them?"

"For the laborers and attendants? Fourteen to twenty-five kronen a day."

"What would have been their average wage before the war?"

"Oh, two, three, five kronen a day. Ten kronen a day was a splendid wage."

"Yes, and sufficient for a workman's needs. But now —— "

"Yes, I grant you. No man could buy his food to-day for ten kronen."

And it was then that the elderly and eminent physician said: "The Germans have received two hundred thousand tons of food

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The Demonstration in Vienna Celebrating the Capture of Lemberg

The Russian Reign of Terror

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THE first time Bolshevism was heard of was at the beginning of May—April 20, old style—1917, when an uprising of this ultra-radical group in Petrograd threatened to overthrow the first provisional government and to establish anarchy in the Russian capital. The Bolsheviki paraded the streets at that time with black banners on which threatening mottoes were printed large for all to read, and there was much shouting and street fighting with salvo firing. It was only after several days that the atmosphere again became quiet and normal; and then only by the sacrifice of Miliukoff's position in the cabinet and the acceptance by Kerensky of the soldiers and workmen's committee as part of the machinery of government.

Such was the official birth of the "Bolshevik" or "Maximalist" Party; and its name came from the word "bolshoi"—big—because this group demanded the biggest or maximum of concessions from the revolutionary administration.

Since its first appearance Lenine was the declared organizer and chief of the party. He had come from Switzerland direct through Germany at the opening of the revolution, and had established his headquarters for propaganda in the charming little palace requisitioned by his staff from the frightened ballerine Kceschinskaia.

An irony of chance placed this cradle of the new doctrine exactly opposite the ancient Fortress of Peter and Paul, where in a secluded cathedral lie the bodies of all the Romanoff emperors, from the great Peter, builder of the church, down to Alexander III. I fancy the autocrats would have turned in their graves at the idea of their neighbors' theories.

A Demonstration of the Red Guards in Front of the Bolshevist Headquarters in Petrograd

The Poison Traced to Germany

THE germ of Bolshevism, like much else which has hurt the world of late, came straight from Germany to us; and by the following facts this is absolutely proved: When in July Lenine's headquarters were raided German gold was found there in large sums; also during various uprisings of anarchistic tendency German gold was found in the hands and pockets of those who were creating the disorders. In numerous places where specially violent demonstrations took place German official spies were recognized and caught, disguised as Russians; and all the organization of the Bolsheviki has been so thorough and their movements so carefully carried out as to preclude these being the result of an effort of only our benighted and uneducated or inexperienced Russians of the extreme lower class. They might perhaps have been capable of some one crime, but were much too helpless to conceive and execute a long complicated and systematic program, such as this party has carried out.

Petrograd was not alone in possessing German agents for this special work. All over the country such groups were at work. At Kieff my husband was fighting them, and had in hand Austrian and German papers and gold, while he arrested several of their spies who in the Ukraine posed as local nationalists. At the great staff headquarters of Moghileff, when came the last mutiny before the provisional government's final breaking up, the commander in chief, General Doukonine, was killed by an Austrian officer disguised in Russian-sailor uniform, whom the general recognized and called by name before he fell. In many a village such as our own Bouromka months after the March revolution—when we were still living quietly and on good terms with our village peasant committee—a new group of five or six men appeared from outside, bred discontent and trouble, bribed the people with gold, excited them with their speeches, and finally fed and inflamed their brains with vodka, till they could successfully lead the crowd to excesses that were quite beyond belief. Then the foreign committee members diplomatically disappeared, leaving our peasants to face consequences that have been hard to bear.

An instance of the unnecessary destruction, which was the work of such agents, is Bouromka's. When our main village was abandoned by the group of outsiders one of the richest estates in all of Little Russia—consisting of thirty thousand or more acres of intensely cultivated farm land, in the black-earth section, with meadows and woods, herds of oxen, studs with both work horses and thoroughbreds, dairy farm and forges, shops, buildings, a mill and a distillery, not to mention the value of the château and park, with their rare furniture, plants, hothouses and collections—was all by degrees destroyed completely, together with all the farming implements and machinery. This was done in the course of a few weeks, while the outside committee men resided at Bouromka.

When they had finally gone, the frantic desperate peasants came to their senses sufficiently to realize not only that they had done us great wrong but also that they had harmed themselves by making it impossible to cultivate the land, which they had annexed in total by the committee's advice, since the wherewithal to work the place had been completely ruined quite beyond repair. Later the peasantry's "elders" helped our own intendants to make out the lists and estimates of our losses, and the latter reached the sum of eight millions of rubles, of which one and a half millions—in livestock and implements—were found and returned by some of the less headless peasants.

And Bouromka estate is but one of many hundreds which in Russia have suffered from the conditions created and kept going by German organization! It suited the enemy's policy perfectly almost to abolish us and our peasantry together, and then to step into the richest part of Russia and reëstablish law and order, trying thus to put the nobility under obligation and to crush and exploit the humbler classes, but drawing on them for grain and men to replenish their own losses in food and labor.

This has succeeded in many parts of Russia, where German overlords in command of everything are drawing on our resources either quite openly by requisition or through their secret agents, the Bolshevik red-guardsmen, or even by the cunning of politicians.

When a province or a city is crushed and trampled to complete exhaustion the conqueror's agents at once retire and leave the place to recover itself as best it can or to die out entirely.

Long before the opening of the great war there were hundreds of thousands of Germans in Russia, as elsewhere. Some few had intermarried with Russians, and their children born and brought up in our country belonged to the Orthodox Church and were good subjects of the Czar; but the vast majority—merchants, professionals, colonists—had remained loyal to their real Fatherland; spoke German, lived as they had in the old country, and became very prosperous at the expense of their surroundings. Technically they took out naturalization papers in our empire, and they were of course allowed to move about, observing freely. They were of the greatest service to the enemy before and all through the war.

Afterward, during the revolution, they also did everything to further the plans of their head men in Berlin. They were those who largely prepared the ground for the revolution, and who both in the laboring classes and in our army made all the propaganda. Before the first movement of the revolution, in early March, 1917, these agents in the barracks of Petrograd sowed disloyalty and indiscipline among the recruits and reserves who made up the garrison of our capital; and when the crash came during the first wild days it was found by officers attached to the Duma's committee that the Catherine Hall delegates of the workmen and soldiers had produced spontaneously and without thought, in the terrible period of general amazement and panic at the turn of events, both the famous "Order Number One to the Army," introducing committees into all military units and thereby destroying discipline completely on the firing line, and also the proclamation to the garrison of Petrograd which permitted its members to remain permanently stationary within the city without ever being sent forward to the Front.

The Sick Officer's Story

THESE two measures were brought to the provisional cabinet for signing, almost in the first hour of the revolution; and our ministers, either troubled by the many dangers they and the whole country must face, and therefore anxious to placate so powerful a group as were the workmen and soldiers of the empire, or else merely dazed with surprise, affixed their names without resistance. Where these two papers came from and how that seething mass of half-crazy humanity in the Catherine Hall could produce two such clear logical orders at such a time was an inexplicable mystery, except perhaps by inference, since both these papers were immensely useful to the German enemy's cause.

But the positive fact was that one officer—a personal friend of ours who chanced to be in the capital on sick leave from the Front, and who had rushed with others to the parliament to offer his services in the cause of law and order—testified that the only typographical plants working in the town during those early revolutionary days were run by German workmen, who had taken possession of them under German-speaking master printers. He, our friend, was unable to obtain service from them to type papers which Rodzanko had wished printed quickly for immediate distribution, because they were so busy preparing the Number One Order. This Captain K—— heard and saw himself, and he said that as fast as the thousands of sheets were ready they were packed off directly by special messengers, to be delivered to our soldiers at the Front, without the knowledge of the officers, and these messengers were Germans also, or men in German pay.

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SOLDIERS OF PEACE

By WILL IRWIN

SO BIG are these times, so vital, that our emotions cannot keep pace with them. On armistice night in Paris I was rather ashamed to find myself quite languid of soul, quite unable to enter into the spirit of the occasion. I blamed something in myself, until dozens of my friends confessed to the same feeling. It was simply too big for us. So to-day, when the Covenant of the League of Nations has been provisionally agreed upon, when Woodrow Wilson has himself read the text to the representatives of twenty nations: when a torch has been lit which, please God, shall not go out, we who make up the representative American crowd about the lobbies of the Hôtel de Crillon have been totally unable to grasp it with our emotions. Intellectually we know what it may mean. But it is too great for our hearts to hold.

Myself, I have had all day one phrase running through my mind. Last December, Maj. Willard Straight died in Paris of influenza. That plague which took from many of us as much love and friendship and admiration as have the balls and shells of the great war put out no more promising young life. Before the fever dulled his mind an acquaintance of mine went to see him. "The war is over—yes," said Straight. "Now we Americans must all be good soldiers of peace."

A Misleading Comparison

SOLDIERS of peace! And yet in the past few days we have been hearing some disquieting reports, whose basis we cannot exactly determine over here. We know that the new Congress, which will reject or ratify what our commissioners have done in Paris, is politically hostile to President Wilson. Every day the cable brings us news of an attack upon his present foreign policy. In the negotiations preliminary to this Covenant, President Wilson has occasionally been obliged to lock horns with some of the foreign governments. In the course of those slight waves of ill feeling and misunderstanding which arise, and always will arise, during prolonged and intricate negotiations his European opponents have always whispered: "Yes, but perhaps he has no authority to act. It is uncertain, very uncertain, if he can command a majority of his Senate. They won't ratify anything he does."

Indeed, we have had among us certain Americans who made a practice of sneering at his every move, and for no other reason, as I see it, than that Woodrow Wilson is the head of an opposition party. Hence, perhaps, the necessity of such sermons as this which I now propose to deliver on the text: "Soldiers of peace." For the great war is now over, virtually; and one may now call himself an advocate of peace without being misunderstood—without being accused of opposing the war to the bitter end against that devilish power whose false creed had for a major canon the sanctity of war.

Let us first consider what war is. The militarist—General Bernhardi, for example, and some of his tin-plate Anglo-Saxon imitators—has said that it is a struggle for existence, part of the biologic struggle. A superior species of mammal drives an inferior species from the feeding range, and the inferior species becomes in time extinct through starvation. A superior species of fish—swifter, stronger, bigger—eats up an inferior species. "You see!" says the militarist, "all Nature does it; so must man or be unnatural."

A child should be able to answer that argument, though few children have. This struggle for existence, this general killing on a large scale occurs in animal life between the species, not inside of the species. General fighting between large bodies of the same species is unknown among the higher animals. They do fight as individuals, in their love-making or over some bit of prey—but individually and seldom, very seldom, to death. All of us who take an interest in animals understand that. Who ever knew a bull, fiercest of domestic animals, to kill another bull? They meet with a clash of horns, lock foreheads, push until one is pushed backward; the loser breaks ground and runs; the victor gores him once or twice, and stops. We all know how dogs fight. Only the bull breed, in which man has artificially exaggerated the instinct, fights another dog to the death. When we take fish for food, when we exterminate the rabbit herds which are destroying our crops, we are performing the act parallel to that struggle for existence among the lower animals of which the militarist makes so much to-do.

Somewhere along the line of early human progress when we were founding society it seems that we got into a bad habit. We had begun to kill each other in our individual fights; with the invention of weapons that was perhaps inevitable. Then we began to form groups, and for some collective purpose of the group, usually immoral, to go out and fight to the death with another group. Probably at about the same stage of human progress the primitive man of Europe and Western Asia found that certain juices and grain liquors, left standing and exposed to air, developed into a beverage which produced a strange and pleasing exhilaration. So was the alcohol habit born.

No one can say whether war antedated alcoholism or alcoholism war. Probably war was the first. However, they both go back to the very beginnings of human progress and are discernible as established institutions when European humanity begins to emerge from the mists of the past. Both are simply habits, having no real relation with the course of evolution in other species.

Of these the habit of war became by far the more widespread and pernicious. Far from assisting, on the whole, in human progress, it was probably a great deterrent. In the fifth and fourth centuries before the Christian era the little town of Athens burst out into a brightness that might have illuminated the world. The spiritual and intellectual greatness of Athens lasted but two generations; then war snuffed it out. In the third century of the Christian era Alexandria had its hand on the door of exact science, the mother of progress. That door was never opened. More warlike people prevented. The world fell back into the Dark Ages.

Historians of all ages have seemed hazily to assume that when a people is conquered by some barbarian race or other the conquerer is not only the superior in war but inherently the superior race.

As a matter of cold fact the conqueror has proved himself superior only in war. Carry this thing out to its logical conclusion, and the race fittest to survive is the most warlike race; wherefore the chief end of humanity is perfection not in industry nor art nor learning nor religion, nor in the sober enjoyment of life, but only in the practice of arms.

This habit of the species became ingrained in our institutions. Warfare in primitive society involved the loosening of all moral bonds. The victor slaughtered the men of the vanquished, carried off his women and children into slavery, stole all his property, seized his territory. Even before Christianity, moral philosophers and philanthropic statesmen were trying to limit the horrors of war to "strict military necessity." Christianity took hold of the problem, though timidly. It seldom if ever attempted to strike at the basis of the institution. It merely tried to limit it by humane rules, like the Truce of God of the Middle Ages.

By the eighteenth century the sporting rules of war were pretty well worked out. The professional soldier must, so far as possible, limit his killing to armed opponents. He must not kill an opponent who had honorably surrendered. He must keep certain agreements with the enemy. Above all, he must spare civilians.

Halfway Measures Against War

IN ALL the Christian ages most men of good will regarded warfare as a calamity. But it was to them a calamity like pestilence, sent by God for His own inscrutable ends; as with pestilence, nothing really could be done. You could only mitigate it. Then, in the eighteenth century or thereabouts, men seem to have conceived the hazy dream that war could be stopped. It was an age when rhetoric passed for exact reason, when the cool spirit of scientific inquiry was still in embryo. Mostly we took it out in poetry. Perhaps the only incident of action was a nebulous agreement—not between people but between kings—in the Congress of Vienna, after the Napoleonic Wars.

Yet the idea persisted, coming near action now and again, reaching a kind of half action in The Hague conventions, which merely carried out the old idea of mitigating the effects of war—drew the professional rules more strictly. These agreements never struck at the root of the habit. It was like trying to cure a drunkard by limiting a little the amount of his drink.

In the meantime the current of military affairs was running counter to the purposes of The Hague Convention. It has seemed to me that the Creator, to save the race, put a special and hampering trait into the mind of the military clan. One and all, they tend toward conservatism both in opinion and in method. Great as was the energy which kings, governments and armies put into war, the invention of means for killing had lingered far behind the invention of means for supporting, saving and improving life.

At the beginning of the great war an eminent engineer, speaking of the munitions failure in England, said to me: "And the munitions of war are so childishly simple, so easy of manufacture!" As is the bow and arrow to the modern three-inch rifle, so is the three-inch rifle to the typesetting machine that will put these words into type, the press that will print them. Warfare was at that moment using, it is true, such fairly complex machines as the automobile, but

only as auxiliaries; and for the first time. The aëroplane was the only exception; and those early aëroplanes of 1914 were few and primitive.

Every advance in the art of killing seems to have been invented by a civilian, usually as a by-product to more useful work, and adopted only reluctantly by the military. Gunpowder was discovered for Europe by a monk working toward the theory of chemistry. The machine gun, the submarine, the aëroplane were the work of civilians. The modern battleship is "a floating watch," but its parts were not invented by men of the profession of arms, nor yet for the uses of war. Civilians working toward the ends of peace applied steam to navigation, showed that steel ships would float, worked out the screw propeller, multiplied speed by turbines, perfected electric dynamos and wireless. All these devices except perhaps wireless were long used for commercial ends before navies reluctantly adopted them. And all these parts and powers of a battleship are only auxiliary to the function of killing. The actual deadly weapons—the guns—are perhaps the simplest and most primitive machines abroad.

A People Without Chivalry

IN JUSTICE to the military clan one must add that considerations of humanity held them back from full, candid investigation of the means for destroying life which modern scientific progress offered them. The chivalrous limitations on warfare imposed by Christianity and by the sporting spirit were with them a creed. Modern science might have suggested surer and neater ways of ending human life than by hitting a man with a piece of metal blown from a tube by the action of a chemical. But the happy warrior, "he who every man in arms might wish to be," shrank from the responsibility for introducing such methods.

However, there had arisen in the nineteenth century a power and a people whose service to the race may be that they rendered warfare merely absurd. Able, efficient and especially talented in applying cold logic to a false premise they were also—in that period at least—a little calloused of soul and more than a little blind to finer values. The modern Spartans holding as most of the world had ceased to hold that war was in itself a worthy and beautiful thing, they forced upon the rest of Europe universal conscription, in peace as in war. Now had the nation become almost synonymous with the Army. As German militaristic philosophers truly said, the Army was the kernel of the nation; all else was built about this institution. Civilians, in sympathy with the military caste but outside of its conservative influence, began to put their brains to work upon the means of killing.

And for this people chivalry was not. With their logical illogic they persuaded themselves that the more terrible the war the more humane; that all considerations of honor fell in face of the interests of the sovereign state. With the dangerous German in this mood it was a certainty that other nations would have to follow, if not in the abolition of chivalry at least in the adoption of intensive methods of killing.

That first gas attack at Second Ypres, in April, 1915, was a landmark in military history. It may be a landmark in universal history—the moment when the evil race habit of warfare took the turn toward reform. The Allies, of course, had to follow the method. From this moment the lid was off. Almost any method of killing armed opponents which science could suggest was now fair game.

Another current ran back toward barbarism—here, as perhaps heretofore, I tell what everyone knows, but it must be recalled to make the record complete. It became a war of munitions. The side which piled up the most guns, shells, aëroplanes and means of transport would, other things being equal, win. Europe drew its old men, its spare women, even its children into the business of making munitions.

Now that they had suppressed chivalry the proper course of procedure became apparent to the German mind. To kill civilians in most cases made toward winning the war—especially to kill civilians in industry. Again: The German had discovered psychology in war. The civilian population must hold firm; its failure in courage, almost equally with that of the army, might lose the war. So it became useful and "necessary" to raid with aëroplanes, to bombard with cannon from a great distance, towns not in the range of military attack. Except for the slaughter of prisoners warfare was back to its barbarous beginnings.

In the war so happily perfected, between ten and eleven million people including perhaps three-quarters of a million women—the Armenian massacres are included in this score—died by the sword. At least as many died of epidemic diseases engendered by the conditions of war. When the score is finished—alas, it is not finished yet—we shall find that still more than this have died from starvation.

Everyone appreciates that. But probably not everyone in America, which saw the war only with the eyes of others, appreciates what the next war may be—almost, I might say, must be—provided we go on as we were going before 1914. Applied science has hitherto paid little attention to perfecting methods for killing human beings. But the laboratories have been at work for four years, and they have done wonders. The chlorine gas cloud of Second Ypres was a mild affair compared to the gases used in the attacks of last summer. These gases are mild compared to the possibilities in the method. The problem of invisible, instantaneously deadly gas was solved by at least two nations before the end of the war; in the campaign of 1919, had such occurred, these gases would have been used in enormous quantity.

Aircraft bombing was working from uncertainty to certainty. Only to-day the newspapers record the testimony before our Senate Committee of John Hays Hammond, Jr. He declares that by his invention of wireless control a torpedo can be launched from an aëroplane soaring many miles away from a town, and guided to the target with the certainty of a pilot steering a boat. The offensive power of aircraft is at this moment immeasurably superior to the defences against them. They have three dimensions in which to maneuver instead of two; and they work in the dark. The answer to the night raid has never been found. I am not so bold as to say, in this age of invention, that it will not be found; but it looks as unlikely as anything in military science.

The Possibilities of Air Attacks

LET us stop for a moment and consider this point. In a new war between France and Germany the sudden destruction of Paris at the beginning of hostilities would just about win the war for Germany. The entire confusion of the greatest national railway center; the destruction of the seat of government, finance and commerce; the general panic—would so delay and confuse mobilization that the French Army would be easy prey. Mobilizing aircraft fleets and torpedoes behind the Rhine would be no very difficult task as compared with that of mobilizing any army. From there the fleets could be above Paris, at present speeds, within two or three hours. An advanced squadron of skirmishers would drop upon the roofs of Paris a multitude of small, nonextinguishable phosphorus bombs to set the roofs on fire and give the main fleets sight of their target. In fact the Germans, when the armistice came, were planning to use this method in their next raids on Paris. It is not at all unlikely that by the time for the next war aircraft attack will be so perfected that a week of such raiding would finish off a city like Paris—or New York. Of course the old, hampering, chivalrous rule that a city about to be bombarded must be notified in order that noncombatants may be removed went by the board long ago. Such notice would ruin the element of surprise, which is half the battle in such an attack. Besides, in modern warfare there are practically no noncombatants. In a new general European war the destruction of nearly all the

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SIMONETTA

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Thurston Turned Quickly and Beheld—Simonetta!

IV (Continued)

THURSTON returned to the hotel and went to bed to think and think, and get nowhere. From darkness to darkness: that was all!

At breakfast Thurston decided that he must find her. She must be near her portrait. Therefore he must return to the house on the Via di Pinti and inquire; but not of Vespe.

He spent the forenoon at the Uffizi and in the Accademia. After the noon meal he read Politian's La Giostra. How wonderful Simonetta was!

He recited the stanzas aloud. A goddess indeed!

At four he went to Vespe's house. The old manservant in faded livery opened the door.

Thurston instantly put a hand in his trousers pocket and asked in a low voice: "Have you eyes?"

"Signore?"

"Do you see well?"

He pulled out his left hand and held a bank note before the old man's eyes. The old man nodded. He saw it quite plainly.

"It is for one hundred lire," said Thurston, taking no chances.

"Yes, signore." And the servant bowed with great respect before the note.

"This is one of a family of ten, all brothers, exactly alike." Thurston was using the glacial tone of voice in which Anglo-Saxons do their bribing.

The old man looked about him quickly; then regretfully shook his head. Alas, he should not have allowed the bird of hope to alight on his heart and begin to sing so shrilly!

"Ten of them," repeated Thurston in the same cold voice. It made the old man instantly realize that there would be sleepless nights.

"Not here, signore; not here!" he said feverishly. "At which inn, I implore you?"

"The Grand Hotel de' Medici on the Lung 'Arno, above the Ponte Vecchio." Thurston spoke with indifference. "Any morning before nine. Any evening between six and eight; or after nine."

"Ten of them, you said?" The shining eyes volleyed greedy interrogations. Thurston nodded. There was a sound somewhere within the house

Instantly the servant, in a voice that dripped professional respect, asked: "You wish to see someone, signore?"

"Simonetta!"

Thurston whispered the name. Why, he could not tell.

The old man shook his head violently.

"There is no one here by that name, signore." And he shrugged his shoulders despairfully.

"Is there a signorina?" asked Thurston. He shook the one-hundred-lira note in the air. Receiving no reply he chanted musingly: "Ten, ten, ten of these! Like the sacred commandments! As many as a man has fingers! One could play wonderful tunes on a piano with one hundred lire wrapped about each finger."

"The master is within, signore," volunteered the servant.

Thurston gave him the note he had taken from his pocket. The old man put it away so quickly that the eye could not follow his hand.

"Nine fingers still has the foreigner. Nine!" Thurston reminded him.

"To-night!" whispered the old man. It sounded like the acceptance of an order to do murder.

"Do you observe that the thumbs are twice as thick as the fingers?" Thurston did not wish the old man to forget his duty.

"The Lord in his wisdom thus made men's hands, Excellency." And he nodded with eager comprehension.

"But the thumbs came last."

"To-night!" The old man's lips moved scarcely at all. Then in tones that could be heard by anyone in the next room: "Pray give me the pleasure to follow me, signore."

Thurston held up nine fingers and followed the old man, who ushered him into Simonetta's salon.

He looked at her.

She had the eyes of a child who still finds very little difference between her dreams and her realities, a child to whom everybody speaks pleasantly of that love which does not frighten children.

She, also, must be looking down from the gold bar of heaven.

"From on high I beheld thy good deeds!" she had said in that far-away voice that more than anything else had thrilled him, the voice that seemed to have come down astride a star beam from ——

"Ah-h-h! Signore, I am grateful for this compliment. Let me hope that you are as well as you look. Youth! Youth!"

Thurston turned to greet Vespe. He said: "Your health I trust, is also ——"

"He has all ailments who suffers from old age," interrupted Signor Vespe. "Sometimes I carry the weight of centuries on my back. But such as you feel only the sky above you. *Mea culpa! Mea culpa!* I confess to envy! An ugly sin!"

"Signore—I—I—should like to ask you a question." And Thurston looked at the portrait.

"Is it a question that ignorance would ask of greater ignorance?" asked Vespe quickly.

Thurston said very earnestly: "Could I have seen Simonetta?"

The old man, whose eyes like Thurston's were gazing at the portrait, turned. Then he said, with the smile that encourages confession: "I do not understand."

"I mean Simonetta herself."

Vespe smiled paternally. "In the springtime, young sir ——"

"I thought I saw her," interrupted Thurston.

"Where?" asked the old man, so curiously that Thurston had an access of his broker instinct to hold for higher prices. He therefore looked very wise and said with a highly significant calmness: "Oh, not so very far away."

"Signore, I am not so lucky as you. I can see her only in this house." A subtle envy was in his voice.

"She looked like the panel. That is why I would buy it and ——"

"I warned you it was not for sale."

"That was before I had seen her."

"Seen her!" repeated Vespe. "You persist. Is it that you jest or —— Oh!"

The old man put his hand to his heart, staggered and sank to the floor.

He propped himself against a huge armchair and muttered faintly: "The decanter! Quick! In—yonder—credence! Quick! I die!"

He was looking toward a thirteenth-century French Gothic credence in a corner. Thurston saw on it a small carafe full of a pale-yellow liquid. He rushed for it.

"I—pray ——" groaned the old man.

Thurston knelt beside old Vespe, whose mouth was open, as though the lower jaw had fallen from its own weight, and poured some of the liquor down his throat until Vespe feebly tried to push Thurston away. Whereupon the American set the decanter down on the floor and put his right arm about the old man's shoulder.

He watched the pale wrinkled face anxiously—the face of a patrician, sharp-cut features, sensitive nostrils, fine lips, a noble brow.

Presently the lips moved. Thurston bent closer.

"Do—not—call—servants."

"Are you better?"

"Yes."

He turned his eyes—the eyes of a sick animal—toward Thurston.

The color was coming back to the cheeks. Presently he sighed; then he sat up straight with an effort.

After a moment he looked at Thurston and observed tranquilly: "It is the third attack that I must fear. This is only the second. It was worse than the first. I have some capsules of nitroglycerin, but I did not remember in time. I have never used them."

"Perhaps I should call a physician?"

"To enrich him?" Vespe spoke coldly. "If I must have creditors I prefer one eagle to thirty mosquitoes. Twice you have saved my life, signore. Twice! It is a token!"

He nodded several times; then, as by an afterthought, crossed himself while his lips moved soundlessly.

"Nonsense!" denied Thurston with the Anglo-Saxon's polite impoliteness, and helped his host to rise.

"Twice," persisted Vespe from the armchair. "Twice! Must I wait for death before I believe? Signore, with words one may express love, hatred, friendship, anger, joy—everything except gratitude. But, alas, what can such as I give to such as you, who have youth and health and wealth, and therefore the earth and the heavens? What? What?"

He looked about the room in search of something. His eyes rested on the Botticelli panel.

"Ah-h-h!" His customary long-drawn exclamation expressed satisfaction, pleasure, relief. He rose to his feet and with a gesture asked Thurston for his arm. Leaning on the young man he walked slowly toward the portrait of Simonetta.

"Ah-h-h!" he exclaimed again. He turned to Thurston and said: "She is yours!"

Thurston shook his head.

"I understand," said Vespe. "Pride, the bride of youthful strength! I understand! But after my death, yes. No?"

"No," said Thurston.

"Ah," said the old man, with a finely ironical smile, "because we speak English and see with ultramarine eyes the picture must pass to some thieving servant who will dispose of it for five lire and a flask of wine. A practical race, the Americans! Always the shadow, never the substance! And this, my Simonetta, must not go to New York, but to some unspeakable beast, perhaps a pig of a Berliner, because you who saved my life would not tolerate the feather's weight of my gratitude."

"I would prefer to buy it. But I cannot buy a Botticelli ——"

"Perhaps you will tell me how you know the painter?"

"I think it is."

"I do not!" said the old man very positively. "I did not see him paint it. I have no documents. It may be a copy of a copy of the lost portrait ——"

"You know it is not a copy."

"No? Perhaps you know that experts did not know which portrait of Julius II was the copy and which the original—that in the Pitti or the one in the Uffizi? Of this panel I know only this—that it has not been in any house but this in my lifetime. Perhaps it was brought here when Sandro flung other paintings into the fire in the Piazza della Signoria at Savonarola's bidding. If it is not Filipepi's it is not of much value, and therefore it fully pays for a life so cheap as mine. Since I owe the one to you, the other also belongs to you."

Thurston's longing to possess the portrait was so intense that he really wished to take advantage of the old man's gratitude; but he obeyed some instinct that bade him pause. The gifts of gratitude he usually found very expensive in the end. And yet the portrait certainly spoke to him in the unforgetable voice of the woman in black—the voice that seemed to come from as far as the stars

"It is too valuable a gift. I cannot accept it," said Thurston regretfully.

"Ah-h-h! What you wish is to exchange some of your American gold for all of my gratitude, thereby leaving us both the poorer."

"No, I would purchase the panel. You assuredly overestimate my services to you."

"It is your habit, as the oldest creditor nation ——"

"I am an American."

"You speak English," retorted the old man. "Wherefore you must see the coins pass; wherefore must I sell the portrait; wherefore if the signore will have the goodness to give me ten pounds sterling ——"

"Suppose," interrupted Thurston with a smile," that we speak as friends true and tried?"

The old man bowed.

"How much," asked Thurston seriously, "do you think that panel is worth in money?"

"To whom?" asked the old man quickly.

"In the open market."

"There is always the question of buyer and seller, therefore of the buyer's pocketbook and the seller's needs. A shoe represents one thing—labor. A great work of art represents two things—labor and divine fire. You therefore cannot use labor units to measure its rate of exchange, as you would with bread or bricks or bullets. Your great collector Morgan finds so many pleasure units in a hundred thousand lire, and so many more in a Luini. Hence he profits if he buys the Luini with the lire. I sell you two things—this portrait and the pleasure of having it. I receive two prices—ten guineas and freedom from debt. I would not die owing any man"

Thurston saw the old man was in earnest. He did not quarrel with such eccentricities in general, and particularly he wanted the painting. But he wished to buy and be done. No aftermath; no friend's contingent fees.

Perhaps he wronged old Vespe. So he asked: "Even as a doubtful Botticelli, how much would it fetch if offered for sale to a collector who made a specialty of the Florentine Renaissance?"

"To a very rich one, perhaps as much as fifty thousand lire."

"You see!"

"But also he would have to be very ignorant."

"Or learned enough to know good works irrespective of attributions."

"Are we quarreling?" asked Vespe quizzically.

Thurston shook his head and smiled. The old man pursued: "Simply as a quattrocentist panel I would not expect to get twenty-five thousand lire ——"

"I would give it," interjected Thurston.

"Then, this: Let us toss a coin. See? This is a florin of the

(Continued on Page 141)

"You Will Tell Mariuccia That the Man From the Highest Mountain Has Come to Give Her That for Which She Has Prayed So Long!"

RED FRIDAY

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVI

I WENT out, shaken, and I wandered, dazed, often muttering to myself, once or twice even overturning children as I strode through those horrid crowded, superheated streets. Finally, when I cared to look, I found myself on the far East Side, well toward the East River, and I was compelled to turn back and retrace my steps to the Bowery and the Third Avenue Elevated in that intense heat. I was all but exhausted when I reached it, and though I cooled my scarlet face and reduced my throbbing pulse beats somewhat in the breeze of my transit uptown, yet when I finally reached my quarters I was almost prostrated. A raging headache held me, with a not unnatural fear of heat exhaustion. Try as I would, I could neither think nor act. There was but one thing for me to do: I took to my bed, and finally sleep intervened upon my physical misery. It was night before I awoke again, and leaned out of my window to see a city asleep—or struggling to sleep in the heat. I went back and, falling heavily on my disheveled bed, passed once more into a half stupor.

It was midmorning before I awoke a second time, rather weak, but now free at length from my intolerable headache. And I started up, alert in an instant, realizing, as one often does upon a sudden awakening, my situation with a cruel clarity.

It was now Thursday, the very day before Red Friday. The country hung teetering above a financial and social abyss. If anything could be done, any warning sounded, it must be at once. And by a strange irony of fate it was my sudden and unaccustomed task to do it—I, the least executive of men!

How should I proceed?—that was my question. Little as I knew, I saw that any warning must be given properly or not at all, for clearly any general public alarm of approaching disaster would produce exactly the effect Plangonev wished by just so many hours earlier. I thought and thought, but I could not devise a practical plan or recall any proper adviser as to one. In the older days, before the vanishing of the dwellers in the houses of Fifth Avenue, there would have been many to whom I could have turned for guidance on such matters of finance; but just now, with the disappearance and scattering of the great bourgeois, I could not think of one person to advise me that I could locate.

It came to me finally then, as a last resort, that somewhere in the ranks of Plangonev's amateur saviors I might find the way to assistance. After all, there were those among them who had been wealthy men, with an acquaintance, at least, among the financiers; and, with so many of them expressing their ideas in writing, some must certainly have access to and acquaintance with government officials, both national and local, to whom they could direct me for assistance and advice.

So I seized the telephone, and called up at his new quarters the one whom I could feel fairly certain to find at home—the Man With the Spats.

"Why not," his attractive and resonant voice called over the wire—"why not come down this afternoon and go over it with us at tea?"

"But this," I said, "is a matter for immediate action!"

"Oh," said the amiable Man With the Spats, willing always to act if he only could. "Oh, I didn't know. But the crowd will not be in until then, and I can't get to them earlier. What would you suggest?" he queried.

Advice being what I was seeking at the moment, I was not especially competent to give a suggestion.

"Very well," I said at last, "I will be down, unless I find some other means of working out my problem."

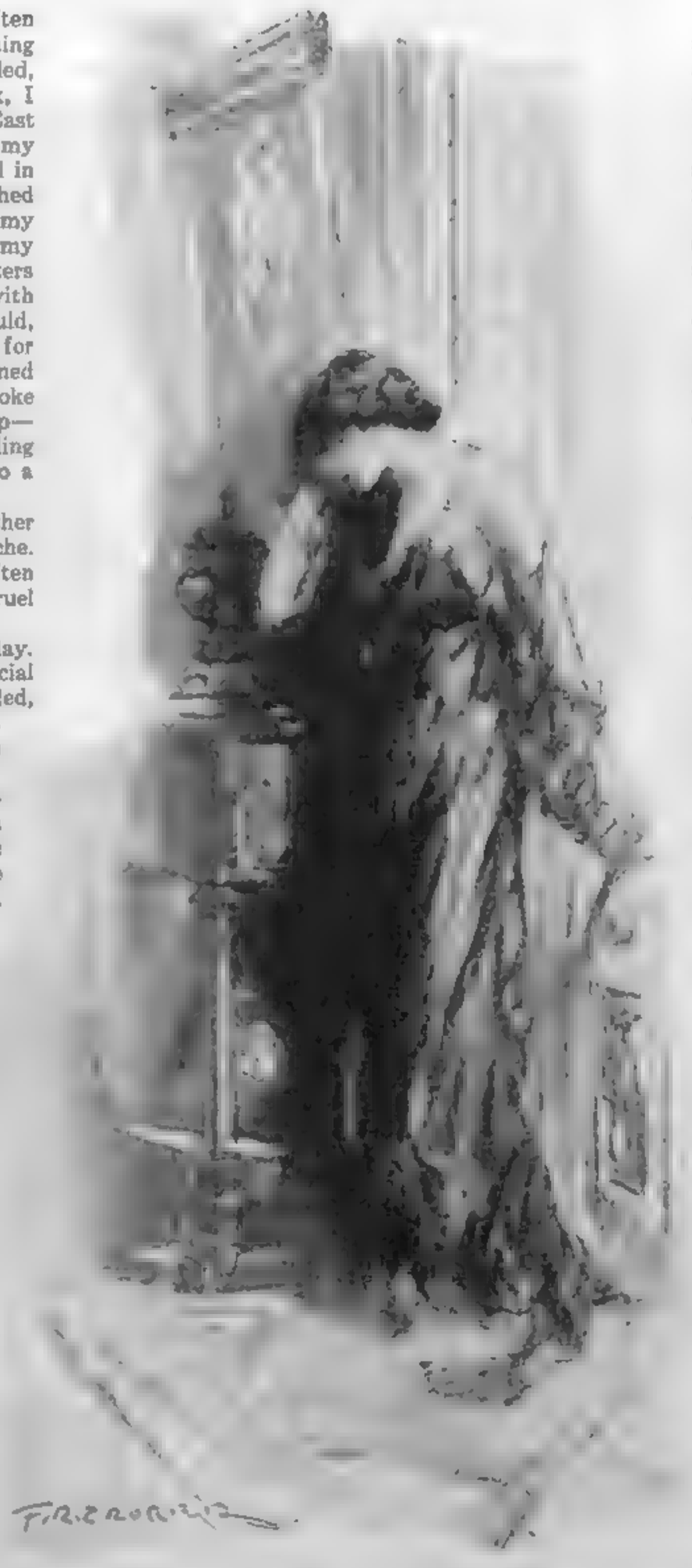
"Glad to see you anyway," said the agreeable Man With the Spats.

And I sat back, trying to conjure up some other way out of my difficulty; some proper means of denouncing and preventing Plangonev's final consummation of our plot of debt, and its certain harvest of violence upon which he was counting.

I telephoned several persons, but—it being the height of the midsummer season—without locating them. And finally, after a considerable expenditure of nervous energy, there was nothing so practicable, in my sight at least, as to wait for the amateur saviors' gathering, naturally now with diminishing expectation of solving my problem. They might, perhaps, refer me to someone whom I could see that evening.

"Yet, after all," I asked myself, in an access of physical weakness and pessimism, "what could anyone do to prevent the disaster now?"

And so finally in the afternoon I turned toward Washington Square.



She Dragged Herself to the Hallway, Shutting Shudderingly Behind Her the Great Door Into That High Room

They were gathering now, these people, I have neglected to say, in a different section of the city than previously. The income of the wealthier ones having very largely declined—if not almost disappeared—with the general downfall of large wealth in the country, these had now adopted the habits and the residential section of the less wealthy of former days. The meeting place was still in the quarters of the Man With the Spats, but these were now in the vicinity of Washington Square, in an old house, where several of them lived, in a sort of semi-coöperative, semi-studio housekeeping.

A large dark room, with large pieces of furniture preserved from the former mansion, a large table for the current unillustrated periodicals, a large fireplace, about which to talk on winter evenings, and brackets upon one wall for the display of the host's unique collection of cigarette holders—these formed the salient features of the new quarters of the Man With the Spats.

When I arrived I found already there a fair-sized gathering for the usual afternoon tea, and the young observer of Russia with his horn glasses, again talking upon the social influences and characteristics of the Russian mir.

"It is crude, of course, as might be expected of a crude and wonderfully naïve people," he explained, "but I hold and always have held that the mir contains potentialities, a possibility of fundamentals, which has been missing in our hurried, thoughtless, rapacious Western civilization!"

While he was speaking I noticed some lack of attention and sympathy. Some members seemed merely distraught, as if reverting to their financial troubles—which practically all now had; some seemed impatient—chief among whom I noted the rather plump woman, the formerly very wealthy wife of the man with the longish hair. She was a stoutly built, rather determined woman, whose father had made much of his fortune as a contractor in railroads; and I could see, as the speaker went on, she was in small sympathy with him, her foot tapping nervously on the floor as she busied herself with her sewing.

I felt myself almost as much impatience, awaiting the opportunity to speak to different ones about my problem. My plan had been to detach one and then another of the better informed and ask for their advice as to persons I might see to help me to head off the disaster of the next day.

This, I could see more and more, was going to be difficult, as I heard the young speaker go on engaging the attention of the small company with the possibilities of the mir—the chances of that ancient communistic scheme of landholding offering possible hints of a solution to our now acute and angry situation among the Western and Southern farmers.

Then any privacy of discussion on my part with any one member of the company was finally rendered entirely impossible by the Man With the Spats, who announced in an interlude of the discussion of the mir that I had a matter of great immediate interest that I wished advice upon. I was unable now to avoid, no matter how much I desired it, making my mission common property. And I explained in outline then our plot of debt. I had not gone far before I saw I had excited one sympathizer.

"That is it," said the man with longish hair, with his hand again at his temple. "That explains it all—I could not doubt some hidden influence was at work. I have said so many a time, have I not, Adelaide?" he asked his wife.

She looked up at him, but did not answer, merely tapping with her foot.

He was almost overenthusiastic. On the other hand, I could feel an atmosphere of skepticism gathering about me. The wife of the man with the longish hair continued tapping with her foot on the floor, in a disconcerting and hostile manner. Several questions of doubt were asked me as I proceeded, and finally the man with the warlike beard, who was there that day, interrupted in his usual somewhat brusque manner.

"Do you believe this?" he inquired, looking me directly in the eye—"this story you are telling us?"

"I would scarcely be at the effort of relating it today, in my condition," I said with some resentment, "if I did not!"

"Then you have been deceived, imposed upon," he exclaimed in his usual positive manner. "The formula of Marx would certainly not work in that way I am sure of it. I have known Kautsky well; I have spoken with Bebel, I have seen Frederick Engels and I believe I understand Marx' expectations as well as any man—in this country at least."

"Possibly," I said, "but I am telling you now of what actually happened."

"You're telling me," he stated firmly, "of what you now expect. Of what this man has told you. I have known men of this kind all over the world. You cannot trust them. They are charlatans. And as for this Plangonev ——" he said, when I stopped him.

"I came here," I said, "not to ask your contradiction. I came to ask your coöperation—about whom to see to stop this thing, what stock-broking authority or political agent. It is not worth while," I said, "for me at this time to enter into debate upon what I know."

There was, when I said this, a most disconcerting silence, during which the Man With the Spats, with his usual amiable intentions, came over from where he had stood, selecting himself a new cigarette holder.

"Do you really mean this?" he asked me in his kindly voice. And I was struck cold by this further proof of disbelief of my story. "Because if you do," he said heartily, "I accept it—and agree with you." The rest were stolidly silent. "And you expect, I take it, great and immediate violence," he went on.

"I do," I said briefly.

"Yes," he nodded, smiling, "I can see. And you wish to find some authority to prevent it?"

"There is none—possibly!" said the man with the martial beard. "How could there be?"

That struck me sharply. For, of course, that had been my great problem—that I could not seem to solve.

"No government authority, certainly," said the man with the longish hair, "could interfere against such a hazy, indirect, indeterminate threat of violence!"

"There might," I said in desperation, "be some financial authority."

"And yet," said the Man With the Spats, thinking, "there could scarcely be any prevention of your man's selling his securities, except by the closing of the Wall Street Security Exchange—and that, I gather from the general situation as you describe it, would in itself give a shock severe enough to cause the disaster that you are trying to avoid."

And he fitted another Russian cigarette into his holder.

I sat forward suddenly, and buried my head in my hands in a final gesture of despair.

There was far too much against me in this thing; in fact, the entire logic of the situation. And I could also see, by their respectful but unresponsive silence—I could see only too well that, with the exception of one man, my story was not credited here, or if it were, that there was no real sensing of the danger.

They sat silent, watching me pityingly and understandingly. Extreme nervous eccentricities of manner or even nervous breakdowns were not unknown among them, of course. I gave up finally. I saw that I was done.

"If these do not believe it," I said inwardly—"these emotionally unemployed—how long would it take me to persuade other more slowly moving beliefs into action? It is hopeless!" I said to myself. "Hopeless! Even if any action were really possible," I told myself finally.

I gave a groan and got up.

"I am through," I said. "To-morrow we shall see what we shall see."

The man with the military beard laughed with full assurance.

"Don't worry," he said, striking me reassuringly upon the back. "You have been imposed upon. I know. I have seen it too many times. You are overwrought. Go home and go to bed."

I went out without answering him, and passed, angry and despondent, through the exhaustion of a city summer evening to my own rooms. My physical condition showed me I could do no more.

I knew now that in any case Red Friday was inevitable. I passed it all over in my mind that night, between my broken bits of sleep—the plot of debt, the subtlety and indirection of the whole movement.

"It is so indefinite, so intangible in its essence," I told myself. "What could resist it? About what tangible material thing could any practicable defense gather and crystallize?"

There was nothing then to do but wait in fear upon that inevitable to-morrow.

XVII

AND now, having come to Red Friday at last, I shall scarcely take your time to do more than recapitulate in broad outlines, and give briefly my own personal impressions of that great matter, so recent, which since the event so many skilled writers in finance have done little else but explain.

Plangonev's plans were here, as in all things, well laid. The blow, it will be remembered, could scarcely have fallen upon a securitymarketless prepared. A somnolent August morningin themidvacation period held the financial center of the country in a dullness augmented by the great physical exhaustion following the extreme heat of the two days before. It was a full half hour after its opening that the market grasped the danger that was upon it.

Plangonev, of course, in this move, as in all else, did not appear. Taking a leaf, it seems, from the book—the customary practices of Black—which, of course, he had studied and by this time knew well, the Russian divided his selling between a large number of brokers, each one of whom was ignorant of the other, and indeed of the real identity of the seller. So the selling in any one broker's hands—though large—was not sufficiently large to indicate the purpose which was behind it.

On the other hand, in the aggregate it was enormous—so great, in fact, that it could not be doubted that some huge agency was selling, both directly, it was thought, and upon a short account. And by eleven o'clock even many of the brokers who were selling would have gladly stopped, for they could not now help but see what was coming. They could not withdraw from the transaction, however, being now greatly concerned to protect their principal from loss by the failure of other brokers, and being anxious to secure for him as much as they could for his securities. The Government Railroad Sixes—against which especially the drive had been made—fell straight from the lower 90's to 70, and wavered there, supported in some hurried degree by the banks, until, upon their breaking 70, it was seen that another sheer decline was inevitable. Then the Security Exchange, the established stock market in Wall Street, suspended operations.

Upon this the secret seller promptly continued his selling in the Consolidated Exchange, and when that also closed, switched his operations into the shrieking street market of the curb. It was not now, of course, one man's selling, it was a city's.

By one o'clock it was claimed that some order, with the closing of the two main markets, was about to be established. But at quarter past one it was announced that not one but three of the leading banks had gone. The greatest and strongest, of course, still stood outwardly firm. But there was great concern for the credit activities of the afternoon.

Meanwhile the outcries upon the curb mounted higher and higher. The hard-faced younger men in the street stood howling and working their faces and their fingers in frantic signals to the windows in the dingy blocks above them, in a mad frenzy of nervous excitement. But by one-forty-five this clamor too was hoarsening to its close. The Government Railroad Sixes were last at 52, with now no bidders. There was scarcely a broker in New York solvent—unless the sellers for Plangonev; and these in many cases retired to their rooms and barricaded themselves, afraid of the violence of the frenzied well-dressed men, the other members of their profession, who were about their doorways denouncing them as traitors to their country.

For it was a nation that was selling now—not one man or one interest or one city. The debt of four years, held up for months with bated breath by the coöperation of the whole financial structure of a nation, now crashed down and carried all credit with it. And when, before three o'clock, it was officially stated that the greatest of all the banks in the country were closing one after another, it was seen by every casual observer that without a miracle intervening the end of Capital had come and that the country was financially paralyzed. For it was not these banks alone that would be involved, but their correspondents all over the country; they were gone, all the banks, quite certainly, with the utter collapse in salable value of the securities, of every kind—governmental as well as private—which since the war had come to form directly or indirectly such a great proportion of their assets. Capital in America was gone, exactly as Plangonev had planned, and with it, without doubt, Capitalism.

I, myself, unfamiliar as I was with either the operations of the financial district or the district itself, could not resist going down into the section and joining the crowd, which, gathering from all over the city, filled the narrow confines of Wall Street to its edges and spilled over into a great pool on Broad Street.

There were, of course, many interesting, striking and melancholy scenes in the crowd, among the tens of thousands who were drawn that day into the district by curiosity or alarm—threats, violent complaints, and even suicide of individuals stricken and ruined by the disaster. But curiously enough—I could not, of course, but think of this—in all that Red Friday of Plangonev there were very few demonstrations by socialists. It was simply that the formula of Marx had worked itself out to its end. Capitalism was dead, and now socialism, or government control, or general anarchy—whatever was upon us—must come by mere default.

I saw few socialists, yet there were some. I do recall some few red insignia upon the influx of folk that came later in the day out of the East Side of New York. They arrived, the foreigners of the East Side at first in small numbers, then in greater and greater crowds. As the hours went on they came for the first time in their lives under the high empty arches of the huge bridge whose shadows had marked the unpassed outer boundaries of this section—not more than a short mile away, but more unfamiliar to most of them, both physically and mentally, than the deep interior of Russia.

I will recall one singular scene, as the day passed toward twilight. For I was still there, resolved, in spite of exceeding weariness, to witness the whole drama.

It was on Pine Street, that narrow lane in that stone maze—on Pine Street, not very far from Nassau. An old woman, apparently, I should say from her dress, a scrubwoman from some office building—starting perhaps to her night of ugly toil—was passing east, clutching in her right hand a document which was quite clearly a security of some kind. I thought from its color and design that it was one of the ill-fated Railroad Sixes.

As I saw her a curious crowd from the East Side came peering down the street in her direction—one or two, possibly, with red ribbons in their buttonholes, but not more. They were coming, singing—for the street was now well emptied and they were young and full of life—singing one of

(Continued on Page 103)

"Oh, No," She Said, "Please! I Cannot Have You Go Now. Now, Especially, I Must Know Where I Stand!"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

AMONG the many misconceptions and mischances that befell the slavery agitation in the United States and finally led a kindred people into actual war the idea that got afloat after this war that every Confederate was a Secessionist best served the ends of the radicalism which sought to reduce the South to a conquered province, and as such to reconstruct it by hostile legislation supported wherever needed by force.

Andrew Johnson very well understood that a great majority of the men who were arrayed on the Southern side had taken the field against their better judgment through pressure of circumstance. They were Union men who had opposed secession and clung to the old order. Not merely in the Border States did this class rule but in the Gulf States it held a respectable minority until the shot fired upon Sumter drew the call for troops from Lincoln. The Secession leaders, who had staked their all upon the hazard, knew that to save their movement from collapse it was necessary that blood be sprinkled in the faces of the people. Hence the message from Charleston:

With cannon, mortar and petard
We tender you our Beauregard ——

with the response from Washington precipitating the conflict of theories into a combat of arms for which neither party was prepared.

The debate ended, battle at hand, Southern men had to choose between the North and the South, between their convictions and predilections on one side and expatriation on the other side—resistance to invasion, not secession, the issue. But four years later, when in 1865 all that they had believed and feared in 1861 had come to pass, these men required no drastic measures to bring them to terms. Events more potent than acts of Congress had already reconstructed them. Lincoln with a forecast of this had shaped his ends accordingly. Johnson, himself a Southern man, understood it even better than Lincoln, and backed by the legacy of Lincoln he proceeded not very skillfully to build upon it.

The assassination of Lincoln, however, had played directly into the hands of the radicals, led by Ben Wade in the Senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the House. Prior to that baleful night they had fallen behind the marching van. The mad act of Booth put them upon their feet and brought them to the front. They were implacable men, politicians equally of resolution and ability. Events quickly succeeding favored them and their plans. It was not alone Johnson's lack of temper and tact that gave them the whip hand. His removal from office would have opened the door of the White House to Wade, so that strategically Johnson's position was from the beginning beleaguered and came perilously near before the close to being untenable.

Grant, a political nondescript, not Wade, the uncompromising extremist, came after; and inevitably four years of Grant had again divided the triumphant Republicans. This was the situation during the winter of 1871-72, when the approaching Presidential election brought the country face to face with a most extraordinary state of affairs. The South was in irons. The North was growing restive. Thinking people everywhere felt that conditions so anomalous to our institutions could not last.

II

JOHNSON had made a bungling attempt to carry out the policies of Lincoln and had gone down in the strife. The Democratic Party had reached the ebb tide of its disastrous fortunes.

It seemed the merest reactionary. A group of influential Republicans, dissatisfied for one cause and another with Grant, held a caucus and issued a call for what they described as a Liberal Republican Convention to assemble in Cincinnati May 1, 1872.

A Southern man and a Confederate soldier, a Democrat by conviction and inheritance, I had been making in Kentucky an unequal fight for the acceptance of the inevitable. The line of cleavage between the old and the new South I had placed upon the last three amendments to the Constitution, naming them the Treaty of Peace between the Sections. The negro must be invested with the rights conferred upon him by these amendments, however mistaken and injudicious the South might think them. The obsolete Black Laws instituted during the slave régime must be removed from the statute books. The negro, like Mohammed's coffin, swung in midair. He was neither fish, flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. For our own sake we must habilitate him, educate and elevate him, make him, if possible, a contented and useful citizen. Failing of this, free government itself might be imperiled.

Colonel Watterson's Residence in Louisville in 1860

I had behind me the intelligence of the Confederate soldiers almost to a man. They at least were tired of futile fighting, and to them the war was over. But—and especially in Kentucky—there was an element that wanted to fight when it was much too late: old Union Democrats and Union Whigs who clung to the hull of slavery when the kernel was gone, and proposed to win in politics what had been lost in battle.

The leaders of this belated element were in complete control of the political machinery of the state. They regarded me as an impudent upstart—since I had come to Kentucky from Tennessee—as little better than a carpet-bagger; and had done their uttermost to put me down and drive me out.

I was a young fellow of two and thirty, of boundless optimism and my full share of self-confidence, no end of physical endurance and mental vitality, having some political as well as newspaper experience. It never crossed my fancy that I could fail.

I met resistance with aggression, answered attempts at bullying with scorn, generally irradiated by laughter. Yet was I not wholly blind to consequences and the admonitions of prudence; and when the call for a Liberal Republican Convention appeared I realized that if I expected to remain a Democrat in a Democratic community, and to influence and lead a Democratic following, I must proceed with caution.

Though many of those proposing the new movement were familiar acquaintances—some of them personal friends—the scheme was in the air, as it were. Its three newspaper bellwethers—Samuel Bowles, Horace White and Murat Halstead—were especially well known to me; so were Horace Greeley, Carl Schurz and Charles Sumner, Stanley Matthews being my kinsman, George Hoadley and Cassius M. Clay next-door neighbors. But they were not the men I had trained with—not my "crowd"—and it was a question how far I might be able to reconcile myself, not to mention my political associates, to such company, even conceding that they proceeded under good fortune with a good plan, offering the South extrication from its woes and the Democratic Party an entering wedge into a solid and hitherto irresistible North.

Nevertheless, I resolved to go a little in advance to Cincinnati, to have a look at the stalking horse there to be displayed, free to take it or leave it as I liked, my bridges and lines of communication quite open and intact.

III

A LIVELIER and more variegated omnium-gatherum was never assembled. They had already begun to pour in when I arrived. There were long-haired and spectacled doctrinaires from New England, spliced by short-haired and stumpy emissaries from New York—mostly friends of Horace Greeley, as it turned out. There were brisk Westerners from Chicago and St. Louis. If Whitelaw Reid, who had come as Greeley's personal representative, had his retinue, so had Horace White and Carl Schurz. There were a few rather overdressed persons from New Orleans brought up by Governor Warmoth, and a motley array of Southerners of every sort, who were ready to clutch at any straw that promised relief to intolerable conditions. The full contingent of Washington correspondents was there, of course, with sharpened eyes and pens to make the most of what they had already begun to christen a conclave of cranks.

Bowles and Halstead met me at the station, and we drove to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where Schurz and White were awaiting us. Then and there was organized a fellowship which in the succeeding campaign cut a considerable figure and went by the name of the Quadrilateral. We resolved to limit the Presidential nominations of the convention to Charles Francis Adams, Bowles' candidate, and Lyman Trumbull, White's candidate, omitting altogether, because of specific reasons urged by White, the candidacy of B. Gratz Brown, who because of his Kentucky connections had better served my purpose.

The very next day the secret was abroad, and Whitelaw Reid came to me to ask why in a newspaper combine of this sort the New York Tribune had been left out.

To my mind it seemed preposterous that it had been or should be, and I stated as much to my new colleagues. They offered objection which to me appeared perverse if not childish. They did not like Reid, to begin with. He was not a principal like the rest of us, but a subordinate. Greeley was this, that and the other. He could never be relied upon in any coherent practical plan of campaign. To talk about him as a candidate was ridiculous.

I listened rather impatiently and finally I said: "Now, gentlemen, in this movement we shall need the New York Tribune. If we admit Reid we clinch it. You will all agree that Greeley has no chance of a nomination, and so by taking him in we both eat our cake and have it."

On this view of the case Reid was invited to join us, and that very night he sat with us at the St. Nicholas, where from night to night until the end we convened and went over the performances and developments of the day and concerted plans for the morrow.

As I recall these symposiums some amusing and some plaintive memories rise before me.

The first serious business that engaged us was the killing of the boom for Judge David Davis, of the Supreme Court, which was assuming definite and formidable proportions. The preceding winter it had been incubating at Washington under the ministration of some of the most astute politicians of the time, mainly, however, Democratic members of Congress.

A party of these had brought it to Cincinnati, opening headquarters well provided with the requisite commissaries. Every delegate who came in that could be reached was laid hold of and conducted here.

We considered it flat burglary. It was a gross infringement upon our copyrights. What business had the professional politicians with a great reform movement? The influence and dignity of journalism were at stake. They were imperiled. We, its custodians, could brook no such deflection, not to say defiance, from intermeddling office seekers, especially from broken-down Democratic office seekers.

The inner sanctuary of our proceedings was a common drawing-room between two bedchambers, shared by

Schurz and myself. Here we repaired after supper to smoke the pipe of fraternity and reform, and to save the country. What might be done to kill off "D. Davis," as we irreverently called the eminent and learned jurist, the friend of Lincoln and the only aspirant having a "bar'l"? That was the question. We addressed ourselves to the task with earnest purpose, but characteristically. The power of the press must be invoked. It was our chief if not our only weapon. Seated at the same table each of us indited a leading editorial for his paper, to be wired to its destination and printed next morning, striking D. Davis at a prearranged and varying angle. Copies of these were made for Halstead, who having with the rest of us read and compared the different screeds indited one of his own in general commentation and review for Cincinnati consumption. In next day's Commercial, blazing under vivid headlines, these leading editorials, dated "Chicago" and "New York," "Springfield, Mass.," and "Louisville, Ky.," appeared with the explaining line "The Tribune of to-morrow morning will say ——" "The Courier-Journal"—and the Republican—"will say to-morrow morning - "

Wondrous consensus of public opinion! The Davis boom went down before it. The Davis boomers were paralyzed. The earth seemed to have risen and hit them midships. The incoming delegates were arrested and forewarned. Six months of adroit scheming was set at naught, and little more was heard of D. Davis.

We were, like the Mousquetaires, equally in for fighting and foot-racing, the point with us being to get there, no matter how; the end—the defeat of the rascally machine politicians and the reform of the public service—justifying the means. I am writing this nearly fifty years after the event and must be forgiven the fling of my wisdom at my own expense and that of my associates in harmless crime.

Some ten years ago I wrote: "Reid and White and I the sole survivors; Reid a great Ambassador, White and I the virtuous ones, still able to sit up and take notice with three meals a day for which we are thankful and able to pay; no one of us recalcitrant. We were wholly serious—maybe a trifle visionary, but as upright and patriotic in our intentions and as loyal to our engagements as it was possible for older and maybe better men to be. For my part I must say that if I have never anything on my conscience worse than the massacre of that not very edifying yet promising combine I shall be troubled by no remorse, but to the end shall sleep soundly and well." Alas, I am now the sole survivor. In this connection an amusing incident throwing some light upon the period thrusts itself upon my memory. The Quadrilateral, including Reid, had just finished its consolidation of public opinion before related, when the cards of Judge Craddock, chairman of the Kentucky Democratic Committee, and of Col. Stoddart Johnston, editor of the Frankfort Yeoman, the organ of the Kentucky Democracy, were brought from below. They had come to look after me—that was evident. By no chance could they find me in more equivocal company. In addition to ourselves—bad enough, from the Kentucky point of view—Theodore Tilton, Donn Piatt and David A. Wells were in the room.

When the Kentuckians crossed the threshold and were presented seriatim the face of each was a study. Even a proper and immediate application of whisky and water did not suffice to restore their lost equilibrium and bring them to their usual state of convivial self-possession. Colonel Johnston told me years after that when they went away they walked in silence a block or two, when the old judge, a model of the learned and sedate school of Kentucky politicians and jurists, turned to him and said: "It is no use, Stoddart, we cannot keep up with that young man or with these times. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!'"

The Jupiter Tonans of reform in attendance upon the convention was Col. Alexander K. McClure. He was one of the handsomest and most imposing of men; Halstead himself scarcely more so. McClure was

Henry Watterson About 1870

personally unknown to the Quadrilateral. But this did not stand in the way of our asking him to dine with us as soon as his claims to fellowship in the good cause of reform began to make themselves apparent through the need of bringing the Pennsylvania delegation to a realizing sense.

He looked like a god as he entered the room; nay, he acted like one. Schurz first took him in hand. With a lofty courtesy I have never seen equaled he tossed his inquisitor into the air. Halstead came next, and tried him upon another tack. He fared no better than Schurz. And hurrying to the rescue of my friends, McClure, looking now a bit bored and resentful, landed me somewhere near the ceiling.

It would have been laughable if it had not been ignominious. I took my discomfiture with the bad grace of silence throughout the stiff, formal and brief meal which was then announced. But when it was over and the party, risen from table, was about to disperse I collected my energies and resources for a final stroke. I was not willing to remain so crushed nor to confess myself so beaten, though I could not disguise from myself a feeling that all of us had been overmatched.

"McClure" said I with the cool and quiet resolution of despair, drawing him aside, "what in the do you want anyhow?"

He looked at me with swift intelligence and a sudden show of sympathy, and then over at the others with a withering glance.

"What? With those cranks? Nothing."

Jupiter descended to earth. I am afraid we actually took a glass of wine together. Anyhow, from that moment to the hour of his death we were the best of friends.

Without the inner circle of the Quadrilateral, which had taken matters into their own hands, were a number of persons, some of them disinterested and others simple curiosity and excitement seekers, who might be described as merely lookers-on in Vienna. The Sunday afternoon before the convention was to meet we, the self-elect, fell in with a party of these in a garden "over the Rhine," as the German quarter of Cincinnati is called. There was first general and rather aimless talk. Then came a great deal of speech making. Schurz started it with a few pungent observations intended to suggest and inspire some common ground of public opinion and sentiment. Nobody was inclined to dispute his leadership, but everybody was prone to assert his own. It turned out that each regarded himself and wished to be regarded as a man with a mission, having a clear idea how things were not to be done. There were Civil Service Reform Protectionists and Civil Service Reform Free Traders. There were a few politicians, who were discovered to be spoilsmen, the unforgivable sin, and quickly dismissed as such.

Coherence was the missing ingredient. Not a man jack of them was willing to commit or bind himself to anything. Edward Atkinson pulled one way and William Dorsheimer exactly the opposite way. David A. Wells sought to get the two together; it was not possible. Sam Bowles shook his head in diplomatic warning. Horace White threw in a chunk or so of a rather agitating newspaper independency, and Halstead was in an inflamed state of jocosity to the more serious-minded.

It was nuts to the Washington correspondents—story writers and satirists who were there to make the most out of an occasion in which the bizarre was much in excess of the conventional—with George Alfred Townsend and Donn Piatt to set the pace. Hyde had come from St. Louis to keep especial tab on Grosvenor. Though rival editors facing our way, they had not been admitted to the Quadrilateral. McCullagh and Nixon arrived with the earliest from Chicago. The lesser lights of the guild were innumerable. One might have mistaken it for an annual meeting of the Associated Press.

The House in Washington, D. C., Where Henry Watterson Was Born February 16, 1840

IV

THE convention assembled. It was in Cincinnati's great Music Hall. Schurz presided. Who that was there will ever forget his opening words: "This is moving day." He was just turned forty-two; in his physiognomy a scholarly *Herr Doktor*; in his trim little figure a graceful athlete; in the tones of his voice an orator.

Even the bespectacled doctrinaires of the East, whence, since the days when the Star of Bethlehem shone over the desert, wisdom and wise men have had their emanation, were moved to something like enthusiasm. The rest of us were fervid and aglow. Two days and a night and a half the Quadrilateral had the world in a sling and things its own way. It had

(Continued on Page 37)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1919

Slandering Washington

THE Father of his Country was one of the most sagacious of men. Common sense was developed in him, as in Franklin, to a point that amounted to a sort of genius. But some distinguished persons nowadays are trying to make him out a blockhead.

A century and a quarter ago the United States was new, small, weak. The Atlantic was a great gulf whose passage required several weeks. Europe was a set of monarchial states constantly embroiled in the intrigues of kingcraft and in wars of dynastic ambition. Predominantly it looked with no friendly eye upon republics anywhere. Washington advised his fellow countrymen to let it alone and avoid entangling themselves in its greedy broils and wars. Sounder advice, on the body of facts which then existed, was never given.

But to infer, as many critics of the League of Nations do, that because Washington advised a given course to meet a given set of facts more than a century ago he would advise the same course to meet an entirely different set of facts to-day is to imply that he was one of those rare blockheads who think in a vacuum by rule of thumb. If he had been one of those blockheads he would have been as much opposed to American independence in 1776 as he was two years before, when the facts were different.

When a nation has just sent two and a half millions of its sons to fight on European battlefields warning it to eschew the affairs of Europe is about as useful as warning a man who finds himself in midocean in a leaky boat to stay on dry land. The choice before us is between throwing our weight to make those affairs least dangerous or most dangerous to us.

Washington never in his life gave a counsel of cowardice or of that little, pennywise, miserly selfishness which would refuse to put out a fire next door lest it get its clothes mussed. A big, courageous man who saw far, he took the best available means to the ends he had in view and did not sit down to quibble and complain because means that he thought ideal were not at hand. No fair reading of his utterances and actions leaves a doubt that he—and Lincoln too—would have been exerting himself for world peace and not pettifogging or playing party politics with it.

The Alternative

IN 1898 a small French force occupied Fashoda, in the Sudan, and raised the French flag over it. Soon afterward Kitchener appeared with a superior English force, claimed the territory for the Khedive, and demanded that the French flag be pulled down. For nearly six months France and England were at the verge of war, and very likely would have fought but for France's internal troubles. Any accidental collision between the two forces lying side by side in far Africa would pretty certainly have touched off the European powder mine.

In 1908 there would pretty certainly have been war over Austria's annexation of Bosnia but for Russia's internal troubles. In 1911 Germany and France clashed in Morocco. England gave notice that she would stand by France, French bankers called their loans in Berlin, German bankers told the Kaiser the country was in poor financial condition for war; and war was averted—by a hair.

That is a fair picture of Europe's chronic state prior to 1914 and of what her state will be again, unless a régime of international law supplants the old anarchy.

How does that concern the United States?

We are building a great merchant fleet; but unless a régime of international law supplants the old anarchy it is only a question of time until we find there are no free high seas to operate that fleet upon. England could make her own definitions of contraband of war, determining her own rights to search and seize merchant ships; to say what they should carry and where they should go. Germany or some other power would be loosing submarines, staking off forbidden zones in the ocean, and sinking at sight!

The United States would either keep its merchant fleet within its own territorial waters or fight for its rights to an open sea road.

Any future big war will mean immediate foreclosure of the seas. As one invention has given power to foreclose the seas, another invention may give power to foreclose the air. The choice is substantially between a League and the old anarchy.

Grubstaking Them

GETTING food to Germany is so right from every rational point of view that the delay in arranging it was exasperating. But if the hell-raisers in Germany had had their way it would have been out of the question, for there would have been nobody to arrange with and no means of distributing food.

Food is only the beginning. France has sufficient food, but her spokesmen continually emphasize her helplessness to get the industrial machine going again on an adequate scale. The fact is, a good part of Europe cannot get to producing this current year, on a scale that will meet the minimum needs of the population, without outside help, which mostly means help from the United States and England.

They must have credit and raw materials. But they can get no help from the United States and England unless they maintain orderly, responsible governments that want to live in peace with other nations and to respect other nations' institutions.

Bolshevism shuts the door.

The hell-raisers simply stone away the firemen when the house is ablaze. If there was ever treason to a nation or to a population, every Bolshevist in Europe is a traitor now; for he is trying to doom his fellow countrymen and women and children to such conditions as prevail in Russia.

There is no question of interfering with other people's internal affairs or of denying the right of self-determination or of imposing our ideas on them; but if we are to give credit we have every right to prescribe the conditions, and Bolshevism cannot meet the conditions. It can get no American credit or copper or cotton or machines, because it has nothing acceptable to give in return. A bank robber might as well ask the cashier to lend him a gun, or, going a step farther, to oblige by shooting himself.

If any formal notice is necessary the United States and England might give such notice now—that any nation which goes Bolshevist will get no benevolent consideration from them.

Easy to Destroy

DESTRUCTION of property is the trade-mark of the Bolsheviats. Their simple economic formula is: "Private property is bourgeoisie, and bourgeoisie be ——" By destroying private property they destroyed the industrial organization of Russia and promptly lapsed into a welter of ragged starvation.

The thing is easily done. No economically idiotic Slavic idealism, or reigns of terror, or any other disturbances of public peace, are necessary. It does not at all require the red flag of Socialism or any extreme doctrine of social renovation. All it requires anywhere is some well-intentioned bungling. It can be accomplished right here in the orderly, unrevolutionary United States—and rather easily at that.

Without growing a whisker or waving so much as a red handkerchief or violating a letter of the Constitution, operating expenses of the railroads, exclusive of taxes, have been raised to ninety per cent of their gross receipts. That would mean, as the case stands to-day, and except for the government guaranty of a minimum return, eight or ten billion dollars of private property invested in railroads practically wiped out; for a share of railroad stock that can never pay a dividend, or a bond that can never pay interest, is of very dubious value for anything save decorative and memorial purposes.

It is not necessary to pass any confiscatory decrees. Put capital in a position where it cannot earn a return and the capital is practically destroyed. Courts may be appealed to for rates that prevent confiscation; but even that is not a satisfactory condition. Considerable private property invested in public utilities has already been made useless to its owners—for the time being at least.

A Bolsheviked railroad system is the last thing the United States wants. Congress is not in session, but the railroad situation needs the best constructive study the country can give it, every day.

The Test

NORTH DAKOTA is now comprehensively committed to State Socialism. Prospective assets of the state bank, as custodian of all public funds, are figured at a hundred and thirty-five million dollars. There will be state flour mills and mines and warehouses; a state rural-credit scheme; and the state will assist worthy persons, under prescribed conditions, to build homes and buy farms. Eventually there will be a state or official newspaper in every county.

Commenting upon this, a North Dakota banker observed: "There is no reason why it should not succeed if the right men run it."

A more exact statement would be: "There is no reason why it should not succeed if the right men are put in charge and permitted to run it."

Certainly a Hill or a Harriman or a Cassatt could manage a railroad for a state just as efficiently as for a body of private stockholders if the state would let him. Judging by experience the state would not. It would immediately begin to swathe him in red tape, limit him by cast-iron rules, put his ability in a strait-jacket and impose political considerations upon him. The value of a Hill or a Cassatt to a railroad, or to any other business, arises precisely from the exercise of his initiative and judgment; and the first thing Government aims at is to restrict initiative and judgment. It tends constantly to lay down a fixed rule for everything.

Any business is a question of management finally. The whole argument for private ownership is that it is the best method of getting competent management. It must get competent management, because that is a question of life or death for it.

For a privately owned flour mill incompetent management means death. For a state-owned flour mill it means simply a draft on the public treasury.

The managers of these various North Dakota enterprises will be political appointees, selected by a governor who has nothing more vital at stake than the possible loss of a political office that he expects to hold only a few years, anyway, and in whose mind, with the best of intentions, political considerations are bound to be uppermost.

If these enterprises were privately owned the managers would be selected by the various bodies of stockholders, for whom the penalty of making a wrong selection would be bankruptcy.

Which, by and large, is the more apt to pick competent managers? When the manager is picked by private stockholders he knows that if he manages capably there will be no question of his keeping the job as long as he wants it, that he will be given a free hand, and that his rewards will be in proportion to the results he gets. When he is picked by the governor he knows the next governor may throw him out, that the legislature is apt to interfere at any time and to any extent, and that he will be working for a rather niggardly paymaster.

Finally, it is a question of management. Which scheme is more apt to get good management?

A Good Place to Stop

A DISTINGUISHED economist has been telling the country that this generation will never see pre-war prices again, because the enormous inflation of credits and currency throughout the world can be got rid of, if at all, only by a slow process extending over many years; and until this inflation is got rid of prices will not return to the old level.

You know we were complaining a good deal about high prices and high cost of living in 1914, for commodity prices in the United States were then about fifty per cent higher than they had been eighteen years before. Everybody who bought a steak or built a house thought that was some climb. According to figures collected by the Monthly Labor Review of the Department of Labor, wholesale prices in the United States, from July, 1914, to last fall, advanced one hundred and nine per cent. In the same period British prices advanced one hundred and forty-three per cent; and to April, 1918—since when no report is available—French prices had advanced two hundred and thirty per cent.

The British advance was greater than ours by about two-fifths and the French advance was more than double ours.

But ours is enough. This is a good place to stop. The Victory Liberty Loan must be taken by the public without a further great inflation of bank credits. Do your share. Subscribe early for all you can possibly pay for.

BONERS OF THE BONEHEADS

By ROB WAGNER

IF THERE is anybody in these United States who does not feel that he could direct a motion picture better than we do let him stand up now or hence forever keep his seat. . . . I thought so; not one!

This is proof conclusive that in this otherwise happy land of ours there live more than a hundred million movie directors, who, with no one to direct, must express their urgent art through the vicarious avenue of criticism. And so they write to us to tell us how pictures should be made or to ask us why we make them as we do.

"Why do you permit Eskimos to wear wrist watches?" "Why is the candle longer at the end of the scene than when it was lighted?" "Why does the hero leave home in a landaulet and arrive in a bolshevicle?" "How can the cashier change from gray pants to black while entering the bank?"

"I can understand," writes one whimsical critic, "how a maiden falling into the North River and being rescued on her third time down might with perfect film propriety appear quite dry on the next picture, showing Gerald carrying her aboard his 'yachet,' but when a lady swims a mile—a mile, mind you—I insist that she will be wet quite through. Yet in the film called The Kiss That Killed you show ——" And so on. "Why do you do it?"

Embarrassing Questions

"WHY does the calendar on the wall announce the month of June, while without a blizzard rages?" "How does the murdered miner pull on his boots after he was left to rot alone upon the desert?" "How did G. Washington know there were to be forty-eight stars in the flag, and why did Paul Revere ride a horse when he could have telephoned?"

"In the name of beauty, tell us how we can keep our hair brushed while sleeping in a stuffy bunk, and how do the pretty ladies of the movies keep their nighties fresh and unmussed after tossing restlessly the long night through?" "How is it the wronged wife will leave suddenly in great indignation; toss a few things into a hand bag; tear for the steamer, catching it just in time—and then for the next week appear on deck in clothes that would fill a moving van?"

"*Dear Sir:* In your film play, The Hapsburg Hell Hounds, the horrid Huns squeeze the hand of the hero in a letterpress, crushing it until the poor boy faints; click, and we see him escape over a high picket fence, using two perfectly good hands; click, we now see him with his ladylove while she pets the poor wounded member hanging useless and limp by his side; click, the arm and hand are well again. Marvelous! But why in the name of ——"

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

Feeding the Animals is One of the Dietary Duties of an Assistant Director

Above—Even When We Use Real Troops the Fans Will Quarrel With the Equipment and Technic

Not only do these letters come from that large and at present very harassed class known as the bourgeoisie, but the nobility and capitalists wish to know why we do it, and the lowly—though anything but meek—prowling terriats have terrific opinions. When the aristocracy grows indignant and even Republican senators take their pens in hand we can truly claim to be indulging in the great democratic art.

That the so-called legitimate drama deals with unrealities is shown by its accepted symbolism. When the drinking chorus pretends to quaff brown October ale from wooden goblets waved recklessly on high no one writes to the manager complaining of the silly make-believe. And should the casters on the gondola squeak while the romantic barge is towed across the stage the audience accepts this jerky motive power as a perfectly satisfactory device. But let us of the picture stray from the path of strict reality by a hair's breadth and we call down the deluge. This responsibility is made all the harder for us by the fact that in every audience there sits a rich man, a poor man, a beggar man and a collector for a fake installment house. Every man is an expert at something, and he notices instantly any degradation of the technic of his craft or graft. We are up against the collective wisdom of the universe; and even though I am on the job, yet I'm not omnipotent, and mistakes are bound to occur. When they do, the studio hears about them in the first mail. Here is the amusing consequence to the epistolary interest of one of these critics.

Fixing Mr. Franklin

IN CINCINNATI there dwelt a fellow named Thomas Franklin, who bombarded the studios with the most colossal indictments of their rotten technic, but for two years he received no reply, though he kept up his cannonade for the fun he was having.

Then one day this letter came to him:

"*Dear Mr. Franklin:* You seem so very observant, so very, very cocksure and all that stuff, that we have come to the conclusion that you are the infallible boy we are looking for. So if you are willing to start at the top and work down we will ——"

"Ah," said Mr. T. Franklin when he had read thus far, "they are spooning me." But the joke of it was the letter

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE LASKY CORPORATION

Every Morning the Assistant Director Must Count His Chickens as Well as His Roosters

ended with a serious offer of work as a third assistant to an assistant director. And now after several years Mr. Franklin finds himself a full-fledged bonehead a. d., responsible for the very things that used to excite his ridicule. The very first picture of his sponsoring contained seventeen errors, four of them so flagrant that retakes were necessary. And now Mr. Thomas Franklin in deep humility is about to explain—or attempt to explain—why we are so technically stupid and aggressively ignorant in our holy task of entertaining the world.

You shall learn why Edgar goes into the telephone booth in a suit of cheviot and emerges in tweeds. You shall be let in on the tonsorial secrets that permit the he-dolls to look like collar ads, even through cataclysmic adversities. You will learn —— But why not begin the telling?

First let me define my status; it will explain much that follows. Some great observer has said that while the Presidency marks the bright spot in our political sun the Vice Presidency strikes the darkest depths of civic oblivion. But this is a modest hiatus compared to the gulf existing between a director and an assistant director. I doubt if the world at large ever heard there was such a creature as the inglorious a. d.

I would be prone to quarrel with our official title were it not for the fact that some of my brothers fulfill that designation by assisting the director to the point of running his personal errands and holding his huge hat, though these men are not assistant directors but directors' assistants. In his true place the assistant director has as distinct a job as the camera man or location hunter, and it is quite as far removed from directing.

This movie business is so highly socialized that if the director had to think of his sets, props, continuity or cast he would have no time or mind for directing the action, and the job of the a. d. is to see that these minutiæ of picture making are arranged or accounted for. In many studios this unsung martyr hires the cast—excepting the leads; estimates costs; times the action; arranges the shooting schedule; O. K.'s the sets; edits the props; sees to the proper typing of the extras; inspects the wardrobes; and then lays out the scenes for the next day.

In the morning his first duty is to round up his cast, call the roll, and then minutely inspect every costume. "Did you ever see a trained nurse, Miss Gatz?" "Yes, sir. Why?" "Because they don't wear high-heeled shoes. Now beat it quick and get yourself properly shod." Blake's squad was lined up in front of the dressing rooms yesterday morning, hoping they would pass his alert inspection, but when he came out his eagle eye immediately rested on two damsels dressed in deep blue.

Do It Over

"HERE, you doughnut queens," he cried, "if you think Salvation Army lassies wear their hair like shimmy dancers you'll never get far in this game.

"Now make your dressing rooms in about two jumps and report to me in ten minutes."

"How's the set, Tom?" asks the head of the dressing squad. "I had to borry that melodeon over at the Climax."

"That's all right, but you had better ask the research department about the fireplace. I don't think they had gas logs at that time," I reply.

Besides costumes and sets it is our duty to O. K. all make-up—to see that everybody is using the right number grease paint for the light we are shooting in, and to take care that they have got it on the back of their necks and behind the ears.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION

The Romance of the Final Fade-Out Is Somewhat Edited by the Hard-Boiled Audience Behind the Camera

When the director comes on the stage all must be in readiness. "Tom, are the props correct?" "Yes, sir." "The lights ready?" "Yes, sir." "What scene do we shoot first?" "Twenty-seven; the one where Miss Flopit has the jam with the nurse who has won her husband. It's the big hospital interior." "Is everybody here?" "No, sir; Miss Flopit is not here. I've telephoned her four times and have sent two cars for her." "Well, for the love of Mike, how do you suppose we are going to shoot without the lead? Get her! Get her, I tell you!"

If the director is called down because the picture is not running on schedule time he tells the office: "Well, if that pinhead assistant of mine had arranged the outside locations for Wednesday instead of to-day we'd have had some sunshine."

Thus it will be seen that the assistant director is the o. b. r.—official buck receiver—of the moving-picture business. He is responsible for the lady's good health, all barometric disturbances, and even the artistic temperature of the director, for it stands to reason that sensitive artists should not be upset by piffling details.

The night before we went off on location up in the Big Bear country I checked over every prop and detail of the scenes, and then went home and worried my head off. Just before we left in the morning I checked them all again, so I left in fair spirits, and looked forward to a good time up in the snow.

Miss Duveen's Noble Fib

LONG trips from home are trying for those responsible for the cost of production, because the absence of an essential garment, prop or what not may cause delays that will cost the company thousands of dollars. Macy would never let me take an actor's word for anything; I must see it. This is what I had done, and felt carefree as a boy on a picnic. I think I sang all the way up in the big machine; not very well, but still it was indicative of my spirits.

But oh, woe! There was one point in the continuity I had entirely overlooked. In a previous scene a close-up had registered some open-work stockings on the well-shod feet of the leading lady, and later when she is seen sitting before the fire in the ranger's cabin the hero recognizes her by her hose—a very important bit of action. I had utterly overlooked these dainty props.

I never even thought of them until we began to rehearse the scene. But when I heard Macy say "Miss Duveen, why haven't you on those open-work stockings?" I thought the bottom had dropped out of the set.

Don't tell me women are not good sports and quick under the hat. Miss Duveen glanced sharply and appealingly at me, but when she saw the look on my face a woman's pity for a man condemned o'ercame her, and she stammered: "Why, why, Mr. Macy, I thought I had them on. Tom told me to wear them and I had them laid out. I must have become confused and put on some others in the hurry."

"But that's no excuse!" shouted the director excitedly. "Tom, why didn't you see that Miss Duveen had on the stockings before you left? How many times have I told ——"

"But, Mr. Macy," broke in our heroine, "Tom asked me about them just as we were leaving, and I told him I had them on—I thought I had—and—well, Tom was just too nice to ask to see them."

It was a beautiful lie—especially the part about my being too nice to ask—but it probably saved me my job, for the whole works was delayed for a day while a messenger from the city was dispatched with the latticed hose. I think that blunder cost the company close to a thousand dollars.

Some directors would have tried to fake the scene by cutting the incident short and putting over the point in a subtitle—but not Macy. Thus it will again be seen that, besides justifying the title of o. b. r., the a. d. is also mostly responsible for the things that have driven a nation into letter writing.

Though in no way attempting a defense of many of our more outrageous blunders I hope to

(Continued on Page 77)

While the Big Chief Awaits His Boxer Hordes, His Assistant, at the Left of the Picture, Urges the Allied Troops to Victory

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

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STAGGARD
Tread
Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF VIRGIE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

A LARGE black woman and a little brown man scuttled from the colored waiting room amid a shower of rice and old shoes. The Amazonian bride took the lead and held it. The skinny diminutive groom wrestled valiantly with two overlarge suitcases. The erstwhile wedding guests howled with delirious joy and imparted advice loudly and liberally.

The score of white folks who had been waiting long and impatiently at Opelika for the arrival of the northbound Seminole Limited delayed boarding the train that they might miss none of the bridal hilarity. Even the conductor forgot that he had time to make up, and a grin supplanted the harried expression he habitually wore. The bride was first on the colored coach. She stood on the platform and beckoned imperiously to her lord and master.

"C'm on, heah, you Lazarus! Dawg'd if'n you ain't the hesitatin'es' man!" The puffing, panting bridegroom raised docile eyes to his mammoth wife.

"Ise comin', honey; but these suitcases is pow'ful heavy."

"Huh!"

The woman was on the ground in a stride. She seized the suitcases and whirled them lightly to the platform. Then she strode triumphantly down the aisle of the coach, followed by her meek and adoring spouse. The Afro-American passengers, roused momentarily from the lethargy begotten of a tiresome journey northward from Jacksonville and intermediate points, turned grinning faces toward the couple. The revelers from the wedding feast ganged outside the window and chorused unintelligible advice.

Came the raucous "Bo-o-o-ard!" of the conductor; the iron monster at the head of the train puffed, snorted and got under way. The cars trembled and forged toward the open country. The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Lazarus Posey had begun.

The bride and groom occupied a seat amidships—she resplendent in an Opelika-bought coat suit of turquoise, a gayly plumed hat of navy, and heavy black shoes topped modestly by near-silk checkerboard stockings. The shriveled groom was lost in the folds of an enormous overcoat—wedding gift from the bride.

The train gathered speed. The bridal couple stared straight ahead, painfully conscious of the fact that they were the center of attraction. But, as they gave no immediate overt demonstrations of matrimonial affection, the other passengers quickly lost interest, abandoned hope, and turned their gazes once again to the sear autumnal landscape.

Despite the crisp snap of late September, the atmosphere within the car was oppressively close. Virgie, maternally solicitous for the physical well-being of her recent matrimonial acquisition, turned soft eyes upon him and gave advice.

"Whyn't you take off that they ov'coat, Lazarus?"

He surreptitiously pressed her large powerful hand.

"I'd ruther keep it on, Virgie, 'cause'n you gave it to me."

The rattle of the wheels settled into a rhythmic clackety-clack-clack-click; the bridal couple relaxed their self-conscious rigidity and leaned back against the velvet cushions. Instinctively they inclined toward each other until their shoulders touched and hands clasped warmly. Lazarus shivered deliciously.

"We is ma'ied, Virgie!"

"Sho' is! Is you glad, Lazarus?"

"O-o-oh! Hon!"

"I mean hones'-to-Gawd sho'-'nuff glad?"

"You is the foolishest woman—satin' me is I glad I is ma'ied to you!"

"You ain't answered ontil yet."

"I ain't nev' thought a man could be so glad, sweetness. I reckon I is the gladdes' man what is."

The Grin Faded. His Skinny Knees Wabbled. The Precious Wallet Had Disappeared!

She sighed. For thirty-two years she had awaited this moment; waited for it with a decreasing supply of optimism. And now it had come. That morning she had been Virgie Goree, spinster; now she was Virgie Posey, bride. More, she felt reasonably certain that she was adored by the shrimpy little man at her side. The future appeared roseate indeed—especially since there was no argument as to the potential ruler of the home that was to be.

Love and marriage had occupied a very small portion of Virgie's thoughts in the past, largely because of the fact that she had been too busy. She was accounted the best cook in Opelika and for years her culinary services had brought a fancy price; yet always she had dreamed of the day when some doughty knight would ride up to claim her heart and her large and muscular hand. Against that hour she had hoarded her earnings—every penny over and above the bare necessities of life. Two months previously she had let it become generally known that she had a balance of nearly a thousand dollars in the Opelika bank. To her horror she was not immediately besieged by suitors.

No silver lining showed itself until Lazarus Posey drifted into action—timid, retiring, awkward, diffident, afraid of his own shadow, and hopelessly inexperienced in love. He paid timid court to the massive Virgie and his suit was blessed with success. Much to Virgie's surprise, she found that the runt of a man seemed to care for her even more than he cared for her fortune, and she responded with a passion that fairly terrified him. The epochal evening when they found themselves in each other's arms had been a wonder hour for the pair.

"You ain't nev' kissed another woman, Lazarus?"

"Nary one!"

She nodded. "Don't hahdly reckon you has. You don't ac' ve'y 'spe'ienced."

"No; I ain't nev' kissed no gals. Is you ev' been kissed befo'?"

Virgie hung her head in virtuous shame.

"I is a hones' woman, hon."

His eyes narrowed with jealousy. "You was engage' oncet to Dolphus McQuarter, wa'n't you, befo' he went to Bummin'ham?"

"Uh-huh! But I ain't been on'y a gal then, sweetness, not hahdly eighteen yeahs ol'—an' Dolphus was a pow'ful han'some man."

"Yeh!"—bitterly. "Diff'ent from what I is."

"Now, honey, that ain't noways fair. Me'n Dolphus wa'n't on'y jes' chillun, an' we di'n't know no mo' 'bout'n love an' sich-like than what you does now. But you ast me an' I ain't never been no woman not to tell the truth."

"Reckon you ain't hahdly love me much, like you was lovin' him in them days?"

"How come not?"

"I ain't nothin' on'y a li'l' shrimp."

"You is the grandes' man, Lazarus! I is done plumb fo'got that ol' Dolphus McQuarter."

Her voice rang with a nuance of deepest sincerity; but Lazarus was too devoid of ego to be thus easily convinced.

"Where Dolphus is at now?"

"Bummin'ham."

"What he doin' there?"

"I dunno. Ain't hea'd nothin' on'y tha's where he is at."

"Runnin' roun' with wimmin like what he useter do when he lived in Opelika, I reckon. Dolphus always did have a winnin' way with ladies."

"He ain't nev' had no way with me, Lazarus. You is the on'ies' man I ever really did love—sho' 'nuff, that is."

Thereupon they embraced again and were content. But the specter of the Adonis-like Dolphus McQuarter refused to remain unnoticed. It reëntered the stage two weeks later when the bride-to-be suggested a honeymoon. Lazarus shook his head thriftily.

"I ain't got no money fo' no honeymoon."

"That don't make no diff'ence, hon."

"How come not?"

"I is got money."

"Reckon we is gwine need that fo' sumthin' mo' 'portant than what a honeymoon is."

Virgie set her teeth and shook her head; and those who knew Virgie understood that when she set her teeth and shook her head events in the immediate future were pretty certain to develop as she willed.

"Lis'en heah at what I is sayin', Lazarus. I is thutty-two yeahs ol', come August, an' I ain't never had no husban' ontil yet. Fo' the pas' six or seven yeahs they is been uppity niggers in Opelika which is been sayin' I wa'n't never gwine git married. An', now that I is gittin' me one, they ain't nobody gwine say all the trimmin's what a young gal has ain't comin' with him. I is got 'mos' a thousan' dollars all save' up—cash money. An' I is gwine spen' some of it right—so these Opelika niggers'll shut up fo'ever an' mo'. We'll have a weddin' they ain't never gwine fohget, an' then we is goin' to Bummin'ham on a reg'lar sho'-'nuff honeymoon. Fo' one month Virgie Goree is gwine have the bestes' time a woman ever did have. After that ——" Virgie sighed expressively; it was plain that the dim and distant future held few worries.

But Lazarus had perked up. The pale yellow of his eyes tinted a jealous green. "Whyn't you pick out C'lumbus or Atlanta or Mobile or N'Yawleens? Why we is got to go to Bummin'ham?"

"Because," responded the practical Virgie, "I is been to all them other places an' I ain't never been to Bummin'ham."

"N'r neither I ain't," he persisted doggedly; "but Dolphus McQuarter has!"

She shook her head, vastly pleased with this display of jealousy and not at all averse to encouraging it.

"Huh! I ain't mindin' 'bout Dolphus McQuarter."

"Well, I is! An' I ain't hankerin' to spen' no honeymoon 'long with my wife's ol' fiansay."

(Continued on Page 28)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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This question is often asked.

The answer is our "different" manufacturing method.

We have a big volume and we *concentrate* it.

The substantial saving thus made in materials and labor goes to the public in the better clothes.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 26)

"Sho' now, Lazarus, I ain't been lovin' Dolphus fo' the longes' time."

"Mebbe so you ain't; but tha's jes' 'cause you ain't saw him," he returned sagely. "They ain't no tellin' what'd happen if'n you was to meet him again."

"You ain't got no cause worryin' 'bout Dolphus, hon. An' I is got my min' entirely sot on Bummin'ham."

Her mind remained set on Birmingham; and now every turn of the wheels whirled them nearer the Alabama metropolis, safely wedded and happy beyond the most delicious moments of their wildest dreams.

The conductor appeared at the door of the coach.

"Tickets! Have your tickets ready!"

Virgie smiled. The stage was set and her great moment had at last arrived—the moment for which she had waited with ill-concealed impatience. She was about to demonstrate in a practical way that her love was of the gloriously unselfish variety.

She opened her new straw suitcase and extracted therefrom a shiny leather wallet. This she handed to her husband. "The tickets is in there, da'lin'," she murmured. "It looks better fo' you to give 'em to the conductor."

Lazarus unfolded the wallet and stretched forth tentative fingers for the long green tickets. Then he paused and his eyes seemed about to pop from his head.

"Virgie," he whispered reverently, "they's a lot of twen'y-dollar bills in heah!"

"They's five hund'ed dollars in that wallet, honey. You is gwine keep it!" She squeezed his hand.

He was left gasping by this display of regal generosity.

"You is givin' it to me?"

"It's our'n. You is gwine keep it, 'cause it don't look good fo' a lady to be payin' out the money w'en she is on her honeymoon."

"Virgie! You is the sweetes' gal!"

"You hones' think so, da'lin'?"

"I ain't think so. I knows it!"

Five hundred dollars! He covertly counted the crisp new yellowbacks. He had never before seen so much money, save on those gala occasions of his retiring small-town life when he visited the bank.

Five hundred dollars—and he was custodian and part owner thereof! What small doubt of the fullness of his wife's love he may have retained was banished instanter. He handled the wallet gingerly and extended the tickets to the smiling conductor, receiving in exchange two celluloid checks, which he placed meticulously in his hatband.

"Just married?" queried the railroad official.

"Reckon so." Lazarus grinned proudly.

"On your honeymoon, eh?"

"So't of."

The conductor waved his blue-sleeved arm.

"Have as good a time as you can while it lasts. Honeymoons don't occur often. Good luck to the pair of you!"

He moved slowly down the aisle. Lazarus folded the wallet painstakingly and placed it in an inside pocket.

"Some white folks sho' is gran'—ain't they, Virgie?"

"Uh-huh!" she breathed. "He's a elegant conductor."

Ten minutes later she again turned to her husband.

"This car is awful hot fo' that ov'coat, Lazarus."

"Kinder." He mopped a profusely perspiring forehead.

"Whyn't you take it off? You might ketch col' if'n you keeps it on."

Lazarus met his wife's eyes. They flashed the message: "I am boss!" Off came the overcoat. He folded it respectfully and placed it beside him on the seat, necessarily moving closer to his large wife as he did so.

For the balance of the journey the bride and groom spooned unblushingly, exhibiting a vast indifference to the beauties of the hilly topography of Northern Alabama. The train was late. Darkness came upon them long before the tall buildings of Birmingham appeared to view. Virgie produced a succulent lunch, carefully wrapped in a copy of the Dothan Eagle; and they feasted, regaling themselves at the water cooler between sessions with crisply fried chicken.

At seven o'clock they rounded the base of Red Mountain, and the thousand fires of the coke ovens came into view. Lazarus sat up very straight. "Golly Moses!" he ejaculated. "They is bu'nin' out all they fiel's."

A native of the city, passing down the aisle, paused to laugh raucously and derisively.

"Huh!" he proffered. "Them's coke ovens."

Virgie cowed the derider with a stare of wicked hostility and he moved sheepishly away. "Co'se them is cook ovens," explained Virgie, secretly wondering what monster hotel required so many fires.

"Sho' 'nuff," returned Lazarus passively. "You sho' does know ev'ything, sweetness."

The long train paused in the yards and the honeymooners gazed interestedly down First Avenue, where the lights in the big buildings glowed like a sprinkling of stars in the clear sky. Lazarus was excessively nervous. Montgomery was the largest city he had ever visited, and he was oppressed by the massiveness of Birmingham—the ring of flaming furnaces and blazing coke ovens; the grim cordon of steel mills and fire-spurting pipe plants.

The brakeman came through and announced Birmingham. The tired passengers whose destination had been reached rose, stretched their cramped limbs and collected luggage. Lazarus reached for his overcoat; but Virgie stopped him.

"'Tain't col' outside. You don't need that heavy ov'coat now."

"But it looks so swell, hon."

"Looks good ain't gwine he'p you any if'n you catch a so' th'oat."

Lazarus laid the coat over his thin arm and tentatively reached for one suitcase. Virgie grabbed the other, and they rose to join the procession that surged slowly toward the forward platform.

The train snorted under the shed of the handsome Terminal Station. It jerked, quivered, and then stopped with a hissing of air brakes. Virgie and her husband followed the crowd to the platform, then descended a stairway to an underground passage that led them eventually to another flight of stairs. This they mounted and entered the high-domed colored waiting room. The immensity of the place awed them; the bride was slightly uneasy, the groom frankly so.

"What we is gwine do now?" he asked.

"Go to a hotel," was her practical solution of the problem.

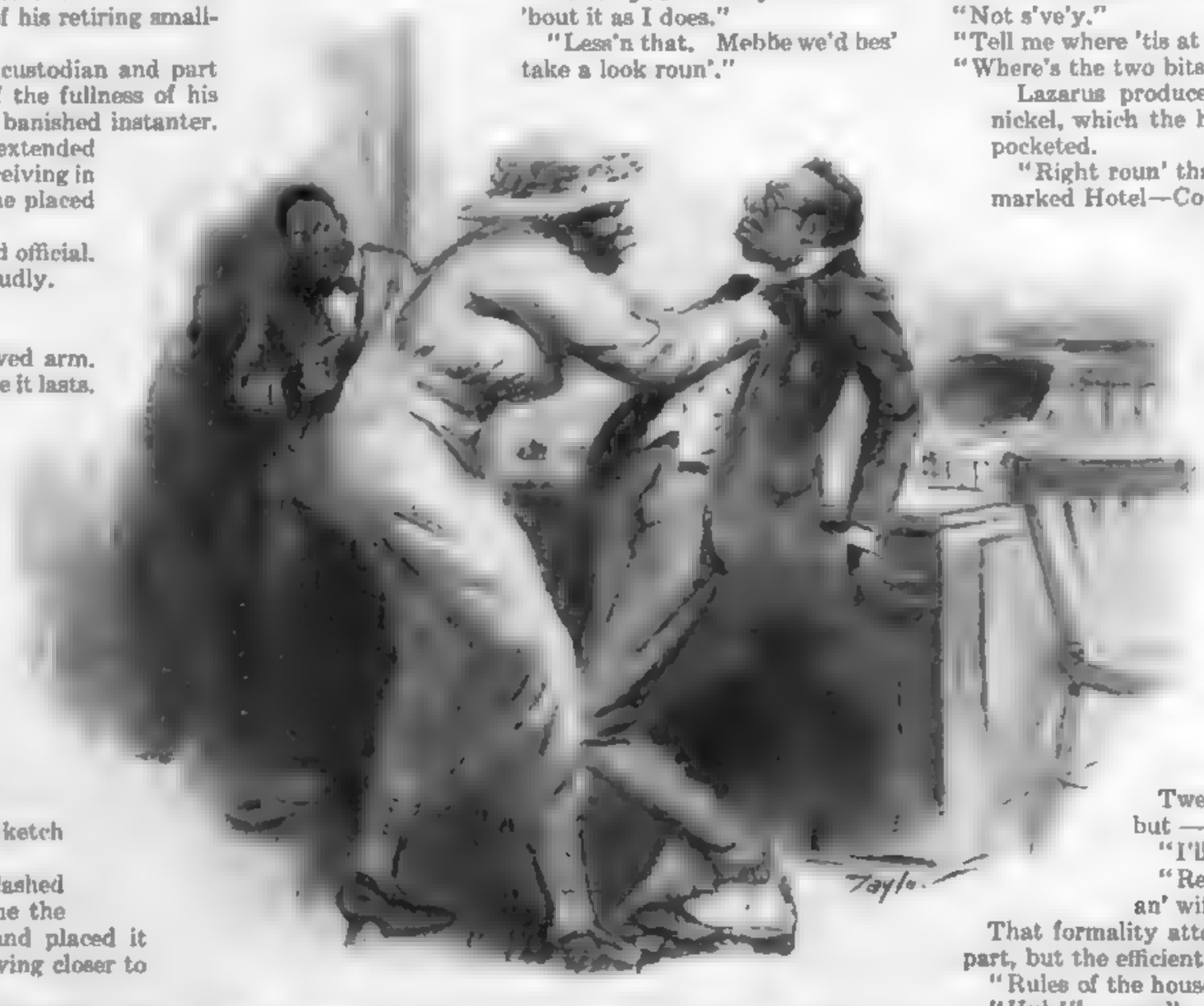
"Which hotel?"

"Dunno; I ain't never been to Bummin'ham befo'."

"N'r neither I ain't been there."

"Then you knows jes' as much 'bout it as I does."

"Less'n that. Mebbe we'd bes' take a look roun'."



"They's Sumthin' Wrong," She Declared; "an' You Knows All 'Bout It. Whyn't You Tell Lazarus I Been in Hook to See You Sat'dy?"

They passed through the waiting room and emerged on Twenty-sixth Street. The lights of many restaurants and second-class hotels winked at them from across the street. Before their eyes the somber quiet of Fifth Avenue was split by a giant Tidewater car, which shot to the surface from the three-blocks-long subway and rattled on in the general direction of Ensley. A Norwood bus, bound for Chestnut Hill, stopped at the opposite corner to discharge and take on passengers.

A Boyles car, inbound, and a Gate City car, outbound, paused briefly before the depot. Half a dozen taxicabs thrummed to the curb and took on fares for the city's leading hotels. Everybody seemed to be going somewhere, and, what was more to the point, to know just where they were going.

The newly married pilgrims were gripped with vague uncertainty. Virgie shook her head.

"They mus' be some nigger hotel near heah," she vouchsafed.

"Sho' mus'."

"We is got to fin' it."

"Uh-huh!"

"You is got to fin' it," she qualified. "I'll wait in the depo' until you gits back."

"I ain't know where to go," he faltered.

"Co'se not! If'n you did you woul'n't have to look. You c'n fin' some hack driver an' ast him where some respectful nigger hotel is at."

"Ha'n't you better go with me, hon?" he queried nervously.

"Sho' now, Lazarus, that woul'n't be ladylike."

Resignedly he picked up suitcase and overcoat, and she lifted her burden.

They retraced their steps to the brilliantly illuminated waiting room.

"You wait heah," he said. "I ain't gwine be gone on'y a few minutes."

"Fin' a good one, sweetness. An' git the bridal soot." She beamed pridefully upon him.

Lazarus watched his chance and scurried across the broad thoroughfare like a little brown beetle. The evening was warm and he felt grateful that he was unencumbered by the heavy overcoat his bride had presented him with that day after the nuptial feast. Once on the opposite side, he stood uncertainly teetering on the balls of his overlarge elegantly shod feet. Fate solved his problem. An antiquated seagoing hack rolled insinuatingly to the curb and an ebony driver leaned forth.

"Hack?"

"Don't wan' no hack. I wan's advice."

The driver promptly alighted and stood close beside the seeker after information.

"Ise a specialist in that line too."

"What I wan's to know is this: Where c'n I fin' a fust-class nigger hotel?"

"I c'n take you to one for fo' bits."

"Far from heah?"

"Not s've'y."

"Tell me where 'tis at an' I'll give you a quarter."

"Where's the two bits?"

Lazarus produced a pair of dimes and a slick nickel, which the hackman carefully examined and pocketed.

"Right roun' that corner yonder yo'll see a place marked Hotel—Colored Only. Tha's it."

The lobby of the hotel was far above the Opelika average. Two or three men sat huddled about an asthmatic stove despite the fact that a sudden rise of the mercury bid for open doors and windows. The attenuated clerk bustled behind the counter as the prospect entered and stood awkwardly inside the door.

"Sumthin' you wants?"

"This a colored hotel?"

"Bes' in Bummin'ham."

"I is heah with my wife. I wan's the ve'y bes' what you is got."

The clerk smiled knowingly. He knew the symptoms.

"Big fine room with bath?"

"Uh-huh! How much?"

"Dollar'n a half a day."

Twelve bits! The price was steep, but ——

"I'll take it."

"Register heah—jes' write yo' name an' wife."

That formality attended to, Lazarus turned to depart, but the efficient clerk stopped him.

"Rules of the house is cash in advance."

"Huh!"—grandly. "Don't make no diff'ence to me w'en I pays. You got change fo' a twen'y-dollar bill?"

"Reckon—yeh, I got it."

Lazarus felt the admiring eyes of the lobby loungers upon him. With the gesture of a millionaire he flipped back his coat and placed his left hand in the inside pocket. His lips were expanded in a broad triumphant grin.

Slowly the grin faded. A sickly, worried, pea-green expression superseded it. His skinny knees wabbled. The precious wallet had disappeared!

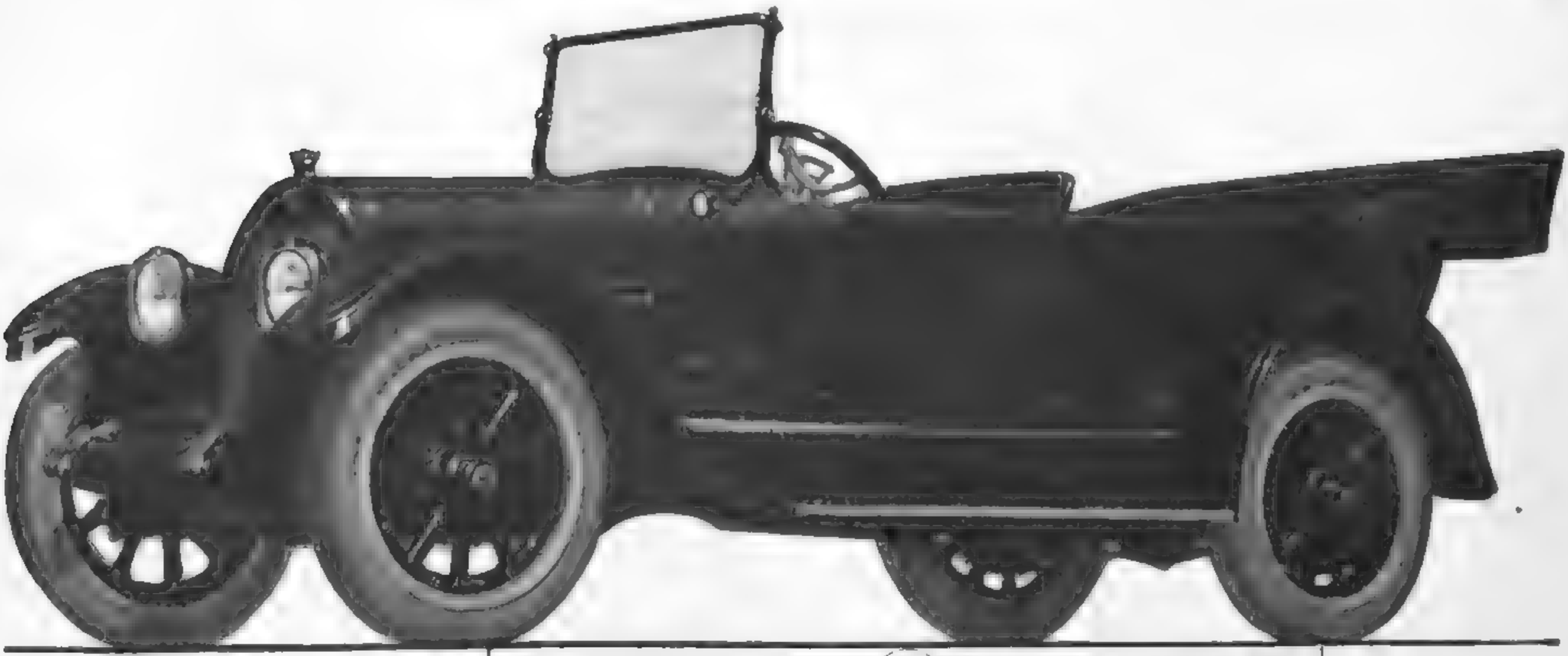
At first Lazarus was too stunned by his loss fully to comprehend its magnitude. He flapped with limp hands at every pocket. He turned each inside out. He divested himself of his coat and groped frantically at the lining. His frenzied search was fruitless. Lazarus Posey wrung his hands in an excess of misery.

"Oh! My Gawd!" he moaned. "I is in bad, sho' 'nuff!"

"Sumthin' wrong?" asked the clerk solicitously.

Lazarus raised pitiful eyes.

(Continued on Page 30)



THE Cadillac Company has never, without warrant, cautioned the public to guard against possible disappointment in delivery.

Such a word of warning is imperative at this moment.

Production has now reached its normal volume and will continue at that point.

But it will not be safe, even for those counting on obtaining a Cadillac as late as mid-summer, to defer placing their orders.

The reasons for this are plainly apparent.

The normal, natural, Cadillac market has always absorbed each year's progressive increase.

This stable, steadfast demand has now been greatly accelerated.

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The Cadillac army of old and faithful friends has been augmented by a second army of admirers who will be content with no other car.

If your Cadillac dealer cautions you to lose no time in placing your order, his motive is sincere.

He is acting in your interest, and we ask you to accept his suggestion in the spirit in which it is offered.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT, MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 28)

"Not sumthin'," he returned; "jes' ev'ythin'! I is been did outen five hund'ed dollars."

"Five hund'ed! You is on'y talkin' with yo' mouth."

An idea crashed into Lazarus' puny brain. The wallet—the too friendly hack driver who had left his seat to impart advice. Probably the wallet had been about to fall from his pocket and the hackman had noticed. He emitted a wild shrill shriek and darted through the doorway. He made the first hundred yards in nothing at all and clipped three seconds off that in the next hundred. He pulled up panting before the ancient shooting gallery where he had been accosted by the hackman. Hack and man had disappeared.

Lazarus stared through the traffic maze at the mammoth Terminal Station. Then abruptly he seated himself on the curb. Lazarus was exceedingly ill. There wasn't a doubt about it; he had come to the city fresh and verdant and had been taken in with neatness and dispatch.

"Ninny what I is! . . . Oh! Lawdy! What'll Virgie say?"

He meditated sadly over that phase of the matter for a few minutes. What would Virgie say? Knowing Virgie as he did, he fancied she'd say a plenty, and say it loudly; and she was very likely to be more comprehensive in her anger than mere words. And Virgie was very capable of making things physically unpleasant, once she set her mind to the task.

His soul shriveled at the prospect. The ultimate had occurred—all in a bunch. Circumstances had altered his case considerably, and then some. Twenty minutes previously he had desired nothing quite so much as the feel of his bride's muscular arms about his elongated neck. Now he had a sickening suspicion that the embrace would be of fingers instead of arms, and that their efforts would be confined largely to the windpipe.

What he particularly liked about his bride at the moment was her lack of proximity to his grief-shrunken form. He knew how hard she had worked for the missing five hundred dollars and how scrupulously she had saved. That his error was of omission rather than commission would weigh little with her. She was terrifyingly liable to act first and argue the merits of the case later. And Lazarus was congenitally opposed to physical combat. Too often had he been the combatee.

Spurred by a wan and forlorn hope, he searched through his pockets once again. Barring a secondhand postage stamp, nothing escaped his quivering inquiring fingers. Then he rose from the curb and moved away—directly away from the Terminal Station and the waiting bride. He desired distance between them—distance, and plenty of it. He was a firm disciple of arbitration and he had an overpowering hunch that Virgie would not be in an arbitrating mood when she first learned of the loss of her five hundred dollars.

He made his way down Fifth Avenue in the general direction of the center of town. The street looked long and wide and quiet—and, above all, safe. It offered sanctuary to one who sought quiet and forgetfulness.

Meantime Virgie Goree Posey glued her eyes to the face of the big clock and wriggled uncomfortably on her bench at the station. Being bridally enamored of her snipelike husband, she experienced a vague uneasiness at his long absence. She knew that Birmingham was very large and Lazarus very small. She knew, further, that he had an acutely minimum supply of that superfine quality which is generally known as gumption, and didn't know much about using what he had.

She envisioned the various disasters that might have befallen him, and eventually girded herself with the two suitcases and the heavy overcoat before sallying forth on Twenty-sixth Street, rather firm in the belief that she would confront a crowd, an ambulance, and the limp form of her husband.

But traffic was as usual. There was no accident, nor any evidence of one. She paced the sidewalk before the two-blocks-wide station, staring across the crowded thoroughfare for a slinking shrinking figure. She made her way finally toward Fourth Avenue. Several taxicabs were parked there. At the wheel of each sat a gentleman of color.

She paused under an arc light. One of the idle chauffeurs, a large broad-shouldered yellow-brown man, stared at her long and earnestly. Then he cleared his door in a bound and brought up grinningly before her, hat in hand.

"I'm dawg'd if'n 'tain't Virgie Goree!"

Through the daze of worry over her delinquent spouse, Virgie's mind flashed to recollection at sound of the resonant voice. She remembered a long dusty street in Opelika, a little unpainted three-room shack, fronted by a garden in which jasmine and azaleas blazed—herself then a slip of a seventeen-year-old, weighty but soft—and a dapper youth of pleasing mien, who vowed—truly—that she was the first and—falsely—that she would be the last. She harkened to the insistent voice:

"Virgie Goree!"

"Dolphus McQuarter!" Her hand clasped his.

"Large as life an' two times as happy! Dad-blamed if I ain't plumb pleased to see you. What you is doin' heah, Virgie?"

Her cloud of trouble again obscured the sun.

"Waitin'," she responded darkly.

"Waitin'?"

"Fo' a man."

"Name which?"

"Lazarus Posey."

"Laza —— Not Lazarus Posey from Opelika? Not that skinny li'l' half-borned runt what useter work in the liver' stable? Not ——"

"Dolphus McQuarter," she interrupted, with dignity, "I'll have you know that my name at presint is Missis Lazarus Posey!"

"Oh!" Dolphus curbed his speech and remained silent while her meaning filtered through his intellect. "'Tis?"

"Yeh—'tis."

"I ain't meant no hahm. Me'n Lazarus always was good frien's; on'y—well, he is skinny."

"Skinny ain't never done nobody no hurt."

"Ma'ied to Lazarus! I swanny!" Then, not to be outdone: "You ain't got so much on me, Virgie—I is engage' "

"No?"

"Yeh—swell sassiety gal, name of Elnora Phœnix."

"Tha's a pow'ful pretty name, Dolphus."

"Pow'ful pretty gal. Got to meet her sometime. How long you is gwine be in Bummin'ham?"

"Oh, 'bout two weeks. We is on our honeymoon."

"No?"

"Yeh."

"On'y jes' been ma'ied?"

"Uh-huh! This mawnin'."

"I'm dawg'd! . . . Where Lazarus is at?"

"Dunno."

"How come—dunno?"

Virgie explained. As an explainer she was in a class by herself. She commenced with the day Dolphus automatically severed their engagement by departing for Birmingham and his eventual career of free-lance taxicabbing. She wound up with their arrival and Lazarus' search for a bridal suite.

"An' he ain't come back?" queried Dolphus when she paused for breath.

"Not until yet."

"Where'd he go?"

"Out yonder." She waved vaguely toward the city of Birmingham.

"What'll I do?"

Dolphus shook his head.

"Nothin'—on'y jes' wait, I reckon."

She docilely followed the advice of her ex-fiancé. By nine o'clock they had resurrected and reinterred the romantic past. By nine-thirty they were frankly bored with each other. When the big dial over the exit pointed to ten o'clock Virgie exploded with a detumescence of righteous wrath.

"He sho'ly ain't los'!" she declared.

"Not hardly. They ain't nobody coul'n't designate him to the Te'minal Station."

Her brows puckered in deep thought.

"Dolphus," she announced, "I is got sumthin' to ast you"

"Yeh?"

"Ain't hahdly no man gwine fall really-truly in love with me, is they?"

The question was a poser and Dolphus diplomatically dodged the issue.

"You useter be pow'ful pretty, Virgie."

"Useter ain't is. What I means is this: If'n I had lots o' money an' a man ma'ied me, ought I should think he was in love with me or the money?"

"If'n 'twas me ——"

"'Tain't you—it's Lazarus."

"You—er—is got money?"

"No," bitterly. "I had money!"

"What you mean—had?"

"I mean I give Lazarus five hund'ed dollars what I had save' up. He had it in his pocket w'en he went out huntin' a hotel fo' I an' him."

Dolphus let loose a long significant whistle.

"Five hund'ed dollars?"

"Uh-huh! Cash money."

"Suff'rin' Solomon! An' he is a'ready been gone two hours an' a ha'f?"

"'Mos'."

Dolphus rose.

"I knows of a nice respectful hotel you c'n put up at t'-night—an' t'-morrow mawnin' I'll take you to see a lawyer."

"What you mean?"

"You wan's the truth?"

"Yeh."

"I is got a hunch Lazarus Posey is spendin' his honeymoon with yo' money 'stead of with you."

Virgie's large bony fists clenched. Dolphus had put into words her thoughts of the past half hour. She heaped contumely upon her own head for the surge of liberality and trustfulness that had prompted her to give Lazarus the custody of her money. All men were alike, but she had rather flattered herself that Lazarus was different: that his virtue would be fright-insured.

She was stung, and she knew it. And hell hath no fury like a woman stung. With conviction of his guilt, her passionate love for the half man she had wedded became an intense hatred. She fairly reeled under the five-hundred-dollar blow. Anything else she might have forgiven. She longed to meet him, to tell him in graphic English her opinion of him and then give a practical demonstration. All this she told Dolphus—this and a little more.

"An' now," she wound up. "What is I to do?"

"I'll take you to Sally Crouch's hotel an' t'-morrow mawnin' you c'n have a warrant swore out against him, case'n he ain't a'ready lef' Bummin'ham. Is you got any money lef' a-tall?"

"'Mos' th'ee hund'ed dollars."

"C'm on!" He glanced questioningly at the luggage. "All that your'n?"

"No!" She fairly spat the word forth. "On'y this heah straw suitcase. 'Tother one an' the ov'coat belong to Lazarus. An' I ain't got no min' totin' 'em roun' Bummin'ham. I is got enough remembrances of him without I got to look at what I give him fo' a weddin' presint."

The practical Dolphus picked up suitcase and overcoat. Followed by Virgie, he crossed the waiting room and checked them, paying a dime on each. He handed the checks to Virgie.

"Lazarus cain't git 'em, anyway," he commented.

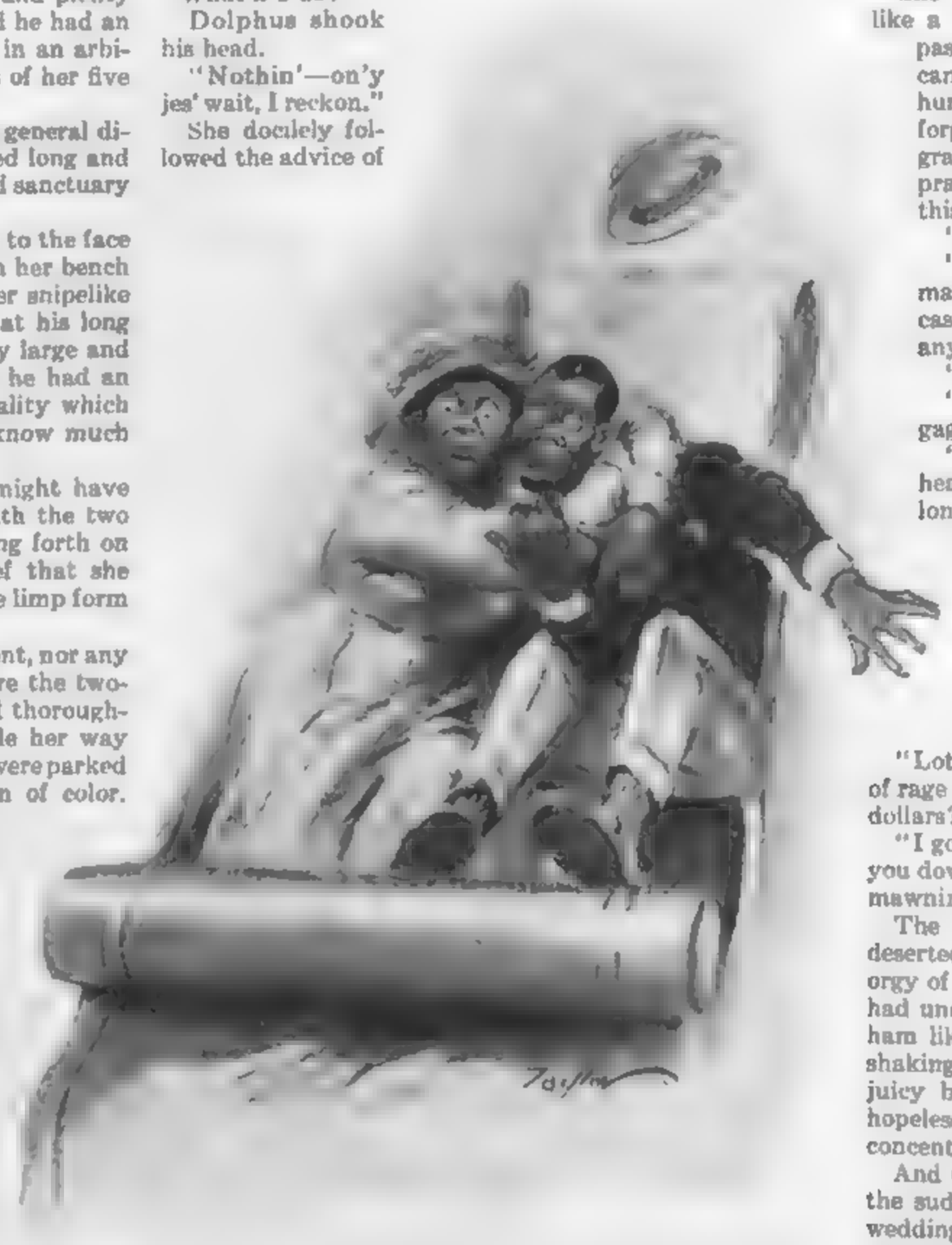
"Lot he cares!" she sniffed, dangerously close to tears of rage and smashed pride. "Ain't he got my five hund'ed dollars?"

"I got my taxi outside," suggested Dolphus. "I'll drive you down to Sally Crouch's an' lef' you there. T'-morrow mawnin' I'll take you to see Lawyer Evans Chew."

The three-hour vigil had seemed interminable to the deserted bride; but her agony of apprehension was a wild orgy of joy in comparison with the racking Lazarus Posey had undergone. He had tramped the streets of Birmingham like a man possessed—furtive, slinking bullet head shaking from side to side on his skinny neck. A large and juicy blob of grief had descended to deluge him with hopeless misery. He was the walking personification of concentrated gloom.

And the worst of it was, he was sincerely distressed at the sudden and highly unsatisfactory termination of his wedding journey. He was in love with the massive creature who had won his heart and hand, and his envisionment of

(Continued on Page 115)



Virgie Emitted a Bloodcurdling Yowl and Threw Strong Arms About the Neck of Dolphus McQuarter

"No ring? Here's your Life Saver"

The man who can hand out Life Savers is best man to go to for holesome candy. Eat one of these little pure-sugar rings and you will be wedded for life to the dainty, delicate quartet of

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Each of the Life Saver flavors is as sweet as a June bride

PEP-O-MINT is full of delicious pep.
WINT-O-GREEN is cool and refreshing.
CL-O-VE is warm with the spice o' life.
LIC-O-RICE will make every moon a honeymoon.

When you buy substitutes, you take a chance for better or worse. You pay the Life Saver price and look in vain for Life Saver quality—this is breach-of-promise. Once you know these pure sugar-and-spice tidbits, nothing can alienate your affections.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York **Montreal**

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

300,000 Friends Now

The New Light Weight $1395 Enduring Car
Wins Friends Because of Its Performance

Advertise the Essex

We advertise the Essex merely to get people to examine and ride in the car.

We have found no way to describe it that is half so impressive as a demonstration.

The Essex was announced with the statement that it was to be advertised by those who would ride in it. The car would not be advertised as other cars have been advertised.

No claims would be made for it. People were asked to go see it—take a ride and we would rely upon its quality to speak for itself.

You know how the Essex has won its place by what people are saying about it.

On the first day the Essex was shown—January 16th—close to five thousand people in all parts of the country responded to the invitation to ride in the Essex.

Had Been Expected Two Years

The response was large because the Essex had been expected for two years. But only the distributors and a few others had been permitted to ride in it up to that time.

Now it is known in every section.

It has awakened the interest of all who realize the value of low first cost, economical operation, combined with qualities of performance, riding ease, endurance and other attractions heretofore obtainable in only large and costly cars.

Users of big cars are enthusiastic over the Essex because they have found it to possess the very qualities most prized in the cars they operate and at a great saving in cost and expense of operation.

But users of good light weight cars are the most urgent supporters of the Essex.

They see in it all the advantages they know in their cars with the additional qualities of cars that cost two and three times as much as they have paid for their automobiles.

(36)

Essex Qualities Not Comparable to Any Car

No other one car is like the Essex in degree of beauty, comfort, performance or endurance. Other cars closely match it in some of these particulars. But those who attempt to describe the Essex use a dozen different well-known makes for comparison.

Its lightness and cost are compared to the cars best known for their class. Performance comparisons go into the high-priced car field. Essex speed, Essex acceleration and Essex hill climbing are almost invariably stated in terms of such performances as are made by cars best known in those particulars.

The finest and costliest closed cars are referred to as being the nearest to Essex in riding quality.

Cars that have proved their leadership in the field of endurance are the standard by which the long life of the Essex is measured.

And the appointment detail of the Essex is expressed in terms which describe the most desirable makes in that particular.

Note How People Agree on the Essex

These facts are merely suggestive of the Essex.

People who know the Essex understand how completely it meets their idea of motor car value.

The interesting fact about what one hears among motorists is the practically universal approval everyone has for it.

There is no middle ground endorsement. It is nearer to being a unanimously accepted car than any we have ever known.

Get acquainted with the Essex. Its value will prompt you to say such nice things about it as will richly reward us for advertising to you to go see it.

THE GIRL WITH HENNA HAIR

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

BEFORE Leagues of Nations and armistices and prohibition, before uniforms and panoplied flags of the Allies on Fifth Avenue, before Over There, and before even It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary—before all the splendid trappings that accompany the horrors of war and the reactions which follow it there is no exaggeration in saying that some of the finest-looking men, physically, in New York were the chauffeurs and footmen of the rich.

To particularize at once, Henry Binks, of Springfield, Vermont, when he stood upon a New York curb, clad in the bottle-green livery of the Channing-Cholmondleys, with a priceless sable robe over his arm, was a sight to fill the eye of anyone who cares for beauty. A rhapsody of masculine attractiveness Henry waited with his rug until whatever moment it should please Miss Edythe Cholmondley to come forth from the latest haunt of fashion, where she had been undergoing the terpsichorean and bacchanalian torments of a thé dansant, and step languidly into her limousine and allow Henry to lay the sable over her chiffons. Then drawing her pretty little chin down so that it touched her neck, and looking up at him from under her penciled eyebrows—penciled by both Nature and Edythe—she would murmur in the tired sweet voice of one who is completely rested and care free: "Home, Henry!"

Henry Binks' heart always gave an immediate answering hop, and a deeper color flooded his already rosy cheeks as he closed the door and took his seat beside Fiske, who drove for the Channing-Cholmondleys. Then when they had reached home—it was usually almost six blocks away—Henry, again unsteady in cardiac localities, would get down from his post, open the door, remove the robe, go up and ring the bell in order that Joseph, despicable snob that he was, might open the door for Miss Edythe. And when Joseph had forbiddingly closed the door behind her Henry would go back to the car, climb up beside Fiske and sigh heavily. For a long time Fiske thought it was either foiled ambition which caused these exhalations from Henry or else some of those socialist notions which always got everyone concerned into hot water.

"You don't want to get thinking you're as good as Miss Edythe, because you aren't, and nothing will ever make you," commented Fiske after a particularly unbearable heave from Henry. "Her old man earned every dollar he's got, honestly, and he spends nothing on himself and family compared to what he could spend if he didn't know it was wicked. Old man Cholmondley likes to help people help themselves. It's his hobby. It was him that induced me to let my Matilda go to college. 'There's just one aristocracy in this country,' says he to me, 'and it's the aristocracy that's open to everybody—the aristocracy of education.' He was right, Henry Binks; but only part right, and I tell you why. If you think my Matilda with her A. B. and going on to an A. M. is anything like Miss Edythe ——"

"I don't!" interrupted Henry Binks, who knew Matilda well. They drove along in a sort of silence, until Henry unconsciously sighed again.

"It certainly gets on my nerves—the way you sit and sigh," fumed Fiske. "Why can't you be contented? You were crazy to be mechanician of the Cholmondley cars and you've got five of the best boats in any private garage in the city to fuss over. It was your own notion being a footman, and though I must say that you perform your duties in a way that does me credit I don't see why you keep on if it riles you so to see the Cholmondleys put on dog."

"Have the family complained of me?" inquired Henry with his first show of animation.

"Not much! They're stuck on your style." Fiske stole a predatory look at the perfect specimen of manhood beside him. "Won't you come round to the flat to-night?" he asked with wheedling hospitality. "The Cholmondleys are having a dinner for Baron von Blentz, and we won't be needed. Matilda's going to make a rarebit about half past ten on her new electric chafing dish."

"No, thanks," said Henry Binks in the tone of one who has another engagement. "I'm going to the opera."

"Hey?"

"Oh, I'm going to stand up. Between the acts I intend to roam round and see how New York society looks after it gets off its evening coats."

"You won't look fit. That checked sack suit of yours——"

"I hired a dress suit. It isn't quite big enough, but it will do if it doesn't give way."

Henry Binks didn't think it was necessary to inform Fiske that he had seen in the social notes that the Channing-Cholmondleys had given their parterre box to the Lorings that night, and that Miss Edythe would go to the opera. Had he done so Fiske, who had annoying intuition, would have guessed the real cause of those sighs.

No one who had any right to call Miss Edythe Cholmondley Edythe ever called her Edythe. She went by the unoriginal appellation of Peaches and Cream, because that combination perfectly described her complexion and general sweetness. And it happened that when the Lorings and Peaches drifted into the Metropolitan the magnificent figure of a young man in a dress suit which pinched, but which had not yet given way, lurked in the quiet low passage outside the parterre boxes.

Miss Edythe Cholmondley swept Henry up and down with one of her caressing glances. It wasn't that Peaches was man crazy; it was simply that she loved life and everything about it—never having had any cause to do anything but love it. Her eyes caressed any flowers in any shop window, any pretty slum child, and any young man. After optically caressing Henry Binks she gave a little start and looked back at him half questioningly before she entered the box. "Who is the enormous Adonis?" inquired Nancy Loring with a giggle in her ear.

"I don't know—except that he is the image of Henry Binks."

"Henry Who?"

"Our new man of whom you are so jealous."

"Why, Peaches, of course!"

Miss Loring immediately darted to the door and looked out, but found the corridor empty.

All through the second act of the première of the new and beguiling French opera Nanny and Peaches whispered and were whispered to by their chaperon and the men of the party. Every now and then Peaches, who had occasional qualms about talking, would settle down demurely and try to listen to the prima donna, but nobody had any mercy on her.

Meanwhile, from below, Henry Binks sweltering horribly in the tight dress suit surveyed her with wistful longing. He liked music, too, and the opera was making havoc of his lovesick wits. The more he looked at Edythe, up above him in her little private expensive heaven, the more passionately miserable he became. And when a certain supremely gorgeous and melting tenor voice hushed even the Channing-Cholmondley box into poignant silence Henry Binks, feeling that he could stand unrequited love and high life no longer, rushed unseeingly forth to the icy air on Broadway. The reason he didn't immediately rush into an adjoining building was that though he could swallow a drink if anything depended on it he hated the stuff. Not caring therefore to dispel the thought of Peaches with alcohol there remained only the movies and Matilda. Having flipped up a coin to see which it should be, the films lost.

Matilda Fiske, A. B., dressed exclusively in shirt waists and skirts, wearing striped silk waists at night and striped madras ones by day. She wore tortoise-shell glasses both daily and nightly, she used the Western r, and she was always asking you if you had read some book which was neither a novel nor a detective story. And she was pained when you hadn't read it. Positively the worst thing about Matilda, though, was her hair. There was a great deal of the hideous dark red stuff, and its color always made Henry feel slightly ill.

Matilda had been about to mix the rarebit with beer but when Henry Binks came in she substituted milk. She wasn't going to have Henry's corruption on her head! Among those present at Matilda's this evening were a girl chum of hers—also in a striped silk waist and unromantic shoes—and an underling lecturer on economics, who was one of those people who are so extremely polite that they inspire everyone else with the desire to be rude.

"Lord Roberts says, in the Evening Post to-night, that Germany has been preparing for war for years and intends to fight England," remarked Matilda by way of small talk as she cheerily stirred the rarebit.

"I'd like to see a real good old-fashioned war!" ejaculated Henry.

"Well, you never will see another war, sir!" prophesied the polite professor of economics. "An important war is economically impossible, because ——"

"Nummy, nummy!" interrupted Matilda, who had just sampled the rarebit.

"Too bad!" mourned Henry. "War would be a cinch for me. I can shoot easier than I can breathe!" This last statement had especial significance at the moment.

"I must say, Mr. Binks, that I'm flattered that you should have put on a swallowtail just to come to my rarebit," remarked Matilda after the rest had gone. "But you needn't next time. The professor didn't."

She favored Henry with one of her annoying superior smiles, and Henry gazed fixedly at her dreadful hair. It was the most objectionable mahogany red, and behind those tortoise-shell glasses she had meanish designing green eyes.

"That professor looks like a licked cur!" remarked Henry heartily by way of adieu; Matilda's hair, eyes and clothes being entirely on his nerves by now.

Looking at Matilda, he decided, was about as pleasant as listening to the teeth of a comb grating on a window pane.

The next day, late in the afternoon, when Miss Edythe Cholmondley—her hair was straw yellow and fluffy—came daintily down the red-carpeted steps from her thé dansant she found her Henry waiting as usual, superb in bottle green; but no limousine and no Fiske.

"Excuse it, miss, but we were almost out of gas," apologized Henry. "Fiske is very much ashamed. He will be back at once."

Miss Cholmondley didn't look disturbed at Fiske's absence because she had for some time been looking for a chance to ask Henry Binks a leading question.

"Where were you born, Henry?" she asked, propounding it, and at the same time burrowing her neck deliciously with her chin.

"Springfield, Vermont, miss."

"Is it a pretty place, Henry?"

"Sometimes in the year it's pretty. The homeliest time is the muddy season, when the mud comes right up to the hubs."

"And I suppose it's prettiest of all at apple-blossom time? For of course you do have apple trees in Vermont, Henry?"

"You couldn't mention a kind of apple we haven't got on our farm. Back of the barn there's an orchard of Maiden's Blush." Henry warmed to his subject. "You should see that orchard round the last part of May, with lilacs growing round the edges, over the stone wall." He paused and panted.

"I suppose the sky looks so close that you could almost reach up and pull down a little piece of white cloud for a pillow?"

"I never thought of it before, but the sky is awful close in the spring."

"Just like a mother bending over all those cunning little new things—bending over them and watching them, Henry."

The car having rolled noiselessly up to them Henry Binks opened the door in ecstasy, laid the sable robe across Georgette knees, and heard the music of those sweet tired words, "Home, Henry!" as in a beatific dream.

"Home, Henry!" Adorable phrase!

Unfortunately for the purposes of a fiction writer Henry Binks was not afflicted with ambition. He liked automobiles, and he liked tinkering with them, and he always would. Maybe some day if it came handy he might own a garage, but he really didn't care much who owned the garage as long as he could fuss round the latest thing in a gasoline engine. New engines and "Home, Henry!"—those two things were all he needed to satisfy his poetical cravings.

That night, late, as he sat in his room alone, staring at the front page of his evening paper, he rehearsed again and again those few short words they had had about mud and apple blossoms.

"Society Girl Elopes With Her Chauffeur!" he read at last, in headlines, and a crimson blush consumed him. It made things so common, it lowered Edythe Cholmondley indescribably somehow to have the fact so flamingly announced that it was at all possible for a society girl to elope with her chauffeur. If Henry had been a little more worldly, and much more ambitious, and a little less decent and sincere, he would have thrust out his chest and said: "This other man got away with it. Why not I?"

Indeed he might have gone on and said many other things to himself if he had not been too modest and perhaps too slow. He could perfectly well have argued, for instance: "I am every bit as good looking as any of the young men she dances with. Indeed, I'm better looking than most of them, because I live in the fresh air and don't drink too many cocktails."

Henry Binks could also have said if he had happened to remember it: "There isn't anything better in the corpuscle line in this country than the old New England blood that flows through my veins. Wasn't my grandfather a governor of Vermont? Didn't my Uncle Henry Binks ——"

But because he found contentment in the machinery of motor cars and was happy in his content Henry Binks didn't trouble himself to think he was better than he was or even to estimate exactly how good he was. All the estimating he bothered with was considering how far short the rest of her sex fell when compared with Edythe Cholmondley. He loved her—oh, yes, he realized that—but he could see her every day and worship her from afar; and what more did he want?

Edythe Cholmondley's life was so full of pleasant happenings that it didn't seem odd to her that she always felt in a hurry to get away from those afternoon dances in order to see Henry Binks again. Neither did she think it queer that she looked at his back steadily all the while she was in the car, and never gave Fiske's shoulders even a passing glance. She wasn't often stirred by any longing to talk to Henry; it was enough to see him or to know that she could see him whenever she wanted to merely by calling her car. Whenever she wanted to see Henry she saw Henry. No wonder Henry was satisfied, for Miss Edythe never missed a day.

Blissfully they both thought that everything would always go on just as it was going, forever; or at least as long as they wanted it to. Rather abruptly, however, the Channing-Cholmondleys ceased inviting German barons to dine, and at the same time things stopped going on as they always had.

Henry Binks was one of those who stood on curbs and assured excited strangers that America had no call to take the European war personally. Never having been abroad and never having thought at all in international terms he considered Belgium farther from his ken than Mars, which he had seen all his life. Despite the fact that he read with distaste what was going on it didn't seem any more real to him than the horrors of Libby Prison in his history; or the sufferings of the ancient Egyptians. The names of those French and Belgian towns where such awful things were happening didn't sound like regular places, such as Bridgeport and Worcester.

Henry woke up with a bang when America declared war, and putting all selfish thoughts of the poetry of machinery and the maddening rapture of unrequited love behind him he got ready to sail for France among the first.

The last time he went for Edythe Cholmondley in the official capacity of her footman he thought she looked decidedly white and doubly alluring.

"You are leaving us, Henry?" she asked as he held open the door.

"Yes, miss."

Her lips trembled a little and she looked down on the usual red carpet which stretched over the sidewalk.

"Before you go, Henry, I want to give you something," she said. "I've looked round the shops and I couldn't see anything I thought you'd like. So I want you to suggest something."

"There is nothing you could give me that I want—except one thing," he said quietly, but with a quick glance at the too oblivious Fiske. "And as it isn't fitting for me to ask for it I shall have to go without it."

Blood of the governor of Vermont, where were you? You should have dared!

"I don't know whether I have decided on the right thing or not," she said in staccato tones, because it was strange how unexpectedly and easily one cried, these days. "But—for some absurd reason, Henry, I thought you might like this! Don't open it until you get on board. And then, if you don't want it throw it to the mermaids. Good-by, Henry."

"Good-by, miss." With their eyes they kissed each other. "Are we going anywhere else to-night?"

With the same respect as usual he laid the sable rug on her knees.

"Nowhere else to-night." She tried to add "Home, Henry!" but as she made a wretched failure of it she managed to pretend that the effort was a cough.

Her first unhappiness, which was also his, was the greater of the two, because she was not going to fight, as he was, with the serene cool knowledge that he was and always had been a splendid shot. She would just stay at home and watch things get slowly worse, while he went into the thick of it and became a hero.

Henry Binks, of Springfield, Vermont, had never known such happiness as the fevered joy that transfused his soul when he opened Edythe Cholmondley's little gift the minute Fiske was otherwise engrossed. It was her picture, and a little four-leaf clover under the glass.

"Henry," said the tiniest letter he had ever received, "I send you my picture and wish you luck. The four-leaf clover is remarkable because it is the only one I ever have found. So you see I pass on all my luck to you. E. C."

On account of many qualities that had never distinguished him in peace Henry Binks, like many others, became distinguished in war. His lack of imagination, his lack of nerves and his calm confidence and splendid hatred inspired men who fought with him. Even covered with mud, and weary, Henry Binks was still too handsome to be described in a dispassionate and convincing manner. He was Henry Binks, and there never was and there never has been anyone quite so prepossessing; or so helpless about bettering himself. He didn't want to better himself! If he should survive the German explosives he hoped to get back to the Channing-Cholmondleys again, and he wrote as much in his one letter to Peaches:

Dear Miss Cholmondley: I cannot help thanking you for the picture and the four-leaf clover, which so far has brought me so much luck that they've all taken to calling me the boy with the enchanted life. When we get this mess cleaned up over here I'm coming home with a brand-new idea for an aëroplane engine. I'll work it out between times, because you know without my saying it that I want to come back to you.

I invented the engine idea one day when I got trapped in a shell hole, and I can tell you I was afraid I would be bumped off before I had a chance to tell anyone. I've drawn it all out; and I'm mailing one copy to you and one to Miss Matilda Fiske, so that there will be a double chance of my getting the idea safe home. And if the Huns should prove too much for even your four-leaf clover I want to leave you all there is in the idea as a mark of my feeling for you. There may not be anything in it though.

Remember me respectfully to your folks, and believe me,

Truly yours, HENRY.

Though he had never asked her, and didn't want her to do it, and half wished he had never been halfway polite to her, Matilda Fiske wrote to Henry systematically twice a week, on her typewriter, and told him the news. How he yawned as he read those businesslike epistles, and how he writhed at the remembrance of her waists and hair! At last, however, Matilda typed him that she had an opportunity to come to France with her college unit, and have her expenses paid, and that she would see him soon.

After that as he never heard from her again he decided that something serious had happened to Matilda, and he regretted it. Even though she might have made the supreme sacrifice his teeth were on edge when he thought of her. Sometimes, though rarely, he would be overcome with remorse over the way he had snubbed her. After all she had been a faithful old dog of a highbrow.

The principal reason Henry Binks sorrowed when hostilities ceased was that he hoped to be the first American to walk through the central aperture of the Brandenburg Thor. So anxious was he to get to Berlin with his gun that he meditated continuing the war on his own hook, so to speak; but he impulsively gave this up when he was ordered home among the first. Suddenly he felt ill with longing to see the Statue of Liberty.

"Home!" Why, just saying the word made him quiver! And as for "Home, Henry!"—well, his eyes went so moist he couldn't see her picture through the blur.

When he came up the bay, a captain, and received a thrilling welcome on the dock he decided not to go straight to Vermont that day, to see his parents, but to hang round New York a while. It was such a funny feeling to be saluted on the Avenue! One or two of Miss Edythe's former swains were unconsciously subservient to him. Well, of course, he'd have to take off his uniform in a few days, and get back to the garage and go and see somebody about his engine.

Yes, New York was a pretty nice place, except for the new system of Subways, which irritated Henry's nice sense of planning. He couldn't go into the Subway without getting lost, and popping out at the wrong place, and having to pay another fare. Endless passages and flights of steps and conflicting arrows bewildered him.

One day when he emerged to the street to discover that he was, as usual, lost, he found himself looking straight into the blue eyes of Edythe Cholmondley. Two little gray-gloved hands came to lie in his brown-gloved ones, and a peace-blossom blush took liberties with her neck and cheeks.

"Captain Binks!" she cried in sweet familiar tones, no longer tired. "Why didn't you let us know?"

"Well, I was going to drop in on Mr. Cholmondley at the office this afternoon, but this is where your new Subway landed me," he said, almost fluently for him.

"Of course you have had the most wonderful adventures, winning the war for us! Will you come to tea at five o'clock to-day, and tell me all about it?" she asked. It was then about two P. M.

"Yes!" assented Captain Henry Binks with brevity.

In his joy at her invitation he was afraid if he tried to say more that he would make some gross error, which would cause her to uninvite him. Heavens, she was more beguiling than ever! Could there be anything lovelier on earth than the way those yellow curls strayed out on her forehead?

"I want to hear everything about the war," she continued volubly. "The family wouldn't let me go. They said I was too young; though I put on old clothes and made one committee think I was thirty. Don't forget, now, Captain Binks. Five o'clock!"

And she stepped gracefully into her little car and drove away, smiling back at him briefly.

Henry Binks, Captain, U. S. A., stared after her unbelievingly. Call? Yes, it was true—he had promised to call at the Channing-Cholmondleys. He, their former footman, was going to pay a social call. It was both wonderful and awful. The thought of sitting defenseless in a chair before his divinity terrified him. She would be equipped with a formidable battery of a tea tray. She had said tea and she had meant tea. He had seen plays with tea trays in them, plays in which people said glibly how many lumps, and whether or not it should be lemon, and didn't lose the drift of the conversation or spill anything on the rug. Let alone tea taking, he didn't even know how to make a call. He forgot all about being in love with Miss Edythe Cholmondley; indeed he wished for the moment that he had never seen her. Being democratic was all right, but even in democracies you wanted to choose your own circle.

(Concluded on Page 112)

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THE next time your fingers itch for a brush, to do a bit of furniture or other odd job, go to your paint or hardware dealer and get a can of "61" Floor Varnish. Then you'll do a job you won't have to do over again.

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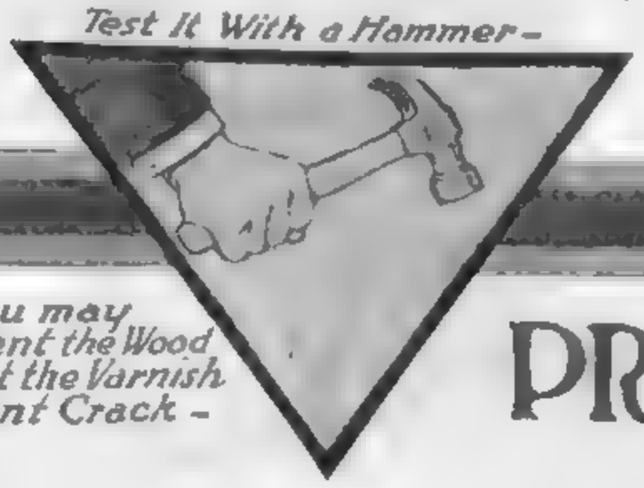
Test It With a Hammer–



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2—All stock carried in plain view in clean cartons. No dirty, mussy stock.

3—Stock is automatically rotated. No batteries are allowed to get old or weakened.

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TODAY, in thousands of stores, folks are buying flashlights and batteries the new way! They demand batteries that have been protected by this cabinet. Shelf-weakened, low-powered batteries are now a thing of the past. From this cabinet you get fresh, full-powered batteries, generally conceded to outlast other batteries of same size used under comparable conditions.

This cabinet is used for two famous flashlights *exclusively*. If you live in the East or New England you will get famous Niagara Searchlights. If you live in the South or West you will get the genuine French Ray-O-Lite Flashers.

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Branches at Chicago—Dallas—Atlanta—Minneapolis—Kansas City—San Francisco

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FRENCH RAY-O-LITE FLASHERS

NIAGARA SEARCHLIGHT

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 21)

been agreed, as I have said, to limit the field to Adams, Trumbull and Greeley; Greeley being out of it, as having no chance, still further abridged it to Adams and Trumbull; and, Trumbull not developing very strong, Bowles, Halstead and I, even White, began to be sure of Adams on the first ballot; Adams the indifferent, who had sailed away for Europe, observing that he was not a candidate for the nomination and otherwise intimating his disdain of us and it.

Matters thus apparently cocked and primed, the convention adjourned over the first night of its session with everybody happy except the D. Davis contingent, which lingered on the scene, but knew its "cake was dough." If we had forced a vote that night, as we might have done, we should have nominated Adams. But inspired by the bravery of youth and inexperience we let the golden opportunity slip. The throng of delegates and the audience dispersed.

In those days, it being the business of my life to turn day into night and night into day, it was not my habit to seek my bed much before the presses began to thunder below, and this night proving no exception, and being tempted by a party of Kentuckians, who had come, some to back me and some to watch me, I did not quit their agreeable society until the "wee short hours ayont the twal." Before turning in I glanced at the early edition of the Commercial, to see that something—I was too tired to decipher precisely what—had happened. It was, in point of fact, the arrival about midnight of Gen. Frank P. Blair and Governor B. Gratz Brown.

I had in my possession documents that would have induced at least one of them to pause before making himself too conspicuous. The Quadrilateral, excepting Reid, knew this. We had separated upon the adjournment of the convention. I being across the river in Covington, their search was unavailing. I was not to be found. They were in despair. When having had a few hours of rest I reached the convention hall toward noon it was too late.

I got into the thick of it in time to see the close, not without an angry collision with that one of the newly arrived actors whose coming had changed the course of events, with whom I had lifelong relations of affectionate intimacy. Sailing but the other day through Mediterranean waters with Joseph Pulitzer, who, then a mere youth, was yet the secretary of the convention, he recalled the scene; the unexpected and not overattractive appearance of the governor of Missouri; his not very pleasing yet ingenious speech; the stoical, almost lethargic indifference of Schurz.

"Carl Schurz," said Pulitzer, "was the most industrious and the least energetic man I have ever worked with. A word from him at that crisis would have completely routed Blair and squelched Brown. It was simply not in him to speak it."

Greeley was nominated amid a whirl of enthusiasm, his workers, with Whitelaw Reid at their head, having maintained an admirable and effective organization and being thoroughly prepared to take advantage of the opportune moment. It was the logic of the event that B. Gratz Brown should be placed on the ticket with him.

The Quadrilateral was nowhere. It was done for. The impossible had come to pass. There rose thereafter a friendly issue of veracity between Schurz and myself, which illustrates our state of mind. My version is that we left the convention hall together with an immaterial train of after incidents, his that we had not met after the adjournment—he quite sure of this because he had ineffectually sought me.

"Schurz was right," said Joseph Pulitzer upon the occasion of our yachting cruise just mentioned, "because he and I went directly from the hall with Judge Stallo to his home on Walnut Hills, where we dined and passed the afternoon."

The Quadrilateral had been knocked into a cocked hat. Whitelaw Reid was the only one of us who clearly understood the situation and thoroughly knew what he was about. He came to me and said: "I have won, and you people have lost. I shall expect that you stand by the agreement and meet me as my guests at dinner tonight. But if you do not personally look after this the others will not be there."

I was as badly hurt as any, but a bond is a bond and I did as he desired, succeeding partly by coaxing and partly by insisting, though it was uphill work.

Frostier conviviality I have never sat down to than Reid's dinner. Horace White looked more than ever like an iceberg, Sam Bowles was diplomatic but ineffusive, Schurz was as a death's head at the board; Halstead and I through sheer bravado tried to enliven the feast. But they would none of us, nor it, and we separated early and sadly, reformers hoist by their own petard.

V

THE reception by the country of the nomination of Horace Greeley was as inexplicable to the politicians as the nomination itself had been unexpected by the Quadrilateral. The people rose to it. The sentimental, the fantastic and the paradoxical in human nature had to do with this. At the South an ebullition of pleased surprise grew into positive enthusiasm. Peace was the need if not the longing of the Southern heart, and Greeley's had been the first hand stretched out to the South from the enemy's camp—very bravely, too, for he had signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis—and quick upon the news flashed the response from generous men eager for the chance to pay something upon a recognized debt of gratitude.

Except for this spontaneous uprising, which continued unabated in July, the Democratic Party could not have been induced at Baltimore to ratify the proceedings at Cincinnati and formally to make Greeley its candidate. The leaders dared not resist it. Some of them halted, a few held out, but by midsummer the great body of them came to the front to head the procession.

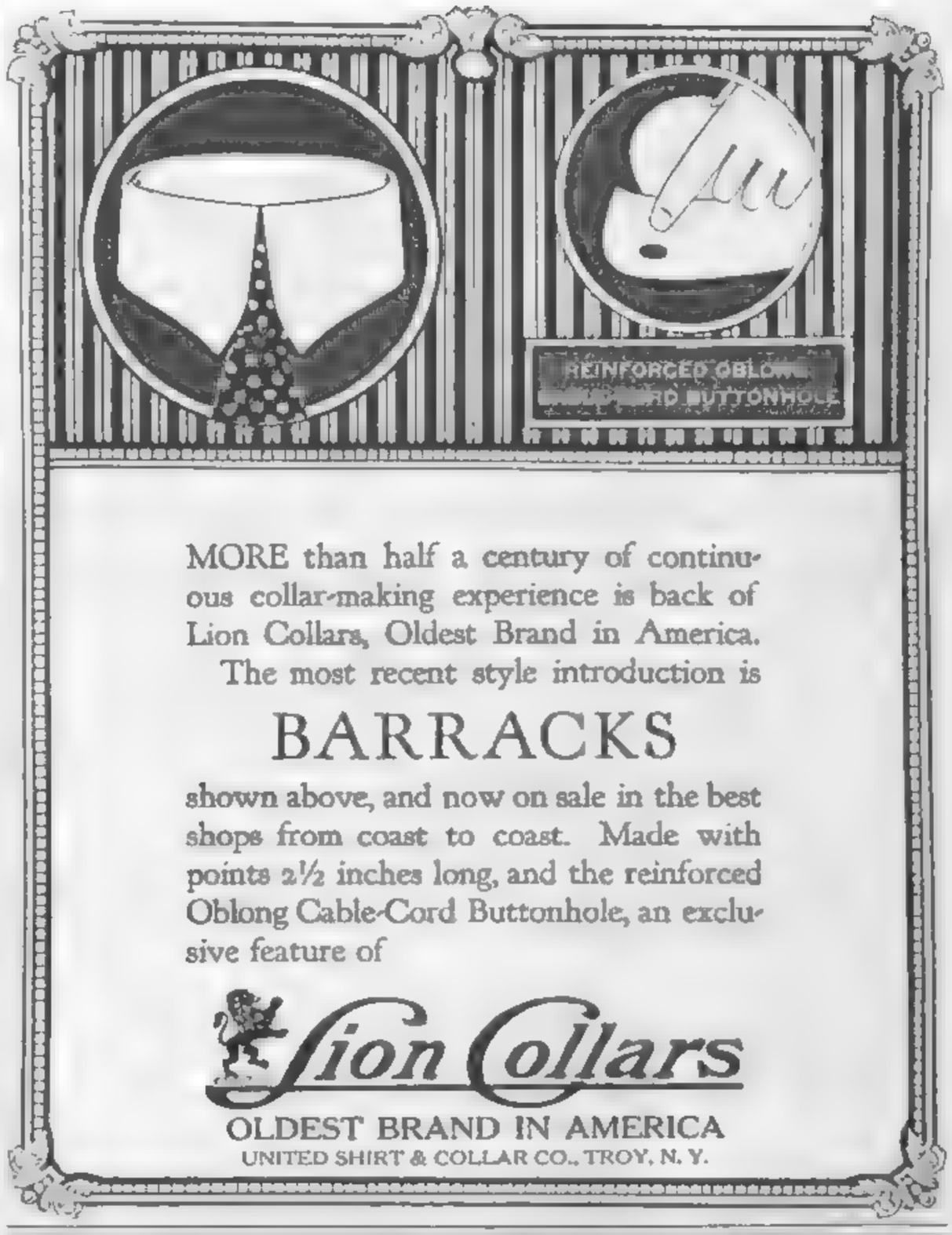
He was a queer old man; a very medley of contradictions; shrewd and simple; credulous and penetrating; a master penman of the school of Swift and Cobbett; even in his odd picturesque personality whimsically attractive; a man to be reckoned with where he chose to put his powers forth, as Seward learned to his cost.

What he would have done with the Presidency had he reached it is not easy to say or surmise. He was altogether unsuited for official life, for which nevertheless he had a passion. But he was not so readily deceived in men or misled in measures as he seemed and as most people thought him.

His convictions were emotional, his philosophy was experimental; but there was a certain method in their application to public affairs. He gave bountifully of his affection and his confidence to the few who enjoyed his familiar friendship—accessible and sympathetic though not indiscriminating to those who appealed to his impressionable sensibilities and sought his help. He had been a good party man and was by nature and temperament a partisan.

To him place was not a badge of servitude; it was a decoration—preferment, promotion, popular recognition. He had always yearned for office as the legitimate destination of public life and the honorable award of party service rendered. During the greater part of his career the conditions of journalism had been rather squalid and servile. He was really great as a journalist. He was truly and highly fit for nothing else, but seeing less deserving and less capable men about him advanced from one post of distinction to another he wondered why his turn proved so tardy in coming, and when it would come. It did come with a rush. What more natural than that he should believe it real instead of the empty pageant of a vision?

It had taken me but a day and a night to pull myself together after the first shock and surprise and to plunge into the swim to help fetch the water-logged factions ashore. This was clearly indispensable to forcing the Democratic organization to come to the rescue of what would have been otherwise but a derelict upon a stormy sea. Schurz was deeply disgruntled. Before he could be appeased a bridge found in what was called the Fifth Avenue Hotel Conference had to be constructed in order to carry him across the stream which flowed between his disappointed hopes and aims and what appeared to him an illogical and repulsive alternative. He had taken to his tent and sulked like another Achilles. He was harder to deal with than any of the Democratic file leaders, but he finally yielded and did splendid work in the campaign.



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His was a stubborn spirit not readily adjustable. He was a nobly gifted man, but from first to last an alien in an alien land. He once said to me, "If I should live a thousand years they would still call me a Dutchman." No man of his time spoke so well or wrote to better purpose. He was equally skillful in debate, an overmatch for Conkling and Morton, whom—especially in the French arms matter—he completely dominated and outshone. As sincere and unselfish, as patriotic and as courageous as any of his contemporaries, he could never attain the full measure of the popular heart and confidence, albeit reaching its understanding directly and surely; within himself a man of sentiment who was not the cause of sentiment in others. He knew this and felt it sorely.

The Nast cartoons, which as to Greeley and Sumner were unsparing in the last degree, whilst treating Schurz with a kind of considerate qualifying humor, nevertheless greatly offended him. I do not think Greeley minded them much if at all. They were very effective; notably the "Pirate Ship," which represented Greeley leaning over the taffrail of a vessel carrying the Stars and Stripes and waving his handkerchief at the man-of-war Uncle Sam in the distance, the political leaders of the Confederacy dressed in true corsair costume crouched below ready to spring. Nothing did more to sectionalize Northern opinion and fire the Northern heart and to lash the fury of the rank and file of those who were urged to vote as they had shot and who had hoisted above them the Bloody Shirt for a banner. The first half of the canvass the bulge was with Greeley; the second half began in eclipse, to end in something very like collapse.

The old man seized his flag and set out upon his own account for a tour of the country. Right well he bore himself. If speech-making ever does any good toward the shaping of results Greeley's speeches surely should have elected him. They were marvels of impromptu oratory, mostly homely and touching appeals to the better sense and the magnanimity of a people not ripe or ready for generous impressions; convincing in their simplicity and integrity; unanswerable from any standpoint of sagacious statesmanship or true patriotism if the North had been in any mood to listen and to reason.

I met him at Cincinnati and acted as his escort to Louisville and thence to Indianapolis, where others were waiting to take him in charge. He was in a state of querulous excitement. Before the vast and noisy audiences which we faced he stood apparently pleased and composed, delivering his words as he might have dictated them to a stenographer. As soon as we were alone he would break out into a kind of lamentation, punctuated by occasional bursts of objurgation. He especially distrusted the Quadrilateral, making an exception in my case, as well he might, because however his nomination had jarred my judgment I had a real affection for him, dating back to the years immediately preceding the war when I was wont to encounter him in the reporters' galleries at Washington, which he preferred to using his floor privilege as an ex-member of Congress.

It was mid-October. We had heard from Maine; Indiana and Ohio had voted. He was for the first time realizing the hopeless nature of the contest. The South in irons and under military rule and martial law sure for Grant, there had never been any real chance. Now it was obvious that there was to be no compensating ground swell at the North. That he should pour forth his chagrin to one whom he knew so well and even regarded as one of his boys was inevitable. Much of what he said was founded on a basis of fact, some of it was mere suspicion and surmise, all of it came back to the main point that defeat stared us in the face. I was glad and yet loath to part with him. If ever a man needed a strong friendly hand and heart to lean upon he did during those dark days—the end in darkest night nearer than anyone could divine. He showed stronger mettle than had been allowed him; bore a manlier part than was commonly ascribed to the slovenly slipshod habiliments and the aspects in which benignancy and vacillation seemed to struggle for the ascendancy. Abroad the elements conspired against him. At home his wife lay ill, as it proved, unto death. The good gray head he still carried like a hero, but the worn and tender heart was beginning to break. Overwhelming defeat was followed by overwhelming affliction. He never quitted his dear one's bedside until the last pulsebeat, and then he sank beneath the load of grief.

"The Tribune is gone and I am gone," he said, and spoke no more.

The death of Greeley fell upon the country with a sudden shock. It roused a universal sense of pity and sorrow and awe. All hearts were hushed. In an instant the bitterness of the campaign was forgotten, though the huzzas of the victors still rent the air. The President, his late antagonist, with his cabinet and the leading members of the two Houses of Congress, attended his funeral. As he lay in his coffin he was no longer the arch rebel leading a combine of buccaneers and insurgents, which the Republican orators and newspapers had depicted him, but the brave old apostle of freedom who had done more than all others to make the issues upon which a militant and triumphant party had risen to power.

The multitude remembered only the old white hat and the sweet old baby face beneath it, heart of gold and hand wielding the wizard pen; the incarnation of probity and kindness, of steadfast devotion to his duty as he saw it, and the needs of the whole human family. A tragedy in truth it was; and yet as his body was lowered into its grave there rose above it, invisible, unnoted, a flower of matchless beauty—the flower of peace and love between the sections of the Union to which his life had been a sacrifice.

The crank convention had builded wiser than it knew. That the Democratic Party could ever have been brought to the support of Horace Greeley for President of the United States reads even now like a page out of a nonsense book. That his warmest support should have come from the South seems incredible and was a priceless fact. His martyrdom shortened the distance across the bloody chasm; his coffin very nearly filled it. The candidacy of Charles Francis Adams or of Lyman Trumbull meant a mathematical formula, with no solution of the problem and as certain defeat at the end of it. His candidacy threw a flood of light and warmth into the arena of deadly strife; it made a more equal and reasonable division of parties possible; it put the Southern half of the country in a position to plead its own case by showing the Northern half that it was not wholly recalcitrant or reactionary; and it made way for real issues of pith and moment relating to the time instead of pigments of bellicose passion and scraps of ante-bellum controversy.

In a word Greeley did more by his death to complete the work of Lincoln than he could have done by a triumph at the polls and a term in the White House he so much desired. Though but sixty-one years of age, his race was run. Of him it may be truly written that he lived a life full of inspiration to his countrymen and died not in vain, "our later Franklin" fittingly inscribed upon his tomb.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue

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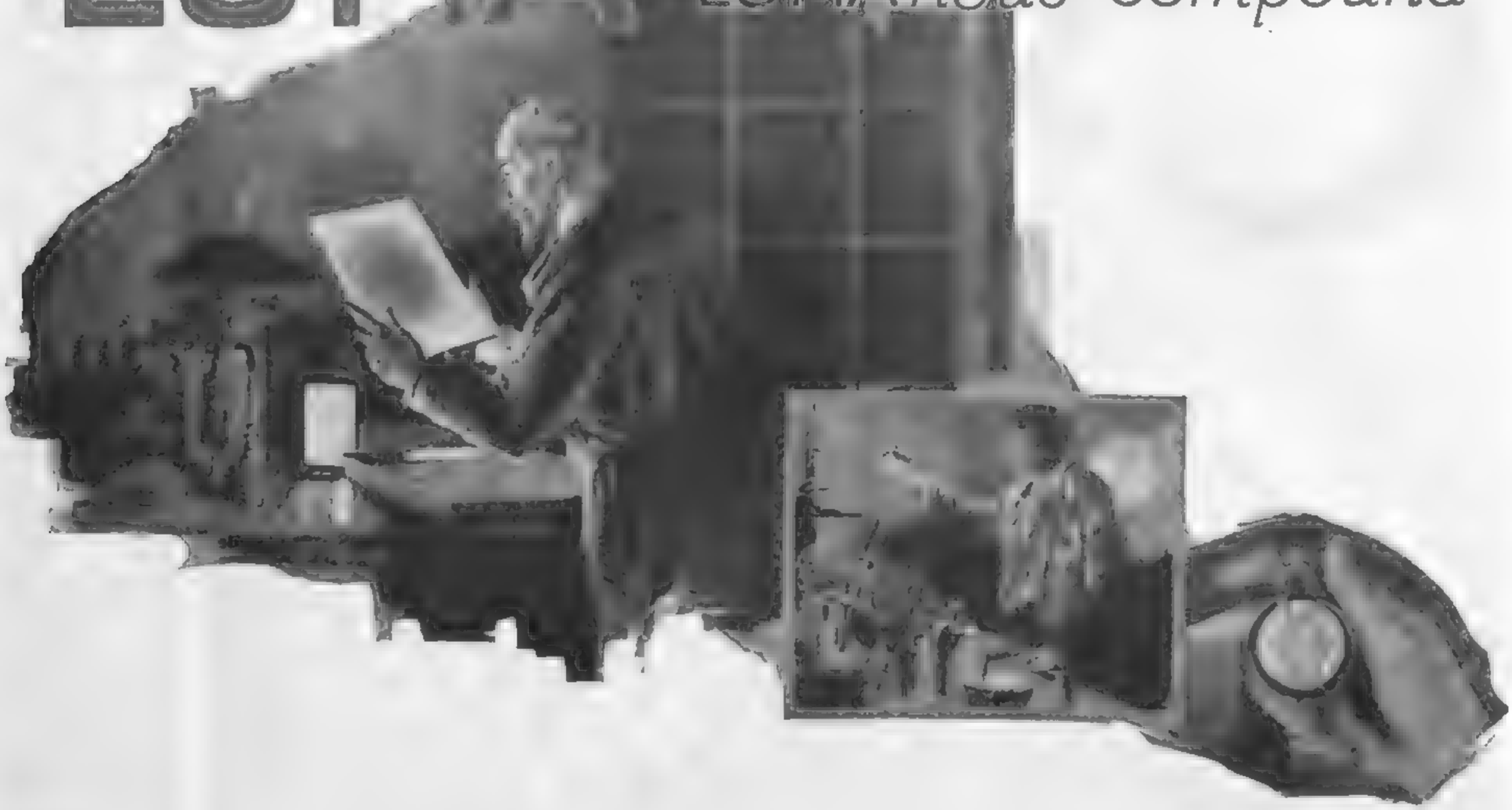

TWENTY-THREE years ago a piece of ore lay unobtrusively on the desk of Henri Becquerel, French Scientist. It held no exalted place among his specimens. For, he little dreamed of its potential might.

But an unknown element pent-up in that ore was crying for liberation. Inadvertently he placed the specimen over a hidden photographic plate. The sensitized plate saw what no human eye could see — invisible, penetrating rays. It recorded a picture. Becquerel found the plate and developed it.

It was fogged!

* * *

Savants heard the wonder-story and labored to free that element. After two years' unceasing effort it fell to the lot of Mme. Curie and her husband to release RADIUM.

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Don't let the service of your watch or clock be limited to light time. If the dial is LUMAnated, it will serve as well at dark times.

Put more value on your time and timepieces.

THE GREAT SUCKER-LIST INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 8)

handicap in their efforts to suppress crooked promoters. For the promoter knows better than anyone else when his operations are raw enough to attract attention. Secretly and silently as the detectives may work, the promoter is always one lap ahead because he knows better than they whether he is overstepping the law.

The promoter and crooked broker knows when he is in danger, and he naturally is on the lookout. His first precaution is always to make a copy of his list, if it is a large one, and put it away in a safe-deposit vault, or perhaps send it to another city. As for the office copy, it usually suffers a peculiar and significant fate when the raid takes place. While the principal, by which I mean the real promoter, who commonly hides behind the nominal head of the concern, may in some cases spirit the list away before the raid comes, it more often happens that the office list is stolen by a clerk or other employee just before the raid, or even during the confusion of its onslaught, at which time the police are naturally too busy looking for the principal to bother overmuch with the clerks.

Nor is it uncommon in the underworld of finance for promoters to bribe the clerks of their rivals for copies of lists. While the principals in a concern are carousing uptown it is no uncommon thing for a tampered clerk to spend his evenings in silent industry making copies of names, which in due course he delivers to a competitor.

Most of the more prosperous of the questionable promoters and brokers in New York City to-day got their start in life by stealing their employers' lists. Indeed this is a commonplace of the financial underworld and accepted as a matter of course. Naturally there is not much honor among the members of this group.

The largest list of investment customers in existence in this country is probably that of the bond department of a certain well-known bank, which a year ago had 270,000 names. The total is no doubt well over 300,000 by now. There is also a private bond house of unimpeachable standing whose list is supposed to be nearly as large.

But it is a sad commentary on modern finance that following very closely behind these two concerns in the size of their lists are several brokers and promoters of cheap and dubious stocks whose lists probably run well up toward 200,000 apiece.

Losers the Surest Game

As long as a promoter can keep a hold on his list and also keep out of jail he will never stay broke. Many a faker has got back into business by having a fine list, though otherwise cleaned out. A notorious promoter doing business under his own name went broke in 1918 and was raided again in February, 1919, though then masquerading under a new name. It appears that without any advertising he had carried on an extensive business in the interval simply because he had retained his list and was able to circularize, telephone and otherwise reach the very people whom he had fooled before.

For while a person who has lost in one stock scheme will not fall for the same thing again or from the same promoter, it seems to be well established that a person who has bitten once is more likely to try his luck again for that very reason, provided only he fails to recognize exactly the same wolf under the new sheep's clothing. A person who has lost a couple of hundred in a fake mining company is an easier victim for the fake oil company for the simple reason that he hopes to make up what he has lost. His cupidity is naturally stronger than that of the person who has never lost any money.

It is impossible to comprehend the important part which customers' lists play in the get-rich-quick game unless one understands the weblike nature of the personalities involved. An individual or a gang will operate under a firm name until they fail, are raided or disappear with the customers' money. Eventually they bob up under a new guise. Nearly all the large operators at the present time are hooked up by former relationships. Most of them began as employees for a single man. It is almost a family, all going back to the training they received in bucket-shop days.

Of course old faces often disappear for good. While relatively few prison sentences for these offenses compare in length with those given for other types of crimes and misdemeanors, yet many of the worst financial fakers are kept fairly permanently in jail. Their intervals of freedom are too short for much activity. Then, too, living is high in this game and death comes fairly early. But making all allowances for the changes which time always brings it is remarkable how many of the present promoters and brokers of the low type date back to or are descended in some way from earlier frauds. Thus the list of customers is nearly always a precious sort of heirloom that passes on from one promotion scheme to another.

Perhaps the best known of all the out-and-out fakers—a man who has been in jail several times, who had floated many companies and washed and manipulated even more of them on the curb, who has been raided regularly for years—this man usually operates, in the intervals between jail sentences, on a list of about fifty thousand names. Just before he was raided last year he sold a copy of this list to another adept at an average price of eight cents a name, which is a good, fair price, and indicates that the names on his list bite well both in and out of season.

With no further assets the purchaser of this list has set up in business and has been doing very well, thank you.

Border-Line Cases

Some idea of the growth of stock jobbing may be gathered from the fact that the worst and most prosperous of the stock jobbers considered that they were doing a flourishing business ten years ago if they had from thirty to forty thousand names. Now, as stated before, there are questionable concerns whose lists run up into the hundreds of thousands.

The stealing of customers' names is a sore and delicate subject in the financial world, and can be touched upon here only with extreme caution. Unfortunately not all the stealing and purchase and sale of stolen lists are confined to the employees of disreputable firms. Clerks in reliable bond and stock houses have been known to make an improper use of their privileged position, and anyone who will make a careful study of the constitution of the New York Stock Exchange will discover a number of rules that are designed to protect its members against evils of this character.

The subject is a delicate one because the facts in anything like completeness cannot be got at, and it is unwise to generalize from the few that are known. It is generally known of course that employees and branch-office managers in large numbers switch from one brokerage house to another. Just how much they take with them besides their native ability and experience is difficult to say. The ethical line is easy enough to draw in theory but exceedingly hard in practice.

Theoretically the employee is justified in taking from one firm to another such customers as he has secured through his own efforts, but none that have come to the firm through the efforts of others or from its own standing and prestige. Extreme cases are easy enough to dispose of. The clerk who in addressing envelopes to customers happens to strike off an extra set which he sells to a rival firm for one hundred and fifty dollars is a thief and can be handled as such. On the other hand the branch-office manager who through tact, courtesy, intelligence, sound judgment, and the like, has won the esteem of new customers may be able to take them to a rival house without any redress either legal or moral on the part of his original employer, no matter how irritating it may be.

But there are border-line cases which are not so easy. The New York Stock Exchange takes a severe-enough stand on the matter. An employee of a large house went to another concern, and soon thereafter the customers of his old employer began to get letters from his new connection. The letters were tactlessly worded from the start. Several of the recipients had been customers of the old firm for thirty years and they resented being approached by a rival in this

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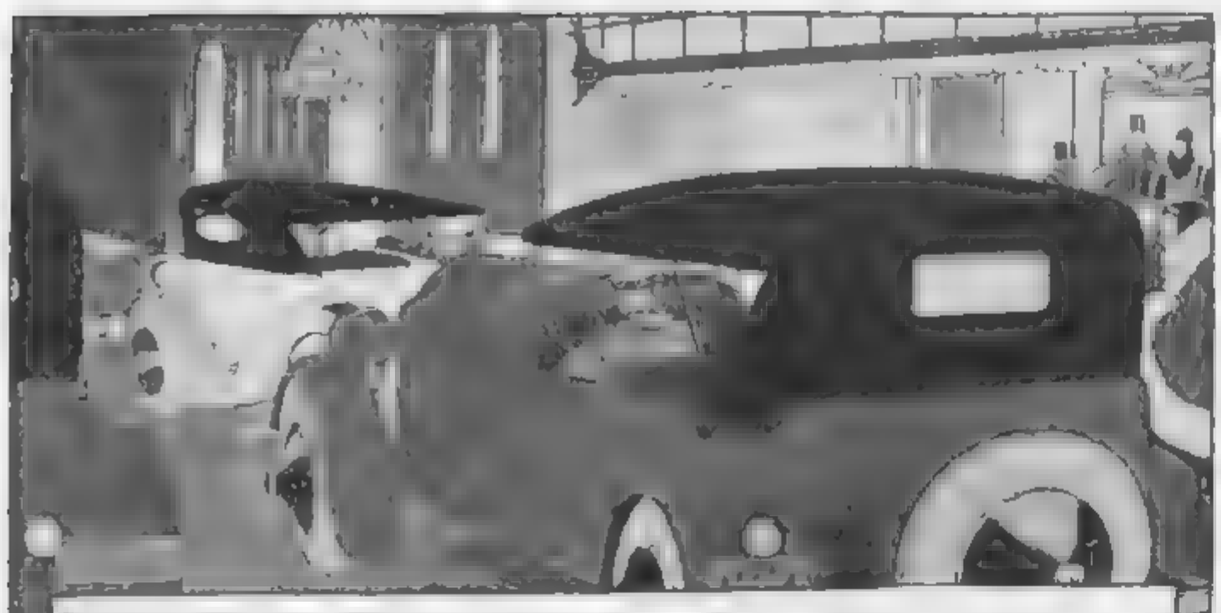
GARAGE VISES

Designed for Car Owners

HERE'S a real garage vise, specially designed for car owners' needs. Made of unbreakable, malleable iron and steel, with 3 inch jaws. Note the handy little anvil and the swivel base which make it the most convenient and useful garage vise ever built. The United States army has bought 40,000 of these vises for field equipment—that's how good it is, and it's made by the largest makers of vises and anvils in the world.

Ask your hardware dealer for a Columbian Garage Vise—or we will send you one postpaid anywhere in the United States for $5

The Columbian Hardware Co. Cleveland



NEVERLEEK — the Standard Top Material on Smartest Cars

Styles in motor cars reflect a marked improvement in body and top designing. Ultra-simplicity with cleaner, straighter lines, is the keynote.

With this refinement, the leadership of NEVERLEEK Top Material becomes more and more dominant. NEVERLEEK lends itself to good designing. It tailors perfectly. Its richness and beauty are permanent.

NEVERLEEK Top Material is regular equipment on more than fifty high-grade cars and is used by good top-makers for replacement and re-covering. Samples and Booklet on request.

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach Street BOSTON

NEVERLEEK TOP MATERIAL

969 Woodward Ave. DETROIT

2IN1 SHOE POLISHES

SAVE THE LEATHER

Liquids and Pastes For Black, White, Tan and Oxblood (dark brown) Shoes.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

THE F.F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS LTD. BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON CANADA

fashion. The head of the firm promptly protested to the head of the rival concern, who promised that an immediate stop would be put to the letters. But the letters did not stop. Then the authorities of the Stock Exchange were notified, and the concern was ordered to discharge the offending employee.

Wall Street has long had this evil to contend with, even in high places. Young men will work for a prominent concern for a meager salary or perhaps none at all. Then after a year or two they will turn up in the employ of a rival concern at a large salary. The suspicion is that they have carried over in their heads, if in no more tangible form, the names, resources and peculiarities of some of their first employer's best customers.

A few years ago a Wall Street house was suspended for a year from the Stock Exchange because it paid an under clerk a salary of eighteen thousand dollars a year, which salary of course was only a blind for certain classes of business brought to the house. Naturally any man, young or old, who can bring valuable business to a new concern in a wholly legitimate manner either should be taken into partnership or advanced in rank. Exorbitant remuneration for men who remain in low positions usually has only one meaning.

Honest Lists from Honest Sellers

It would be foolish to claim that no supposedly reputable firm ever bought what it knew to be a stolen list of customers, but there are many concerns whose standards of ethics in this matter are of the highest. One of the most peculiar cases had to do with two houses that were directly competitive. Each of them happened to be selling a special type of bond the coupons on which, because of an administrative ruling of the Treasury Department, did not have to be accompanied by the usual ownership certificate. But as this fact was not generally known to all banks and investors the coupons usually came in accompanied by the certificates containing the names of bondholders. As the certificates were not required by the Bureau of Internal Revenue the clerk in the firm who received incoming coupons merely threw the certificates into the wastebasket without looking at them.

Another clerk saw this going on day after day and finally arranged with the office building's waste-paper collector to turn all the little slips over to him. From these he made up a list of twelve hundred of the firm's customers and offered it for sale to the rival house, which immediately reported the incident to his employer. Unfortunately for the young man he had involved himself in more than a question of brokerage ethics, for he was reported to the Treasury Department, and he spent three days in jail.

But of course the vast majority of lists used by promoters and brokers, especially of the reputable variety, are not stolen. Most of them are bought in perfect good faith as far as the purchaser is concerned, and the great majority of lists in fact are made up without much element or taint of theft in them.

Lists of prospective investors can be bought as openly as a straw hat. I have before me a price catalogue of a well-known concern that offers more than eight thousand separate lists of prospective purchasers, of which several thousand are of a financial and investment character. This list company does an enormous business, having fully thirty thousand customers for its lists. It is engaged also in the addressing business and has an addressing capacity of several hundred thousand pieces of mail matter a day. It occupies nearly an entire building and has been in business almost ninety years.

This concern offers for sale lists of stockholders in more than five hundred of the best-known corporations, and odd lots of investors and stockholders of every description. Among them are Canadian investors, women investors, lists of stockholders classified by the general nature of the securities they are interested in, and lists of investors worth from five thousand to one million dollars, in geographical sections, individual states, principal cities and towns.

Among its offerings are 15,000 stockholders in large oil companies; 1014 owners of gold-mine stocks in Greater New York; 2500 investors in food enterprises east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers; 1025 wealthy investors in munition stocks in Indiana, Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin; 5130 medium and well-to-do holders of mining and oil stocks east of the Mississippi; 247 rajahs and princes of India; 2015 wealthy Catholics; 248 multimillionaires; 1002 wealthy heiresses; and so on ad infinitum.

This list company will prepare any special type of list, and only rarely is it stumped by a request. A brokerage firm wished to circularize retired sea captains with bonds of a shipping company, and asked for a list of retired salts.

"We have no retired sea captains," came the reply, "but we can give you a list of thirty-seven seashell gatherers."

"That reminds me of the telephone operator," said the manager of the brokerage house in relating the incident. "I asked her for 486-W; and she replied that it was busy, but she could give me 496-W."

The prices for names have a wide range, anywhere from half a cent apiece to twenty-five cents. It is said that name brokers of the more shady and mysterious variety that one finds near the curb market and in the crowds along Nassau Street, New York, ask a high price for lists of persons who have already bought low-priced mining and oil stocks. Naturally the regular, reputable list companies do not advertise any such names for sale. The price of an entire list will range anywhere from one dollar and a half up to several hundred dollars. Many lists can be bought for fifteen dollars or even less. I have been offered the names of 3500 Minneapolis bank stockholders for five dollars, marked down from eight dollars.

A man in the treasurer's office of a Pennsylvania town once offered a friend of mine the names of five thousand local or near-by security owners for ten dollars. I recently received a letter offering 1200 names—600 stockholders of local banks, 300 holders of mortgages and 300 citizens of means—for ten dollars.

At least one of the largest of the addressing and list-selling agencies will not guarantee its lists unless absolutely compelled to do so. Yet it had a record of ninety-seven to ninety-nine per cent accurate on its financial lists up to the time of the influenza epidemic. According to one of the managers of the concern the increased death rate, together no doubt with the changes in addresses due to the war, reduced the accuracy of the lists by one or two per cent.

How Accuracy Pays

Naturally it is of the utmost importance for brokers and promoters to obtain as accurate lists as possible. People always like to be addressed not only by their right name but with the right combination of first and middle names. If a man always signs himself as Blankety B. Smith he does not like to be addressed as B. Blank Smith. It is said that as high as fourteen per cent better results are obtained from an absolutely accurate list than from one in which first and middle names and initials are carelessly handled.

What the larger and more reputable list companies prefer to do is to sell a bond or brokerage house a list of, say, ten thousand names of people with a given amount of wealth or over. For speculative and low-price stocks the list companies always recommend names of people with five thousand dollars or a little more. For the sale of gilt-edged investment propositions they recommend a list of people having fifty thousand dollars; and for the sale of large blocks of stock they suggest their more select groups, people with one hundred thousand dollars and more and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and more. This cold-blooded business advice from those with the most experience is incidentally a sad commentary on the way in which people of small and moderate means fall prey to speculative stocks.

Though prices vary, a brokerage house can secure an excellent list of 10,000 names of people with some means for less than two hundred dollars. The wise procedure for a brokerage house is to spend several hundred dollars additional in analyzing this list, cutting out the names of other brokers and bankers, adding names and gradually revising the names until they become of real service. At the end of four or five years it is time perhaps to buy in another ten-thousand-name list.

The more reputable list companies keep their prices far higher than the less responsible concerns and individuals who merely

(Continued on Page 45)

[Scenes from "Tom Sawyer"]
"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little"

Here's better Washwear for real boys

Real boys in Tom Sawyer Washwear always look well dressed, tailored, handsome. But more important, their Tom Sawyer Washwear will wear and *wear* and holds its style after repeated washings.

As soon as you see Tom Sawyer Washwear you notice how much better it is in every particular. The cloth is much stronger and more durable. The coloring is rich, even and fast. Patterns are new—the kind regular boys like. Skilled tailoring shows in the fit. Collars "set" right; sleeves hang properly; coat and pants are right length. Cuffs fit the wrist. Every garment is roomy where it should be and reinforced where strains come. Yokes are double. Hems and sleeve outlets are deep. The good looking buttons are extra strong and sewn on to stay. Buttonholes are made to hold. Even the belts, ties, and trimmings show real quality.

Tom Sawyer Washwear includes many styles, many colors, many patterns. All first quality—all guaranteed. Prices no higher than you usually pay.

BLOUSES—4 to 16 years
SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10
RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8
JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9
ROMPERS—3 to 8
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8

See Tom Sawyer Washwear when shopping next. If your dealer hasn't it yet, we will tell you of a handy store.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away

ELDER MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY DALLAS LOS ANGELES

Tom Sawyer

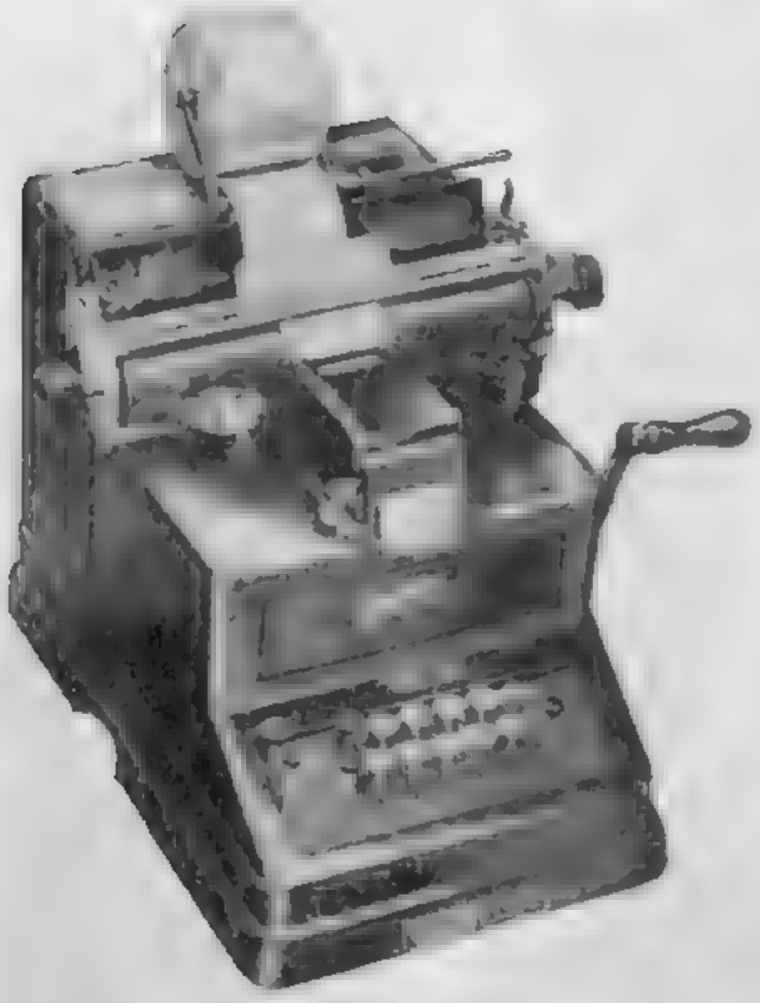
"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

A simpler, faster, adding machine which multiplies as easily as it adds

The whole world of figures in only 10 keys—one for each numeral Column selection is eliminated—machine puts each figure into proper column automatically

"The Dalton will check an invoice like this in 35 seconds"

Making every multiplication and addition and furnishing a physical audit of work performed.



Most figure work, especially in the retail store or one-man office, is done mentally or with pencil and paper because the ordinary adding machine is not an efficient *calculating* machine. The Dalton is an efficient all-around adding-listing-calculating machine *combined.*

The invoice above is typical of a retail hardware store. It involves a series of nine multiplications and two additional totals. The Dalton will check such an invoice in 35 seconds. Any business, large or small, has such work as proving invoices, preparing estimates, figuring sales, costs, profits, all involving *calculating.*

The Dalton gives the double service of a simpler, faster adding machine which multiplies as easily as it adds, thereby fitting the needs of business better by giving the retailer or one-man office a figuring machine which he himself can use and which will *add, subtract, multiply* and *divide.*

Hundreds of corporations have standardized on Daltons and use them in sales, cost, statistical and shipping departments. No special operator is required—the drudgery of calculating or adding is reduced to pleasant recreation, and as for speed in straight addition or multiplication—the Dalton has no equal.

Dalton efficiency is due to the fact that the machine does the work heretofore done by the operator. Only 10 keys, one for each numeral. Column selection is eliminated—the Dalton puts each figure into its proper column *automatically.*

For straight adding and listing it has no equal. Dalton operators figure by Touch Method entirely, without looking at the keys.

Have a Demonstration

We will prove by demonstration in any office in America that the Dalton will figure the above invoice *in 35 seconds,* making every multiplication and addition and delivering a physical audit of work performed. Request this of any Dalton Sales Agent in the hundred leading cities—look for "Dalton" in your phone book.

Descriptive catalog by mail upon request.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE CO.
423 Beech Street (Norwood) Cincinnati, O.
Representatives for Canada—
The United Typewriter Company, Toronto, and its branches

Choice of 50,000 Users

The Pickands Mather Co. of Cleveland has over 30 Daltons. Harry Wetzel Assistant Manager of the Dock Department says: "For 8 years we have been using the Dalton Adding Machine—getting new equipment as the need arose, until now we have over 30 of them doing various kinds of work.

"Daltons are used in separate departments by everybody—a beginner can do almost as fast work as an old hand. After little practice an operator can use the Touch System exclusively."

Dalton ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

(Continued from Page 42)

peddle lists in an occasional or itinerant fashion. High prices keep lists out of the hands of a few of the swindlers, though it must be confessed that the more successful of this gentry are willing to pay well. But another effect of high prices is to keep a list from becoming such common property as to be worthless. If names of people worth fifty thousand dollars or more were sold at, say, three dollars a thousand every fly-by-night brokerage firm in Wall Street would buy them. By keeping the price at ten dollars and up a certain amount of exclusiveness is maintained.

From just what sources lists of wealthy investors are made up is not of course generally known. It is more or less a trade secret. The most obvious and probably the most important sources of information are the tax lists and the real-estate holdings, both of which are open to public inspection with practically no restrictions. Many bond houses and no doubt many speculative stock houses would like to secure lists of bondholders and savings-bank depositors. These, however, can be had only by theft. It would be too confiding and innocent of me to assert that they can never be purchased, but they are exceedingly rare and hard to get.

A great selling point in favor of bonds is the almost complete privacy and anonymity of the investment. Very little has been said about this subject in investment literature, but every bond salesman knows that it is a talking point over stocks, the ownership of which may become common public knowledge at any moment. Even local tax assessors are able to locate the ownership of only a fraction of all bonds. No concern, organization or individual in this country has any degree of success in finding them except the Bureau of Internal Revenue. As for the list-selling agencies, they frankly take the stand that the only way to reach bond buyers in any sort of circularizing or selling campaign is to go after people who are known to be worth about one hundred thousand dollars or over; or perhaps fifty thousand dollars or over.

Bond houses have often tried to develop new bond buyers by circularizing the stockholders of the very companies whose bonds were being sold. I have not investigated this particular subject far enough to generalize, but one large bond house is authority for the statement that such methods have brought only paltry results. Evidently the bondholder and the stockholder are two different species of animal.

The list agencies often receive impossible requests. They are asked to furnish the name of one man or woman who will surely buy an interest in a business or a large block of stock. They can only reply that they do not know of any such individual, but they are reasonably certain that the circularization of a list of, say, a thousand persons worth one hundred thousand dollars or over will bring four or five replies out of which at least one will purchase.

Corporation Blackmailing

Whether the more reputable list agencies make an extensive use of stockholders' names in making up the lists of persons of wealth I have been unable to discover. But whatever the more reputable agencies may do it is a matter of common knowledge in the financial world that a large proportion of all the names of persons who are circularized by questionable stock promoters and brokers are obtained in the last analysis from the stock books of the large corporations.

Now though the right of a stockholder to inspect the stock books of a corporation is seated deep in the old common law of both England and this country, and is often exercised for wholly legitimate purposes, it is also so frequently associated with blackmail and other practices of the financial underworld that the whole subject has become at once troublesome, complicated and disagreeable.

It has long been the custom for persons whose ethical distinctions were not of the most delicate and sensitive order to buy one share of stock in a corporation, then demand the right to inspect the books; and to sell the names copied off. It is also common—in fact an everyday practice—for blackmailers and swindlers to get access to the stock books of large corporations in order to circularize the stockholders. This activity takes two forms. The blackmailer, of which there are one or two who have reached a high degree of success and distinction in their occupation, tells the stockholders that the management of the company is up to some trickery, some form of *ultra vires*, which will ruin the company if continued. This cheering news usually comes when the company is engaged in new financing, in the sale of a bond issue, stock issue or perhaps when a merger is under way.

Of course the blackmailer succeeds in frightening a few of the smaller stockholders, perhaps enough to upset the deal. Then the management either buys him off or fights him through the courts. The best known of these gentlemen is very shrewd. He does not allow himself as a rule to be caught accepting any common vulgar blackmail money. He values his stock in the company very highly indeed, usually at many times its market value. So after much eloquent and pious negotiation with attorneys who do not represent the company itself—that would be too crude—but who consent to act as friendly go-betweens in behalf of the company's attorneys he sells his stock at an enormous price to a third party. Then of course the circularizing stops.

But the blackmailer retains a peculiar advantage: Even after he has been bought off he keeps the list of stockholders, which he can sell for cash or use on a later occasion.

The petty stock swindler works in a different manner. He obtains a list of stockholders when the affairs of the company are at a crisis. If the crisis is one of prosperity he may offer the stockholders shares in a company of similar name in the hope of confusing them, as already related in detail earlier in this article. More often, however, he tells the stockholders that prosperous as the company appears to be the insiders have already taken the cream off of it and that the small holders had better sell and buy his stuff.

Stock Ledger Tactics

Of course if the crisis is one of adversity rather than prosperity his course is easy. He merely reminds the stockholders of their troubles and suggests a switch into whatever flubdub stock he happens to be selling at the moment.

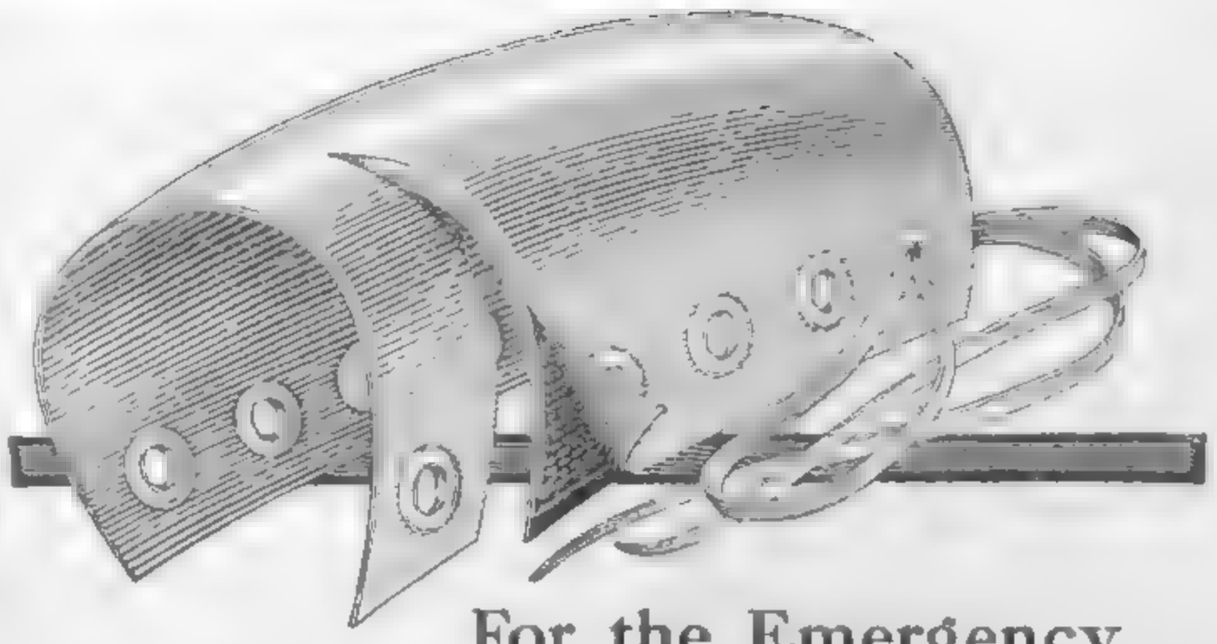
In one state the law provided that a stockholder who was refused permission to inspect the stock books of a corporation might collect damages of fifty dollars a day for each day he was kept out. As a result an especially low form of crook developed who made a point of demanding an inspection of stock books of companies which for some reason could not conveniently keep books on hand, merely to get the fifty dollars penalty. This particular state required that foreign companies having offices in the state keep a stock book there. One foreign company had only a sales branch in the state, which form of office was not what the framers of the law had in mind and in which no one would ever find a stock book. Nevertheless the company was pestered by crooks who thought they might get the fifty dollars penalty by being refused admission to the nonexistent stock books.

Corporations often have to resort to all manner of tricks to protect themselves from blackmailers. A favorite device is to transfer a share of stock to a clerk and put him at work upon the books copying off names. Then when a parasite comes along with his share of stock in hand demanding admission he can be told that the books are his as soon as the stockholder now engaged upon them finishes; which incidentally will not be soon.

But of course it would never do either in theory or in practice to abrogate the privilege and right which a stockholder has of inspecting the stock ledger. It would place a minority interest absolutely at the mercy of the majority and the management. It would give the management dangerous and autocratic powers. Corporations have been bled so often by blackmailers that they often instinctively protect their stock ledgers to the limit even against legitimate inspection.

If the law gave them further protection the entire theory that a corporation is a democracy would go by the board.

A few years ago it was proposed in New York State to amend the law so that stock lists could not be used by brokers at all in circularizing customers. A loud howl went up at once from the more reputable of the brokers, especially those in high-class



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This cut-open view shows its superior construction. See how the multiple plies form an extra strong side-wall. Note the extra thickness of the tread.

Ajax H. Q. Hook-On Boot

Same boot in hook-on form for those who prefer it—with special hooks for either clincher or straight side type tires.

The line of Ajax H. Q. Tire Accessories is complete. It is better built by the makers of Ajax Tires and is sold by the best dealers everywhere.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
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Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

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TIRE ACCESSORIES

VINDEX Shirts are Bosom Friends—and you'll be happy to meet VINDEX Athletic Underwear. Ask your dealer.

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The Florsheim Shoe

EVERY day thousands of men step into a new pair of "Florsheims," knowing that superior quality gives satisfaction in comfort, service and appearance. You can be sure of good shoes when you buy "Florsheims."

Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

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Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

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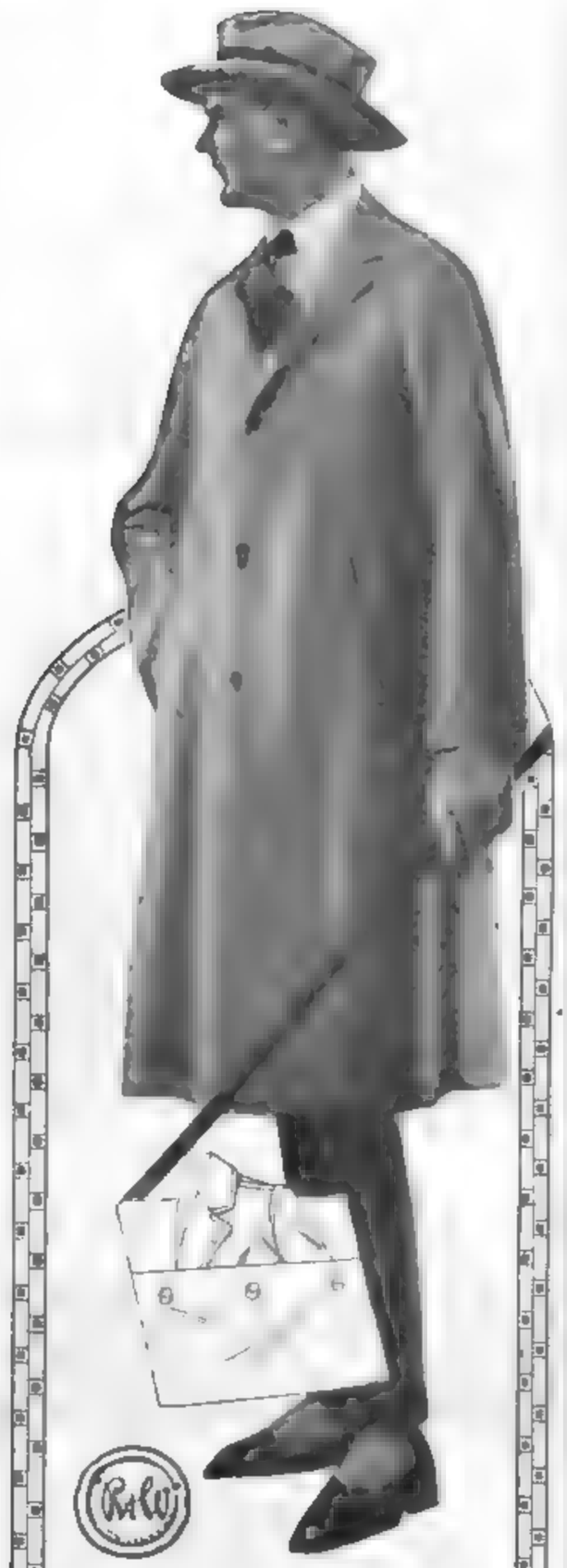

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The "R & W" No-wate has fair weather style and rainy day protection.

It weighs only 32 ounces, pure worsted, and packs like a folded newspaper into a flat envelope made of the same goods.

A fine coat for travel and motoring.

Protect yourself—Look for the "R & W" label. At your dealer's.

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stocks which are not listed on the Stock Exchange. It appeared that the only market in these stocks was made by a few firms which either bought lists of the stockholders or by acquiring one share obtained the right to copy the books. The market was made by these firms by writing to all stockholders offering either to buy or sell.

It further appeared that in cases where these brokerage firms could not obtain such lists the small stockholders were utterly at the mercy of the directors or other insiders. In the case of one company it is said that the insiders quietly bought up all the stock from small holders at the beginning of the war at a few hundred dollars a share and later sold it at an enormous advance. The brokers had an inkling as to the real value of the stock and tried frantically to locate some of it so as to make a market. But as they had great difficulty in getting lists of stockholders they were not able to make much headway. When these facts were brought to the attention of the state authorities the bill which would have prevented practically all commercial use of stockholders' lists if it had become law was promptly killed.

Dummy Stockholders

It has been suggested that if stock lists were made public like the ownership of real estate, the names of partners in firms, local tax assessments and the like, all the nuisance as well as the mystery of the thing would disappear. But modern corporations have so many stockholders, the personnel of which, as it were, changes so rapidly, that it is almost impossible in the case of corporations whose stock is at all speculative to draw up even a reasonably accurate list.

It usually happens that the stockholders' lists most in demand are of the least value when obtained. When a corporation is going through great changes either in the direction of financial difficulties or markedly increased prosperity, or when the value of the assets is an unknown quantity, there is sure to be a rapid shifting of ownership. This is especially true of any company whose stock is exceedingly active on the Stock Exchange relative to the size of the company. It would be a safe guess that an inspection of the stock books of the Mexican Petroleum Company, whose shares have been so abnormally active for months past, would reveal but little as to the real identity of the owners.

Indeed through the use of blank or street certificates the actual ownership of a large part of a certain corporation's capital stock had changed hands forty times as rapidly in a period of a month or more on the Stock Exchange as on the transfer books of the company itself. In other words the books might show that John Jones owned a thousand shares, while in reality thirty-nine other owners have held that particular block of stock since John Jones enjoyed possession.

A few years ago a railroad system was headed straight toward receivership. A broker of reforming tendencies went after the concern in an effort to straighten out its affairs, and his first step was to obtain a list of stockholders. But he was bitterly disappointed when at last he got it, for the list was full of dummies and brokerage names. The real owners were not revealed at all.

Prominent capitalists rarely object to holding large blocks of stable investment stocks in their own names. This is especially true of bank stocks which show little change from year to year. The list of shareholders of the stronger banks in a city are simply a list of the richest and most solid capitalists. At the annual meeting of one of the largest trust companies in New York City a few weeks ago not a single dummy appeared on the books.

But when it comes to a speculative oil company, even a big one, we have quite a different attitude to contend with. Prominent men may not care to advertise their speculative ventures. Thus big blocks of stock are put in the names of clerks—dummies—or in brokerage names. It is then so much easier to buy and sell or shift one's holdings round without attracting attention. It may be easier also to borrow upon them, and when important financial plans are under way it may be unwise to have the identity of the main stockholding interest apparent to all the world. When a group of capitalists is buying control of a company it rarely discloses its identity at first, but acts through brokers, lawyers, dummies, and the like.

Practically all stock that is being carried on margin by brokerage offices for speculators is carried by means of blank or street certificates, which do not show the true ownership on the books of the corporation. The use of street certificates is probably on the increase, though as individual corporations become less speculative and more solid their lists of stockholders from time to time reveal fewer and fewer brokerage names and more and more names of real owners. This has been especially true in recent years of the United States Steel Corporation, which in the early years of its formation appeared to be entirely owned by brokerage houses.

Great blocks of stock are carried by banks, trust companies and banking firms for trust estates. The true ownership of these rarely appears on the books. Estates can be settled and property under them transferred far more rapidly when the securities are in the names of the banking or brokerage concerns or of individual dummies.

Judging from the records much the richest individuals in the country are not the greatest bankers and capitalists and similar well-known men, but a small group of clerks who act as dummies for them and for the larger banking concerns in New York.

It is difficult indeed even for sophisticated persons in Wall Street to trace these dummies. Several of them live in suburbs of New York and are careful not to have their names in the city directory; or if they live in the city only their residential address is given. Even when the dummies are traced to their lair the investigator may not be much better off. Just for the fun of it I once traced one man who holds 76,000 shares of Pennsylvania, 13,300 Southern Pacific, 24,000 Union Pacific, 51,666 Great Northern, 15,000 Atchison and 50,220 Northern Pacific to a certain great international banking firm. But what was the use? He may have represented the head of the firm or he may have held the stock for any one of a score of clients of the firm, individuals, trust estates, families, and the like. There was no way of finding out.

It thus appears that a list of stockholders in a large corporation is not altogether an open sesame for the promoter and broker who has something to sell. Indeed in the state of Massachusetts it is a great source of irritation, for though the law makes it easy to get lists, no addresses go with the names. The fact that John Jones is a stockholder in a big Massachusetts company is not at all interesting unless you know where he lives.

Quantity, Not Quality

But all these obstacles, mysteries and technicalities which surround the identity of stockholders do not prevent the stock promoter from getting at hundreds of thousands of small investors through this medium. The wealthy capitalist may conceal his identity through dummies, and the Wall Street speculator may be concealed behind the name of his broker. But the names of great numbers of stockholders are available, despite all the obstacles; and after all, what the peddler of cheap promotion stocks is after is quantity rather than quality. He goes through his lists from A to Z with little or no discrimination or analysis. His circulars go even to the water works or gas house; all he wants is a sufficiently large number of small bites.

"But," is the objection raised, "I am not a stockholder in any corporation, yet I am being pestered with get-rich-quick literature which I never asked for. I never even asked them for the booklet which they advertise, for I knew that such a request would give the promoter a chance for a vast one-sided correspondence. Why, then, should they hit upon me?"

Well, there has been an amazing democratization in the last few years in the process of reaching the small but reckless investor. It is simply the reverse or doubtful side of the wholesale methods that were used in the great Liberty Bond drives. The story of it can be told best by using a specific case:

A large concern of promoters engaged an addressing and listing company about three years ago to send out to two hundred and fifty thousand names circular matter concerning a stock promotion. These names were to be carefully chosen from what the list company calls the "middle class"—that is, people worth five thousand to ten thousand dollars. The promotion firm gave specific orders not to circularize anyone worth more than ten thousand dollars.

Then for some historic reason, which painstaking investigation ought in time to dig into, the promoters decided that though the campaign was successful an easier method was merely to use the telephone. This was two or three years ago, since which time the use of the phone has increased enormously. It has become one of the greatest financial nuisances and pests in the country.

Along with this method of roping them in by wire goes the use of the telegram. Of course reputable brokerage firms use the telephone and telegraph, especially in emergencies, to reach their customers. The distinguishing mark of the dubious game is the wholesale telephoning and telegraphing to persons who have never heard of the promoters or brokers. If the ordinary customs of legitimate business are followed brokers rarely telegraph or telephone to entire strangers. That is exactly what the seekers after reckless investment money have been doing for a couple of years now on a gigantic scale.

Though no doubt these roping-them-in-by-wire operators are using to some extent lists that they already possessed, the peculiar and significant feature of their present operations is what appears to be their dependence upon the city directory and telephone book. In other words the people of the country have become so opulent in the opinion of these experts that anyone whose name is in a telephone directory probably has enough money to buy a few shares of cheap-quality stock.

Selling by Wire

The essential feature of almost every telephone stock-selling talk, the core of it in fact, is the effort to place about two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stock. The natural instinct of any person of rudimentary common sense who is asked by an utter stranger over the wire to buy unknown stock is to back away from the conversation. This instinct is offset, however, by the readiness of the salesman to accept such a small sum.

"We don't care whether you buy a hundred thousand shares or only a hundred"—at fifty cents a share—says the salesman. "Your name has been given to us as a prominent citizen of —— And all we want to do is to interest you in this proposition. What we want to do is to treat you right. We want you to get in right."

"But I have no money to invest now," replies the prominent citizen. "All my capital is tied up in the coal business and, besides, I am saving for the next Liberty Loan."

"But haven't you two hundred dollars to spare?" asks the salesman in a surprised voice.

"Why, yes," admits the prominent citizen, somewhat piqued at the idea that he cannot scrape together two hundred dollars.

Of course the round amount of two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars has been hit upon by the peddlers of reckless stocks simply because that is about the average Liberty Bond subscription the country over, and it is assumed that anyone who can afford a telephone has that amount of Liberty Bonds at least.

Of course there is a large element of waste salesmanship in the wholesale, indiscriminate use of the telephone. The more sophisticated people naturally resent being disturbed by total strangers trying to sell them totally strange stocks. There is a certain suggestion of disgusting familiarity in calling a person a "client," as these telephone ropers do, who has never heard of either the firm or its wares before. Some of these operators even have the gall to summon people to public phones when they have no phone of their own.

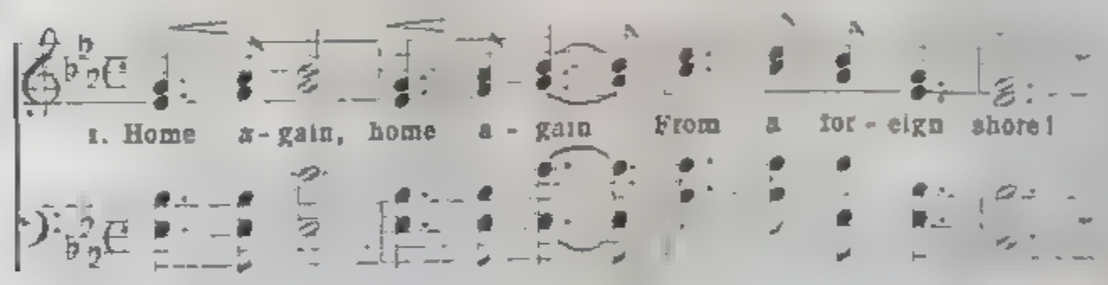
But no doubt vast quantities of questionable stocks are really being sold by this method. Though of course any person has the legal right to refuse to receive either a telegraphic or telephonic message, relatively few persons actually do refuse to listen. Business men who would not even see a stock salesman and who would throw letters and circulars into the waste basket will read telegrams and listen to phone messages merely because of the novelty, curiosity and superb nerve of the thing. It is a quick method of salesmanship and it has the effect in many cases of stampeding people into buying.

(Concluded on Page 49)

"Home Again"—played with feeling
—your feeling—on the

AEOLIAN-VOCALION

THE PHONOGRAPH THAT IS DISTINCTIVE AND SUPERIOR



JUST a simple, homely old song. Familiar to us all—to some of us half forgotten. Yet in music's beautiful manner, it carries us back to days long fled—to dear old school-days—to the time, perhaps, when the Boys in Blue were coming Home!

Today, the melody goes just as straight to the heart as it did when the song was new.

The words have never been so meaningful as now, when, their weary home-sick days forgotten — crowned with Victory and Honor, the Boys in *Brown* are coming Home!

The Distinctive Phonograph

THE Vocalion record of "Home Again," sung by the Shannon Male Quartette, has the wonderful *realness* of tone which characterizes all of the Vocalion records. But whether your choice be voice, instrument or full orchestra, you may, by the simple manipulation of an exclusive Vocalion feature called the Graduola, *play the music as you like best to hear it.* The gamut of musical expression, from ringing bravura to the most delicate echo, is at the command of your finger-tips.

The Superior Phonograph

THE tone-quality of a musical instrument rests with the individuals behind the development of that instrument. The same organization that is responsible for the Aeolian Pipe Organ, the Steinway and Weber Duo-Art Pianola Pianos, and the Weber, Steck, Wheelock and Stroud pianofortes, is responsible for the development of the Aeolian-Vocalion. The brains and time of the leading musical and scientific experts of America have been used without stint in perfecting the tonal purity of this phonograph.

Consistent with the tone-superiority of the Aeolian-Vocalion is the remarkable case design and workmanship. From the modest $50 Style 100 to the most ornate of the sixteen handsome Period Models, the care exhibited in the building and finishing of the cases is a fitting indication of the painstaking skill expended upon the more vital *musical* qualities of the Vocalion.

The *Universal Tone-Arm* permits one to play all the phonographic music of the world, and the Vocalion plays every record with a new beauty and fineness.

Aeolian-Vocalion prices are:
Conventional Models from $50;
with Graduola from $115.
Period Models from $240.

"To say that music is becoming more and more a vital part of American life, is stating the fact but weakly. It is like the breaking of a glorious dawn—that wonderful wave of music that is spreading over our land

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

LONDON PARIS MADRID MELBOURNE

Makers of the Duo-Art Pianola
Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

Canadian Distributors—
The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, Ltd.
Toronto

Milk Products of Guaranteed Purity

PURITY in all food products is essential. Purity in Milk Products is *vital* to the health and welfare of the nation.

Purity—guaranteed purity—is the basis of all Borden Products. This purity is protected at the source, rigidly maintained during the manufacture, and *guaranteed* to you when you open the package in your home.

Be sure you specify Borden's—the Nation's Milk since 1857.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Established 1857
Borden Building New York

Borden's EAGLE BRAND | Borden's Evaporated Milk | Borden's MALTED MILK

(Concluded from Page 46)

These telephone stock operators are making an especial drive in the suburban and rural districts. Mr. Smith is told by the local telephone office that New York or Philadelphia or Chicago is calling him. It is the first time in his life that Mr. Smith has ever received a call from any such metropolis. He is impressed in spite of himself. It makes him feel important. It tickles his vanity. It makes him feel that he is a real business man. And when the fact is borne in mind that tens of thousands of people who have been summoned by long-distance calls in this fashion are neither important nor real business men the impressiveness of this form of appeal can be the better realized.

Nor are workingwomen on small wages neglected by this forced-draft salesmanship. One young woman of my acquaintance working for a relatively small salary was called up five times from a city forty miles distant. Finally to get rid of the annoyance of being called away from her work so often she bought one share of an unknown stock from an unknown salesman for eight dollars. Incidentally the stock is now worthless.

The curious feature was that though the firm did not know her, had never heard from her, had never seen her and had no way of knowing whether she was rich or poor, they spent two dollars in phone charges alone to sell her one share at eight dollars, and they seemed pleased at having made the sale at that. No wonder when one considers the worthlessness of the stock.

The answer is simple. It lies in the fact that the class of stocks being sold in this wholesale, promiscuous fashion is cheap, new, promotion shares of absolutely unknown value and which cost the promoter originally from one-tenth to one-quarter what he peddles or retails them out for. What if his telephone charges do run up toward half a million dollars a year? If he can buy a block of stock for a million or so and sell it for five million almost any overhead expense is justified.

Letting in Small Investors

Almost every new promoter that comes along tries to persuade the public that he has a way to democratize investments. He always tells the public that the rich have heretofore kept the good things to themselves, leaving to the little fellow only the savings-bank deposit with its low rate of interest, or stocks which have no merit at all. But the new promoter says that he has solved the problem. He is offering something that is safe and profitable. He has an idea, a plan, a system, which he names after his firm.

But it is the same old bunk game. The reason he can afford to spend several dollars in telephoning a perfect stranger in an effort to sell a few hundred dollars' worth of stock, though reputable brokers do not feel that they can afford such an expense unless previous relations with a client warrant it, is simply because he is selling a cheap class of promotion goods that cost him almost nothing.

It is a serious question whether any way has yet been found of merchandising small lots of high-class stocks or bonds without loss. Of course the reputable broker will accept small orders, but that is because he hopes the account may grow into a large one. A concern which takes practically nothing but hundred-dollar orders for stock, excepting, of course, the few large reputable and well-known odd-lots brokers, has either discovered a new genius at merchandising who is as yet unknown to the richest and ablest men in the country or else it is merely up to the old, old game of unloading questionable stuff.

Of course one great advantage in selling stock over the telephone to utter strangers is that the customer cannot prove anything against the promoter. Unless the customer has someone else listening in on the wire he cannot prove what the salesman has promised; and even if he is wise enough to have a listener in he cannot prove who made the promise at the other end. This method of salesmanship renders it possible for the promoter to make much more rosy promises and take much longer chances than otherwise.

There are many reasons why the promoters of dubious stock are employing advertising less and salesmanship more. For one thing the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have exposed faker after faker. Then, too, during the war the Capital Issues Committee got after many of them. Perhaps the chief reason lies in the enforced ban upon get-rich-quick advertising during the Liberty Loans. Several concerns have recently built up a really enormous business with practically no advertising.

A number of these concerns have combined to organize schools for their salesmen. These salesmen are paid as high as three hundred dollars a week, though many of them are only boys. One such concern was visited some months ago by a lawyer who was acting in behalf of an irate customer. While waiting to see the partners the lawyer entered into conversation with a nineteen-year-old salesman who yawningly remarked: "I never work for less than two hundred dollars a week."

One of the largest concerns now operating seeks absolutely no newspaper advertising. Indeed it carefully shuns publicity. Its merchandising method is simplicity itself. It hires enormous numbers of salesmen from other lines, ex-life-insurance solicitors, and the like, and turns them loose at once upon their friends and acquaintances. It practically says to them:

"Go to your relatives and confiding friends and ask them to help you by purchasing shares that are of questionable value and which have no market at all."

It is said that the salesmen for this firm are sucked dry, or rather suck their friends dry, in ninety days on the average. At any rate the average life of a salesman for this concern is said to be only ninety days. Compare this with the practice of the reputable bond or stock house which usually does not put salesmen on the road until after they have had many months or even years of experience and training in the office, and which keeps them for a lifetime. Of course the same man cannot sell questionable goods from the same house to the same customer twice.

It would seem as if persons who had once purchased worthless stock would exercise abnormal care in avoiding future ventures. But as already stated, such does not seem to be the case. Evidently the reason for the second venture is a desire to make a killing that will reimburse for the first loss. The investor knows that an ordinarily safe investment will not pay enough to make up for past folly but he hopes that a wild gamble will do it.

Possibly this trait accounts in part for the ease with which promoters sell to the public over and over, even after repeated jail sentences. One of these gentry in recent years has had uncanny success in his repeated operations and curb-market manipulations. He appears to be down and out at the present moment, but prediction in his case is dangerous. In his last reincarnation or appearance on earth, so to speak, he gathered in big money not only from scores of thousands of unsophisticated persons but curiously enough he sold stock to great numbers of professional Wall Street men.

Brokers Caught Too

This particular operator had always maintained a boiling market on the New York Curb—or open street—for his wares. The Wall Street people had the feeling that they could take a flyer with him and get out ahead of the general run of lambs. They thought that the operator would let them make a profit and get out before he went broke himself for the steenth time. But they were unmercifully fooled and are obliged to take their losses without a word. For it would be altogether too embarrassing to admit that they were caught by such a notorious character.

The exploits of this particular individual have been written up literally hundreds of times in newspapers and magazines of national circulation. Yet a prominent government official who was instrumental in bringing about the last of his numerous arrests ventured the opinion that only a few of his "clients" really knew anything about the man's record. Whether such great numbers of the American people are as crassly ignorant as this or whether they really are perfectly willing knowingly to wager their speculative bets upon such a man it is difficult to say.

It must be remembered that these clever promoters are often helped by expert journalistic talent. The operator in question is said to have paid numbers of really able newspaper men to write for him. Another sad fact is the way in which these promoters occasionally take into their employ men who have been engaged in city, county, state or Federal Government work. In other words our quack financiers and promoters are often well advised.

The persistence of the individual promoter is simply amazing. There is a weekly periodical in New York City which prints on the average two lengthy financial exposures a week. Yet I am sure that the publishers would not pretend that they are able to keep count of every single revival of an experienced financial faker under a new name. There is absolutely nothing except exposures of this sort, which have a relatively limited circulation and rarely get into the daily papers, to prevent almost any promoter with unsavory record from forming a new brokerage firm under a new name and soliciting business.

One of the largest and most notorious firms of dealers in doubtful "outside" securities failed some years ago. The principal is supposed to have fled to England. He has never been definitely located since and he may have been dead for years for all that the public knows. But it has been rumored that he is the real backer of a number of questionable firms that have operated in the last two or three years. The fact that his list disappeared, or is supposed to have disappeared, when his firm failed lends color to the rumor.

Easy Professional Men

Except for the use of the telephone there is really nothing new in the present methods of the stock fakers. There never is. One of the oldest symptoms of buncombe is the note of persecution, of holier than thou, of the bleary-eyed, tearful, sanctimonious stuff that has been emanating recently from two notorious operators. These two men have engaged more than any others perhaps in the last few months the careful attention of reporting agencies, post-office inspectors and all other agencies that are engaged in rooting out the rank growth of which they are such choice specimens.

Curiously enough neither of these men is operating from New York City, though in all fairness to the metropolis it must be admitted that the volume of business being handled by certain doubtful promoters in New York City at the present time probably exceeds that of the two men in question.

The curious note of fake sanctity in the literature of one of these gentry roused the curiosity of a certain investigating agency in New York. It sounded exactly like the stuff put out by another notorious promotion of years gone by. So they sent a man to investigate. Sure enough, he located the same old professional copy writer in a private office adjoining the large offices of the promoter.

Nor is there anything new in the great drive that the promoters are now making for school-teachers, college professors, clergymen and physicians. The professional classes have always been an easy prey for the faker. There are many reasons for this. For one thing the professional man often shows an unreasonable indifference or carelessness toward commercial questions; or if he does pay attention to such subjects he tries to reason them out by mere logic, forgetting or knowing nothing of the hard realities of life and business. But probably the chief reason why these people buy worthless stocks is because of their desire to live beyond their means. The business man on the other hand has a larger income in proportion to his social standards and he is less tempted to gamble in order to eke out his income.

The really new feature of the present get-rich-quick operations is that by using the telephone and the telephone directory the promoters are able to get down to the savings of great new strata of people who were never reached by them before. These people not only have the money to invest but evidently they are confirming in striking manner the statement made some years ago by the late Professor Münsterberg that one reason Americans make so many reckless investments is because of sheer imitation. They buy unthinkingly, he said, because others are buying.

Certainly those who have a few hundred dollars to spare for the first time would not part with it so easily as they are now doing if they possessed any real independence of judgment. Only a careless, reckless, imitativeness that borders on mob psychology can account for the success that the stock fakers have been enjoying.

"Sampeck"
TRIPLE-SERVICE
SUIT

MOTHERS!—you demand Wear. Boys! you demand Style. Fathers! you demand Economy. You get a heaping measure of all three in our Triple Service Suit for Boys.

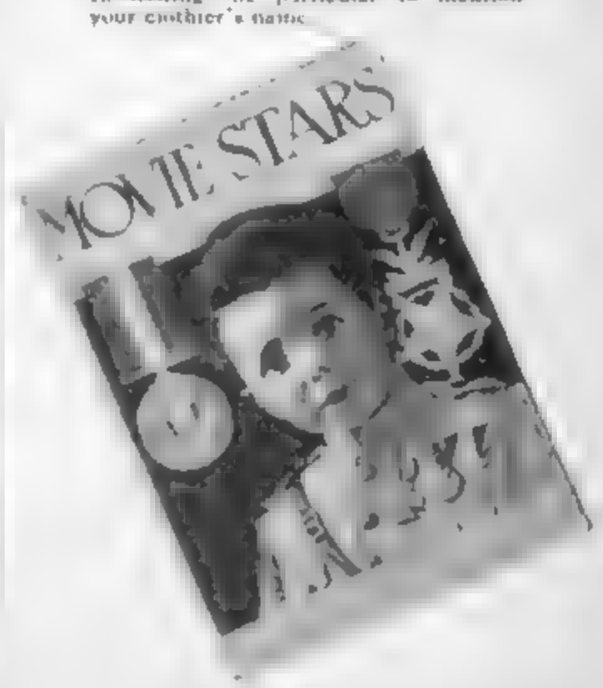
When the Boy tries it on, carefully observe the Extra-Sewn Pockets; the Reinforced Wear-Proof Seat and Knee; the Interlocking Seams; the manly uprightness and correct posture, which will make your boy square his shoulders, expand his chest and hold his head high.

Sold by the Best Apparel Shops at

$15.00

under our binding guarantee of "*Satisfaction or Purchase Price Refunded.*" We stand behind every Triple-Service Suit for wear and service.

FREE—Boys! Send for a copy of "Movie Stars". It pictures in *real* life the Screen Heroes you see in *reel* life. In writing be particular to mention your clothier's name.



SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
1140 Broadway, New York

Another of the BIG MAJORITY Hillyer Deutsch-Jarratt Co., wholesale and retail lumber dealers of San Antonio, Tex., uses Baker-Vawter Machine Bookkeeping Binders, Leaves, etc.

GIVES SUCH EXCELLENT SERVICE WOULD NOT CONSIDER CHANGING

AFTER three years' experience with Baker-Vawter machine bookkeeping binders, leaves, racks, etc., the Hillyer-Deutsch-Jarratt Co., wholesale and retail lumber dealers of San Antonio, Texas, write: "We are still using Baker-Vawter equipment as we have since the installation of our posting machines. It is giving such excellent satisfaction that we would not consider changing."

BAKER-VAWTER
BINDERS, TRAYS, LEAVES, STATEMENTS

are used by THE BIG MAJORITY, and are being furnished for ALL makes and types of machines. There is no posting machine with which Baker-Vawter Company has not had ten times' greater experience. Learn, without obligation, how machine bookkeeping would benefit your business by writing to machine posting headquarters. Address Dept. M, either factory

Benton Harbor, Mich., Holyoke, Mass. San Francisco, Cal.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Originators and Manufacturers
LOOSE LEAF AND STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT
Canadian Distributors
Copeland-Chatterson, Limited, Brampton, Ontario

Salesmen Everywhere Have One Call

TRADE BEST B—V VALUE MARK

No. 166 of a Series

Earns Extra Money

In His Spare Time

Want a $10.00 Raise?

Mr. R. C. Kite did; and he got it. Let him tell his own story:

"I wanted to increase my income, as circumstances knocked me out of a salary raise. Saw your ads. Wrote. Tried it. And subscription work with your three publications has paid me *almost twice as much per hour as any other!* Now I can build my home."

It's Yours!

You can raise your income too, if you'll just clip and mail us the coupon TODAY.

The Curtis Publishing Company
979 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I would like to cash my spare hours. Please tell me how.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State*

STARVATION IN VIENNA

(Continued from Page 12)

already, while we have had only fourteen hundred tons. How does that happen?"

I did not know, though I agreed with him in my mind, without saying so, that the Allies have a better feeling toward Vienna than toward Berlin. Nearly every Austrian I have met has expressed himself as having been bewildered by our declaration of war and aghast at the idea of being at war with us.

As one man said to me: "It seemed too utterly fantastic! But," he added presently, "we didn't know the truth, of course, so we laughed really. They kept lying to us all the time, and when they told us the United States couldn't possibly get over in time to do anything we believed it. It sounded like a thing to be believed, did it not? But—what a marvelous performance! When they told us finally that there were a million Americans in France—— Oh! You should have been in Vienna then!"

"But you might have known we would get over."

He drew a deep breath and answered: "Yes, we should have known. But never mind. For my part I never expected to win the war anyhow. I have lived much in England, and when England came in I said it was time for us to excuse ourselves and make peace on any terms. That was right at the beginning, but many of us knew from the beginning that we were wrong, and talked about it quite frankly. We were not fighting for ourselves but for Prussia. They accused me of being pro-British, but I wasn't. It was merely that I was familiar with the British character."

Whistling in the Dark

It is not often that we talk about the war, though it is a subject difficult to avoid. What we talk about is food and the prospect of warding off starvation until supplies begin to come in. There is a feeling in official quarters that conditions are such that even Bolshevism will hesitate to raise its head for fear of making matters worse. The crowd is hungry, but the crowd knows there really is no food and has been assured by various subtle suggestions that anything in the nature of an uprising will serve only to delay further the measures for relief that the Interallied Food Commission is at work upon.

Yet nobody can tell what may happen, and I think I detect in the attitude of the responsible minority more of the whistling-in-the-dark variety of optimism than of actual faith. The elections have been held with great sobriety and order and the socialists have won. With many red flags, pennants, ribbons and rosettes the soldiers paraded in celebration, many thousands strong. Nobody dreamed there were so many soldiers in Vienna. And as they marched in solid, well drilled and fully armed companies through the wet misty streets one had visions of possibilities; visions of things that have been in the world and may be again.

But their fine military bands were playing—the Marseillaise as often as anything else!—their bugles were blaring all up and down the endless swinging gray-green column, their red flags drooped in the clinging haze, and not a face seemed to express anything except a mild kind of acquiescence in the thing the red flag stands for. Only a few stragglers were in the streets to see them go by, but each band was followed by the usual motley crowd keeping step. The ill-clad and evil-looking all wore red rosettes, the better class did not; and that seemed to me to be a bad sign. In any case there will be demands by the new régime for impossible things, and nobody can even guess what may follow.

There are inflammatory campaign posters still displayed all over the city, while a certain section of the press which seems to be a kind of cross between red and yellow continues to do its best to excite the people. On one of the most conspicuous of the posters there is a picture of a great jeweled crown. Atop of the crown and leaning against each other back to back are figures which represent the church, the army and the rich minority, all looking well fed and quite greasily satisfied, while the whole is crushing down upon a struggling mass of emaciated humanity, out of which flow great streams of blood. This poster is a rich study in red, yellow and black and can be seen from a mile away.

But if one may base conclusions on visible indications the people at large are apathetic. The Viennese like to believe that they are peculiarly casual and not given to taking anything too seriously; and men I have talked with seem to base a large part of their hope for the future on the habitual light-mindedness of the crowd. But what I have seen looks to me much more like heavy apathy than light indifference.

There is none of the pep and ginger in the midst of difficulties that characterize the behavior of the Czechoslovaks, the Hungarians and the Jugoslavs. These are peoples of new states who regard themselves as victors in the war because it was won by the upholders of their aspirations. But old German Austria is the worst-beaten country in the world, and there is no doubt that this is realized by the thinking classes in all its soul-benumbing bitterness. The only comfort they insist upon hugging to themselves is a conviction that they were beaten from within and not by the foreign enemy. They are inconsistent in this, however, because they parallel it with a confession that they knew they were hopelessly defeated when the last German offensive was checked. Then they like to boast that it took the intervention of the United States with her practically unlimited man power and resources even to discourage them. A variety of claim and argument that nearly always ends in this!

Yet, strangely enough, nobody seems to have the slightest feeling of enmity toward the United States. They declare they have accepted the principles of the United States as principles to subscribe to and are rather eager at times to make one believe that they realize and deplore the spirit of imperialistic and militaristic arrogance that plunged them into the war in the first place.

It is a chance remark perhaps that leads one into discussing the war with them, and nearly always they acknowledge their position with unaffected resignation and declare that their only desire is that the Peace Conference shall pronounce as quickly as possible the sentence they must begin sooner or later to serve. Then back again to the subject of food.

Lightening the Tedium

The old physician, who has come near the end of a doubtless useful life to witness the greatest tragedy in Austrian history and to share the hardships of a hunger siege of his city maintained by the peoples whose disaffection resulted in the disintegration of the once mighty Empire, was surprised that up to the middle of February the victorious Allies had sent to Vienna only fourteen hundred tons of food. But he was not more surprised than I.

In Paris we had talked so much about relieving Vienna that I began to see in my mind's eye a Vienna being rapidly restored to more or less normal conditions. But when I arrived at Triest at the end of January I learned that no food at all had yet been moved.

In the meantime—the Interallied Food Commission not having yet completed its organization—representatives of the American delegation were sent by Mr. Hoover at the earliest possible moment to investigate conditions in the freed states of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire and to open the way for immediate and rapid action when the duly constituted interallied body should get in motion; and these representatives have succeeded in establishing various bases of operation and in straightening out to some extent the innumerable transportation tangles in the states now so bitterly opposed to each other and so fearful of anything in the nature of mutual effort or even temporary agreement. Which is a very long sentence that would probably be more informative with a little grinding up into simple statements.

The simple statements, then, are that the Jugoslavs and Czechoslovaks have lightened the tedium of the armistice with a number of interesting little skirmishes and they are all maintaining zones of operation. Hungary meanwhile is engaged in an effort to check the Jugoslavs and Czechoslovaks—to say nothing of the Rumanians—on her own soil and to set limits if possible to their perhaps too generous interpretation of their right to self-determination. They are all

(Continued on Page 53)

PACKARD TRUCK VALUE MAKES PRICE INSIGNIFICANT

Which is Better Business? $4,000 *for* 100,000 *Miles*—
or $3,000 *for* 50,000 *Miles?*

PROFESSIONAL appraisers say that the usual rules for writing off depreciation do not apply to the average motor truck.

Their experience shows that in many cases the truck is discarded before its value is covered. In others the maker goes out of business, and parts are hard to obtain. Out of 109 truck builders listed in 1911 less than a dozen and a half are in business today.

* * *

Packard depreciation is a known quantity. It is written off at the same rate as that of any fine machinery.

The low rate of Packard depreciation is responsible for the remarkable resale values of Packard Trucks.

There is always a market for a Packard.

The stability of the house is partly responsible for this condition — Packard parts for every model made are always available and at fair prices.

Packard design and engineering are chiefly responsible.

* * *

Which is better business?

To divide up $4,000 original investment among 100,000 miles of service—or $3,000 investment among only 50,000 miles of service?

Original cost of a truck means nothing except in percentage of total transportation cost.

The original cost of a Packard figures out probably a lower percentage than any other truck on the market.

And how can a truck that cannot show 100,000 miles of service try comparisons with a Packard!

* * *

Which is better at the end of three years? To have a utility value of two-thirds what you paid for each truck — or to have merely scrap value?

Let a business man buy efficient freight transportation and he buys an asset to his business. But if he buys a motor truck unrelated to the best uses he can put it to, he buys a liability.

Freight transportation economy is gained by using trucks of the proper capacity and built for long life. The most expensive part of motor trucking service is the thousand dollars somebody tries to save at the start.

The first step in placing trucking on an economy basis is to get in touch with the Packard Freight Transportation Department for analysis of your hauling problem and to indicate the right truck for your work.

"Ask the man who owns one"

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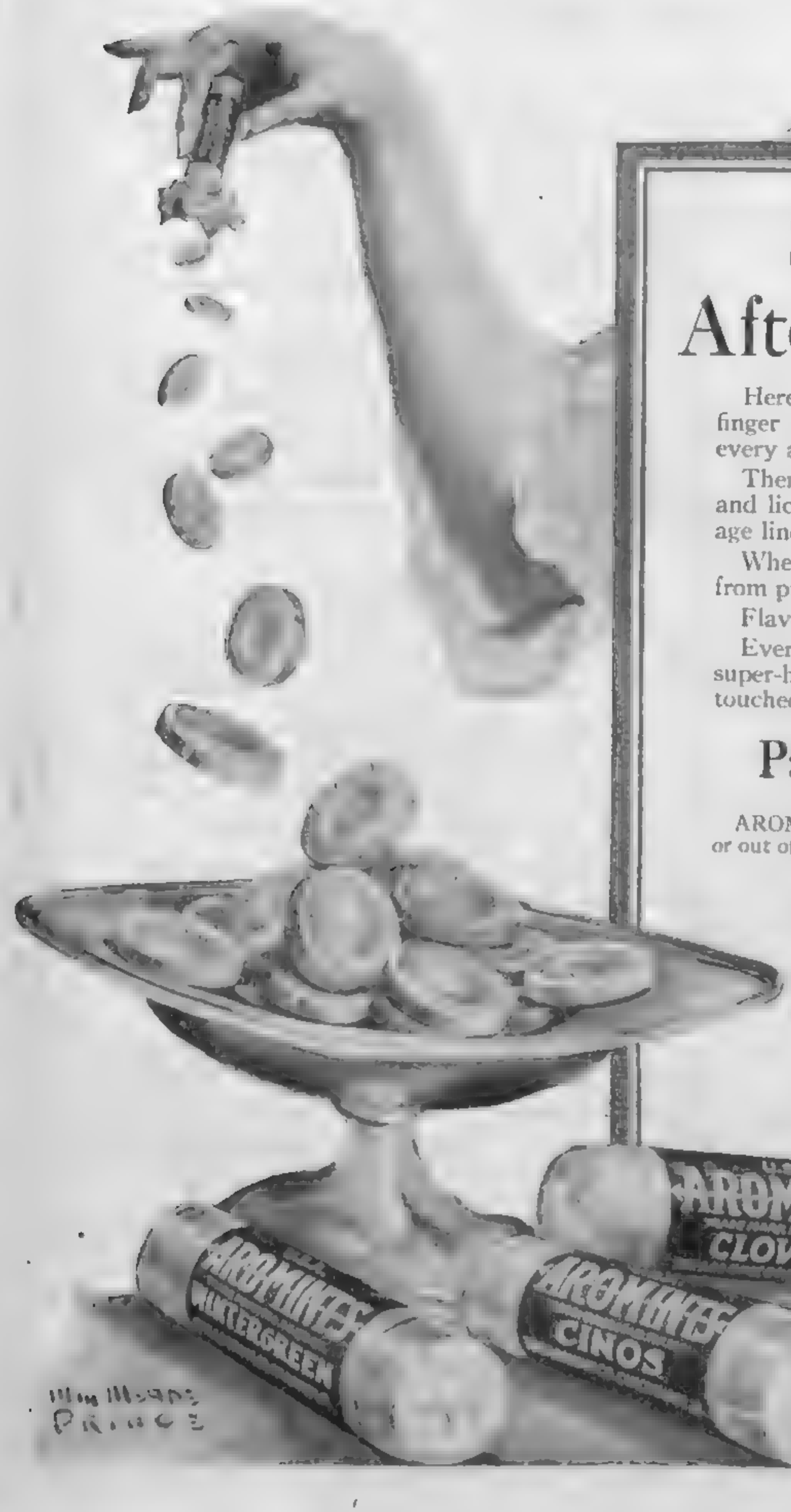
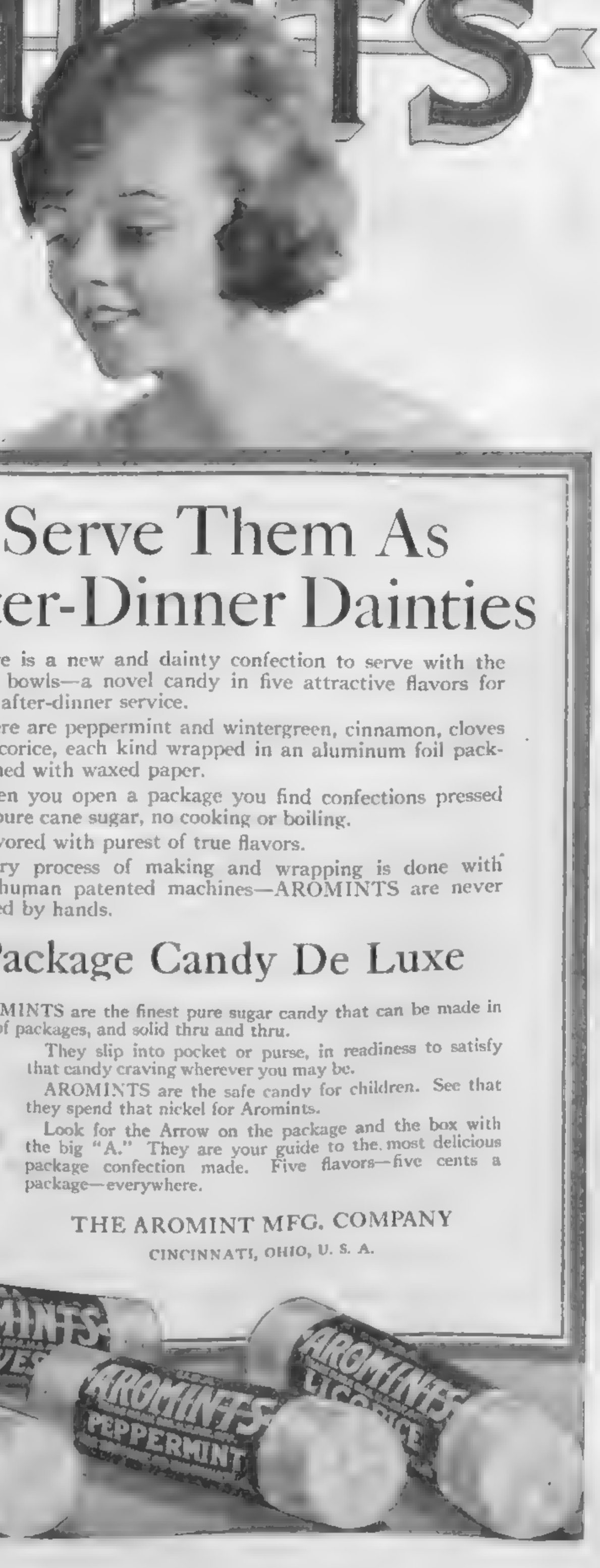




Serve Them As After-Dinner Dainties

Here is a new and dainty confection to serve with the finger bowls—a novel candy in five attractive flavors for every after-dinner service.

There are peppermint and wintergreen, cinnamon, cloves and licorice, each kind wrapped in an aluminum foil package lined with waxed paper.

When you open a package you find confections pressed from pure cane sugar, no cooking or boiling.

Flavored with purest of true flavors.

Every process of making and wrapping is done with super-human patented machines—AROMINTS are never touched by hands.

Package Candy De Luxe

AROMINTS are the finest pure sugar candy that can be made in or out of packages, and solid thru and thru.

They slip into pocket or purse, in readiness to satisfy that candy craving wherever you may be.

AROMINTS are the safe candy for children. See that they spend that nickel for Aromints.

Look for the Arrow on the package and the box with the big "A." They are your guide to the most delicious package confection made. Five flavors—five cents a package—everywhere.

THE AROMINT MFG. COMPANY

CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 50)

breaking or have broken their political association with German Austria and are demonstrating their power and principles by maintaining against her a rigid blockade, at the same time blockading each other. It is a most interesting situation.

The railways of these states, mostly the state railways of former Austria-Hungary, are one vast system. Dividing this system up into four pieces between four warring peoples resulted in the complete cessation of interstate traffic. Vienna was the principal sufferer, because with her population of two million three hundred thousand she had always depended on Bohemia and on Prussian Silesia through Bohemia for coal; on Hungary, and on south Russia through Hungary, for bread and other foodstuffs; and on the open way to Triest through Jugoslavia for practically all imports. So the blockade against her was very effective, and aside from a little the Italians have sent the only relief the city has had since the armistice began has come in driblets, privately imported from Switzerland at prices beyond all reason.

In the early days of the armistice and in anticipation of somewhat prompter action on the part of the Allied Governments—with respect at least to Serbia and Rumania—Mr. Hoover started cargoes of food across the Atlantic bound for Triest as the only port from which to reach the newly liberated states and the people in Northern Serbia. Then came a long pause, filled of course with considerable activity about which few people were even vaguely informed. This activity had to do with the processes of organization and the adjustment of difficulties in London and Paris and with the preliminary investigations to which I have referred.

The Italians are in command at Triest and control the main line of the Triest-Vienna railroad up to within a few miles of Laibach. The name of their terminal station is Loitsch; and at Loitsch they turn the railroad over to the Jugoslavs, who proceed to operate it as far as Spielfeld, just north of Marburg, where the German-Austrian border is established. The Austrians have command of it from Spielfeld through Vienna and on up to the frontier claimed by the Czechoslovaks, where it becomes Czechoslovakian.

A Question of Coal

Each of these divisions has its own share of rolling stock and can make up its own trains, but in the beginning the Czechoslovaks were not permitted to run through Austrian territory, the Austrians could not cross Jugoslavia, and the Jugoslavs were shut off from the coast by the Italian blockade. There was no possibility of moving freight under such circumstances, and this was the first of the problems that Mr. Hoover's representatives had to solve. It is easy to understand that it took time and a large amount of patient negotiation, but the result was fairly satisfactory.

It was agreed eventually that for purposes of transporting food furnished by the Interallied Food Commission each state should send its own trains through to Triest and that they should there be loaded and returned under American or Allied guard. That they all should have insisted on the American or Allied guard is indicative of the extent of their faith in each other.

There was a stipulation, however, that each state should furnish its own coal, and it happens that German Austria has no coal at all, while Czechoslovakia has almost unlimited quantities, at least within easy reach. Prague refused to supply Vienna with coal or to relieve in any measure a situation so critical that in January the city was on the point of being plunged into utter darkness, while all the street railways, public kitchens and municipal enterprises of every kind were about to be closed down.

Then Mr. Hoover spoke from Paris and informed the Czechoslovakian Government that it would hardly be to its own interest to pursue such a course. Vienna got a little coal, needless to say, but only enough to keep a few minor wheels of her one-time vast machine slowly revolving and to make possible the running in and out of the city of one train a day—not enough to relieve in any degree the frightful suffering of her people during this worst of all winters. They say it has never been so cold in Vienna for such a long period, but this may be an impression due to the fact that the city has never before lived through a heatless winter.

Many persons will remember our heatless Mondays in the winter of 1917–18 and the noise that was made about them. They were endured right enough, as the American people endured everything in the nature of a war measure, but they were not endured uncomplainingly, and those who lived through them will be impressed by the fact that not a household in Vienna has had an ounce of coal for heating purposes since October 19, 1918. For cooking purposes each family is limited to one hundred kilos, approximately two hundred pounds, a month. In kitchens provided with gas no coal at all is allowed. The very poor, of course, cannot afford even the little they might get, because according to its quality it costs from twelve to seventeen kronen per hundred kilos, and the standard income of the very poor is only forty kronen a month. Such people get their hot food from the public kitchens.

The city's electric-lighting power is throttled down to the lowest possible point and only one light to a room is permitted whether the room be in a palace or a hovel. I am living in what might be described as a perfectly grand hotel. Before the war it was famous all over Europe and as much in the regular routine of the rich habitual frequenter of European capitals as—well, as any similarly ornate rendezvous in Paris, Berlin or London. I am neither rich nor addicted to habits which require for a setting bronze naiads and red velvet interiors, but this is the only place in Vienna where one can stay just now.

Short Rations at High Prices

My writing table is of massive and magnificent mahogany with rose velvet under glass by way of a top, but I am sitting under one wretched little light—beautiful rose silk shade!—and am all wrapped up in sweaters and coats as though I were out sleigh riding. My fingers are like ice; and I don't mind saying it cramps one's literary style—if one has such a thing.

I like well enough the wide and superbly carpeted corridors, the winding marble stairways, the heroic figures holding aloft great crystal chandeliers, the vast pillared dining and lounging rooms paneled in fine woods and richly hung with splendid draperies, but I would be in condition to appreciate it all a whole lot more if in addition it were possible to satisfy even fifty per cent of my normal demand for light and heat and food.

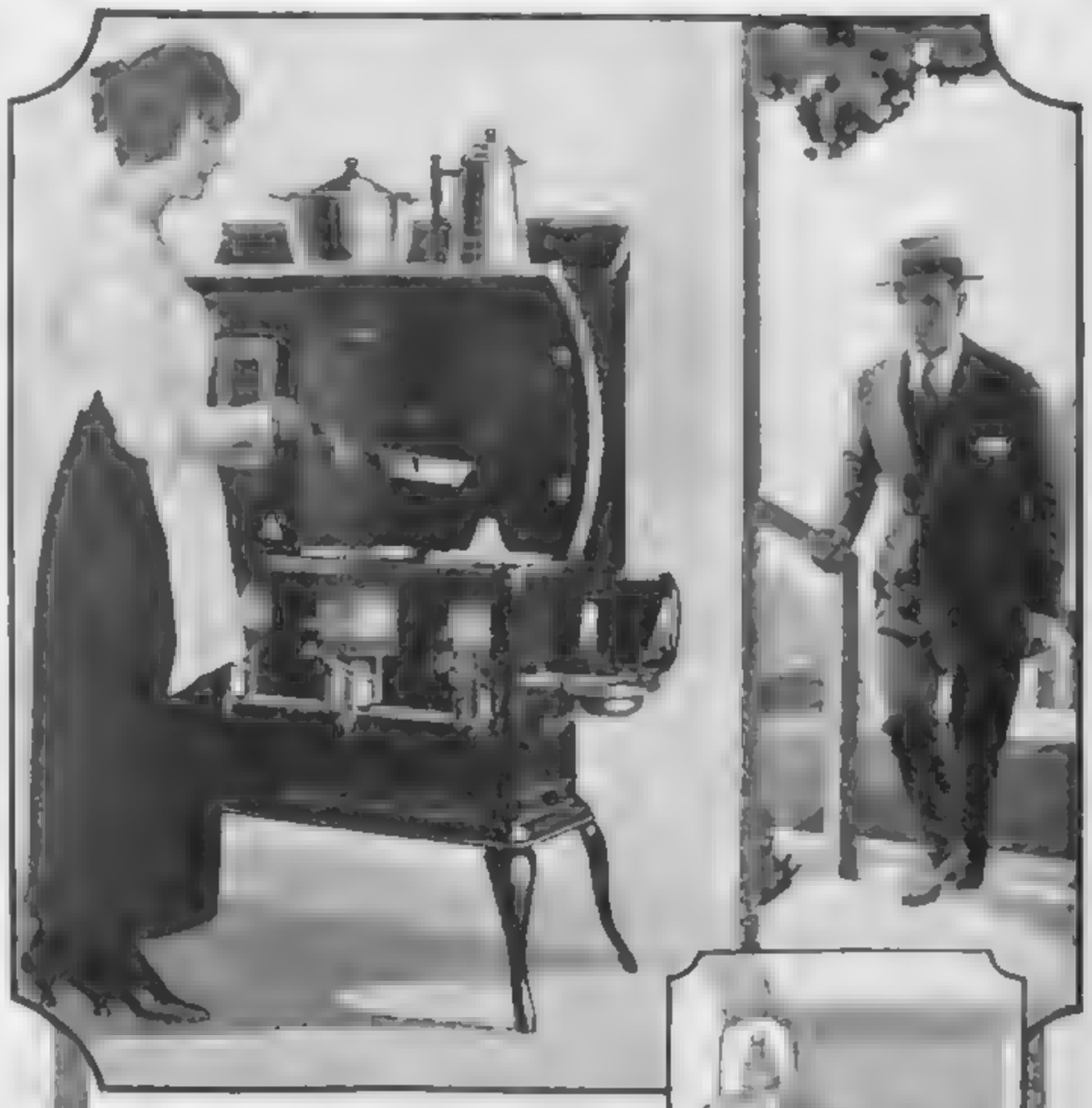
The government of Vienna is not playing any favorites. The population is divided into classes as to prices that have to be paid, but not as to amounts that may be consumed, so persons of my class—and since I am living in this hotel I know I am rated high—get the allotted one hundred and twenty-five grams of meat a week just the same as anybody else; except that we get a better quality and pay a vastly higher price for it than persons do perhaps who are far beneath us in the social scale. The hotel uses up most of its allowance for guests in making rather palatable messes out of turnips, beetroots, cabbages and sauerkraut. As a matter of fact the cook is a genius and I can imagine him among his meager supplies living a life of sorrow.

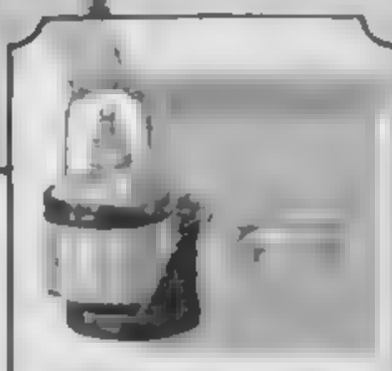
Not that we don't really get more meat than that. We do. But we pay for it, and even as we eat it we know we have no right to it. Persons go out from Vienna and report in Paris and otherwheres that the city has plenty of food, but I would only ask of such persons that they show me their expense accounts. And then I should accuse them of not having been outside the doors of their hotel.

But even in this hotel there is neither butter, milk nor coffee; and as for food trimmings—such as green things, sauces, olives, pickles, preserves and the like—they are unheard of. The bread is a heavy black hunk of something that is quite indescribable, and so far as I am concerned wholly nonedible; and of this article, at least, nobody anywhere can get more than his fixed share.

Incidentally, since there is neither hot water nor soap in the community linen has to be used very sparingly and the napkins one gets are of a stiff and most unsympathetic paper variety. We get hot water for a few hours once a week, but the outsider who failed to bring soap with him must frequently regret it.

Which is a sketchy description of best hotel life. The poor probably look in on us in all our grandeur and feel resentful and Bolshevistic, but if they knew the truth this





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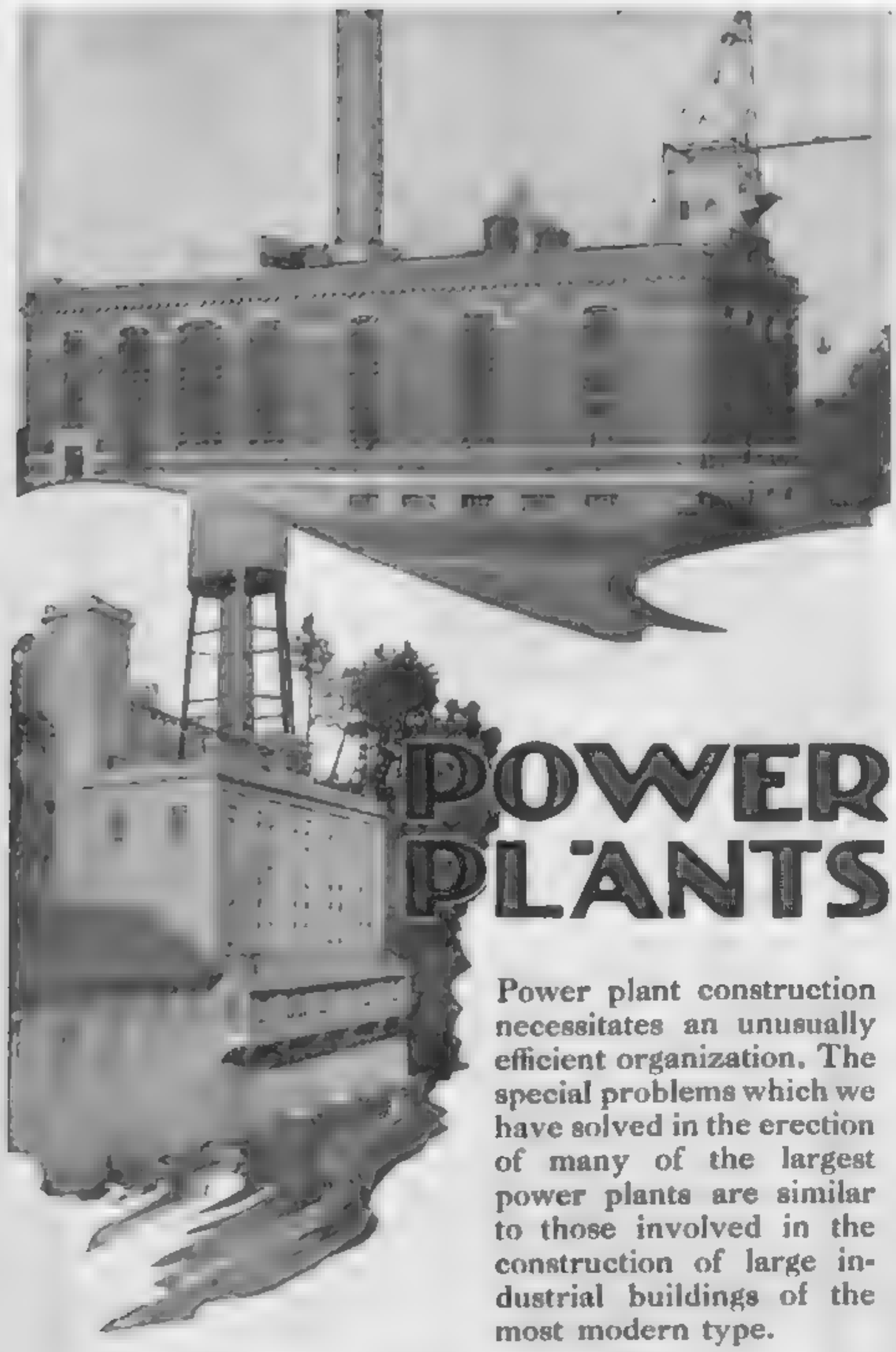

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feeling would be modified. I took part of my lunch at a public kitchen the other day, and it was the only time since my arrival in Vienna—except when I have broken the law—that I have been able to rid myself of the gone sensation in the middle of me. What I ate was the seed of broom corn boiled into a kind of gruel and slightly sweetened. This is the imitation rice, and with a little more sugar, some butter perhaps and large quantities of cream it would be very good indeed. But I shall come to the public kitchens later on.

With a little more light and heat the shortage of food would be easier to endure. Hunger is undoubtedly the most awful thing in the world, but to suffer a combination of hunger, cold and darkness over a period long drawn out is to pay for your sins in coin to be remembered. In some of the poorer quarters of Vienna the houses are not lighted by electricity and the people have always burned kerosene. But kerosene also is among the swiftly vanishing commodities and its sale is rigidly controlled. There are hundreds of families living in one and two rooms, and for such lodgings the authorities allow three-eighths of a liter of kerosene a week. That is less than a pint, which is not much kerosene. Men and women who work at home, at sewing machines or in their own little shops, get three-quarters of a liter a week. One would imagine that they might eke out this small allowance with candles, but candles are a positive luxury and nobody can buy more than one-thirty-second of a kilo a week, which is a piece about the length of your little finger.

So much for the heating and lighting allowance of households. But as for food—other than meat, the present supply of which comes to an end this week—I am unable to understand how the people get along at all on such a ration.

The Declining Birthrate

The bread is the same for everyone and is made by municipally controlled bakers. Each person gets just one loaf a week, which weighs a little more than two pounds and costs one krone and a half. By unattached individuals it can be bought in thirds, three times a week. It feels as though it might weigh much more than two pounds, but this is due no doubt to its extreme sogginess. The laborer who really has a job is entitled to three-quarters of a loaf in addition to his regular allowance, but not the laborers who are living on the unemployment bounty of the city. Besides bread each person is entitled to two hundred and fifty grams of flour. This is only about half a pound, and it is not really flour but a mixture in which corn seems to predominate.

Of milk there is practically none. The normal consumption of milk in Vienna is nine hundred thousand liters a day. The supply now is under sixty-five thousand liters, and this is portioned out in small quantities among the hospitals and reserved for children less than one year old. For such infants one liter a day can be obtained while the supply holds out, but registration regulations are so strict and so perfectly ordered that no thirteen-months-old baby can evade the law or escape the fact that he is in the grown-up class. Most of the sympathy I have to bestow in Vienna goes out to the children between the ages of one and ten, and a more pitiable-looking child population I have never seen.

Births in Vienna dropped from 36,378 in 1914 to 17,511 in eleven months of the year 1918, while deaths among the civil population increased from 33,268 in 1914 to 46,821 in eleven months of 1918. In 1914 there were 6223 deaths from tuberculosis, while in 1917 there were 11,741, and in eleven months of 1918 there were 10,660. Among 58,849 school children examined during the summer of 1918 at one of the great children's clinics only 4637 received marks which indicated even approximate normality.

But to get back to food: There should be no scarcity of sugar in Austria because the former empire was one of the greatest beet-sugar-producing countries in the world. But as a result of the coal shortage the sugar factories were closed down last year and the 1918 crop of beets went to waste. The people now are reduced to seven hundred and fifty grams each a month, and it is sugar of a very low grade.

Of coffee there is none, but there is an imitation article made of burned corn and other ingredients, the available supply of which is sufficient to allow each person one hundred and twenty-five grams a month, this being about enough for one good breakfast. And whatever the "visiting firemen" may say when they get back home and tell you about it, it is perfectly dreadful stuff! I, fortunately, brought with me into the country a supply of coffee done up in pound packages; and yesterday when one of these packages, which I had opened only the day before, disappeared from the top of the chest of drawers where I had carelessly left it my annoyance was tempered by a kind of thankfulness that some poor wretch would surely have a most unusual treat.

And I may say, by the way, that one has to be very careful about safeguarding all kinds of articles—especially soap. I am told that it is difficult sometimes for persons of the highest virtue and standing to resist a bit of good toilet soap, while of my own experience I know that hotel servants even rummage one's bags to find it. I brought from Paris a long bar of pure white soap—about four by ten inches—which in its softness and delicacy afforded me considerable pleasure. I cut it off for use in pieces about an inch thick and I had used just two pieces. I had been in this hotel about twenty-four hours when I had need to supply myself with another piece. But I had not locked the bag in which it was stowed among other reserve articles, and I found when I opened the box it was in that there was only about an inch of it left. I had heard about the general inability to resist soap, so I was more amused than anything else and murmured my thanks for the bit that was left for me. I think if I saw a piece of real toilet soap for the first time in two or three years I should steal it myself.

The soap there is has no fat in it, and the quality that is used for laundry purposes is mostly sand and wears things out very quickly. Incidentally, it has something in it which rots cotton or linen cloth in such a way that it tears in one's fingers like tissue paper.

A gentleman—a real *Hochwohlgeboren*—who was calling on me yesterday took from his pocket a really snowy handkerchief, which was unusual enough. But as he shook it out of its folds I noticed that it was full of holes. He held it up and looked at it in deep disgust. Then he showed me how rotted it was and explained how it came to be so.

"Nearly everything I have is in the same condition," he said; "and a new handkerchief of that quality would cost now as much as twenty kronen, if it could be found at all. In our homes most of us have stopped using good linen."

No Need to Exaggerate

I did not begin my investigation with a visit to the Jubilee Hospital, and I think I should not have begun this article with that visit if it had not been that I was haunted by a vision of the dead-wagons filled with uncoffined corpses. I really went about it in a most businesslike manner.

I went first to the City Hall, where I was received by the burgomaster and introduced to various members of the city government. I told them I wanted to know something about their system of food control and distribution, and they responded with a courteous readiness that indicated much with regard to the governmental state of mind. I can say at once that these men did not have to exaggerate or color the situation in any way in order that I might see it as a situation crying for speedy relief. It speaks for itself.

They try to bolster their spirits with brave historic reference, and smilingly refer to the experience they are living through as the "third siege of Vienna." The city was twice besieged by the Turks—in 1529 and in 1683—and bits of the history of those sieges are now repeating themselves. It really is a hoary old capital, you know, and one does not escape the charm of the record that is written in its stones and monuments.

While we waited for the man who planned the city's food organization and who was to give me the information I desired they took me through the unheated and tomb-cold Rathaus Museum and showed me a magnificent collection of old prints, plans, maps and historic paintings which illustrate the city's development from the twelfth century. A more complete or more valuable collection could hardly be imagined, but considering that it is literally in

(Continued on Page 56)

National Demonstration Week

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(Continued from Page 54)

cold storage into which not a ray of warmth has penetrated since the passing of last summer's sun they led me through it at a slow, not to say sauntering, gait.

As a matter of fact one gets an impression that everybody in Vienna has plenty of time. And little wonder. The city's industries are at a standstill; the gray and unkempt streets are all but empty; the shops are deserted; there is only an occasional clatter of a horse's hoofs on the pavement and an occasional sound of a passing motor. It is like a city benumbed, and there is a large leisureliness in the general attitude which robs it of every aspect of a great metropolis.

The food-controlling gentleman, when he finally arrived, turned out to be a bright-eyed little doctor with a long brown beard. Everybody in Vienna is a doctor. The chief reason a German has for growing up is that he may become a doctor. Lawyers, medical men, divines, professors of one kind and another—they all seek this title and cling to it through life as to a patent of nobility. And to a stranger in the midst of such a community it is a bit confusing. After one has accumulated a dozen or so acquaintances one has to shake them up and sort them out in order to establish a basis of intelligent association. I made the mistake the other day of asking the best-known lawyer in the city what condition he had found in his practice with regard to the increase of tuberculous indications among children. He being to my certain knowledge an eminent man among men it was embarrassing to me when he had to explain that he was a Doctor of Law.

And the man who invented the food-control system is a Doctor of Law. He came into the splendidly proportioned and beautifully furnished board room of the Rathaus, where we waited for him, carrying a large sheaf of posters, notices, certificate blanks of various kinds, and innumerable food cards that were minute as to detail and marvelously made up: cards to cover every necessity of life that could possibly be controlled.

The Registry System

He began by explaining that Vienna undertook the rigid regulation of food consumption about two years too late and that the people are paying now for the reckless prodigality which characterized the first two years of the war.

"But who could have dreamed that it would last so long?" he exclaimed. "We began every quarter year with a confident prophecy that it would be over before the next quarter. Vienna could stand a year and a half of war; two years perhaps But longer than that no! Since the second year it has been bad, very bad. And now the city is prostrate down finished! It will take us years even to begin to recover!"

Then suddenly they all began to talk at once in German and became very excited, which is another habit the circumstances have developed in them. But they subsided as suddenly and fell back into orderly discussion. The manners and the self-revelations of these responsible men were as interesting to me as the information they had to impart.

They had an excellent system of city government to begin with, upon which to base their system of food control, the city being divided into twenty-one judicial districts, which by virtue of their school centers and police headquarters lent themselves perfectly to subdivision. The process of subdivision developed four hundred and ten sections, in each of which a local branch of the Bread Commission *Brotkommission*—is permanently established to regulate, in cooperation with the police department, the registration of the population, the issue of certificates and cards, and the distribution to local dealers of the daily supply of commodities.

Each head of a household and each unattached individual must be supplied with a certificate of registration—the householder's certificate containing minute information with regard to his family—and with one each of the dozen or more different kinds of control cards. Having thus established his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness he must go to the licensed local dealers and register with them, with the butcher and baker and candlestick maker. There are duplicate coupons attached to each of his control cards, and one of these with his description and signature goes into the roll book of each shopkeeper.

After that it is all very simple. He can buy nothing in a shop where he is not registered, and in those where he is he can buy only on stated days and occasions and in quantities fixed by the authorities. These quantities in many articles have varied from week to week as the supplies decreased or were replenished, but throughout the winter the revision in practically everything has been steadily downward. There is no doubt at all that rock bottom has now been reached and that any further reduction in individual allowances will result in the food riots that are so greatly feared. The holder of the food cards cannot evade the law by registering in more than one place on account of the coupons. The authorities fix the prices he must pay for everything and allow the dealers a sufficient margin of profit to keep them going. The city meanwhile controls all incoming and available stored supplies, and portions these out to the various local boards on certain days each week.

The community is further divided into classes graded according to income, and it is a commentary on the value of money that a man with ten thousand kronen a year, once regarded as affluence, may now avail himself of the privileges provided for the poor—that is, he may register in shops that are run by the government at a loss, and buy certain commodities at prices regulated to meet the necessities of those who can pay no more, this being done in order that the people may share and share alike in such provisions as there are. One can almost tell what a man's income is by the color of his bread card, each class of society having a color of its own.

Having already mentioned it I should like to go into some detail with regard to the undeniable fact that with money one really can get almost anything in Vienna, but it is a subject which has to do with smuggling, with hoarding and profiteering, with crookedness of various kinds, and with the inability of the government to undertake total confiscation for fear of bringing the city to a still more awful state of paralysis. The prohibitive prices are a sufficient indication of the meagerness of the uncontrolled supplies, and if they were confiscated and added to the controlled supplies the difference in the situation would be hardly noticeable. In any case the fact that they exist affects but a very small percentage of the vast population, since they can be bought only by the very rich or the very reckless. When you are willing to pay the equivalent of eight American dollars for one tin of milk you must be satisfying an urgent desire; and that has been done to my personal knowledge.

The Shortage of Milk

I myself being very hungry yesterday asked the head waiter if I might have an omelet. He said: "Yes, certainly," and went away smiling. I had fifteen minutes of very pleasant anticipation, and that may have been worth something, but the omelet when it came was very small and very tasteless; and it cost me forty-five kronen, which is five kronen more than the standard monthly income of the holders of the lowest-class food cards. It is only people from the outside Americans, Englishmen and others who come into Vienna, undertake nothing in the way of investigation, get a few fairly satisfactory meals, and go back to Paris with the report that Vienna's cry of starvation is nothing but a characteristically German yip for sympathy.

The headquarters of most of the sectional *Brotkommissionen* are in the public schools, and the work is carried on for the most part by school-teachers, whose hours of work in the classrooms are greatly reduced on account of the city's inability to heat the buildings.

The day after my long session at the City Hall the food controller, two other members of the city government and I started out to see the workings of the system. We went first to a middle-class school in a well-built and outwardly prosperous-looking section of the city, where, in a classroom on the third floor, we found a company of men and women engaged with ledgers, filing cases, card indexes and all the other paraphernalia on the task of keeping perfectly ordered a mountainous mass of minutiæ. It was all typically German, but even when we were fighting the Germans we all agreed that that was not the worst thing that could be said about efficiency. I permitted them to explain it all to me in the kind of detail that is dear to the German mind, and I asked many questions. For instance:

"Why is the milk shortage so extraordinary? Milk usually comes from the near vicinity of a city. Have the herds all been destroyed?"

"No; not all. They are reduced by about one-third only, but on account of the shortage in cattle feed the milk production even from the herds that are left is far below normal. Animals that butchered at three hundred kilos before the war now butcher at less than one hundred kilos. And anyhow we can't get into the city even the supply that is available because there is no transportation—no coal!"

That is the explanation of many things in Vienna; the answer to many questions—no coal!

We went then to visit the schoolrooms where classes were in session. The first one was filled with boys from seven to ten years old, and there was not enough color among the whole fifty to make one pair of cheeks look properly healthy. Someone in the party had the bad taste and presumption to give a reporter a story about our expedition and one of the newspapers next morning said that "the American lady was deeply touched by the sight of a nine-year-old boy who looked no more than five."

And I was, but I was as deeply touched by many ten-year-old boys who looked about eight as to physical development and old as Time as to the solemn gaze they turned upon me. Arrested development in childhood seen in individual cases is as sad as anything can be in this world, but seen en masse it is such a horror as I hope never to see again.

Half-Starved Orphans

And I must insist that I am not exaggerating. You take a crowd of children and feed them for about two years on just enough unnutritious food to keep body and soul together, and see what happens to them. In the kindergarten room, where there were boys from three to seven, there was one lad whose round rosy face stood out from among the others like a May moon from out the midst of pale stars. I called attention to him and he was asked to stand out that I might look at him. He was a handsome child and the picture of baby health. It would be quite impossible for me to overdraw the contrast between him and the other children. It was startling, and perhaps his roundness and ruddiness made the others look even more pale and emaciated than they would have seemed if he had not been there. The explanation of him was that he had been just two days in Vienna after spending the better part of two years on a farm. I have seen no other normally healthy-looking child in this great city.

I think I shall be haunted all the days of my life by some faces I saw late one afternoon at an orphan asylum for boys. It was one of those splendid institutions in which every attention has been given to details as to sanitation, and for the ornamentation of which neither money nor imagination has been spared. It is supported by the municipality and is a result of the kind of self-righteousness overlaid with vanity of which all cities are more or less guilty.

It was nearly six o'clock in the evening, but the three hundred boys, whose ages ranged from three to twelve years, were all in the schoolrooms because they were the only rooms the institution could afford to heat. Before visiting them I was shown through the cold recreation rooms, dormitories, dining room and kitchen. The Germans take more pride in their kitchens than in their drawing-rooms, so I was not surprised to find this one lined with blue-and-white tiles and absolutely spotless and glittering as to equipment. But the ranges were cold, and there were no cooks or employees about. The superintendent saw that I noticed this, and through my interpreter explained at some length that there was no need for fire because there was nothing that day to cook.

"But what do the children get for their supper?" I asked.

"Bread and jam," he replied.

"And not even milk?"

"No; of course we can't have milk."

He uncovered then some large trays on which the bread and jam was stacked—thick slices of soggy bread thinly spread with something purple. And each child was presently to get just one of those slices,

(Concluded on Page 58)

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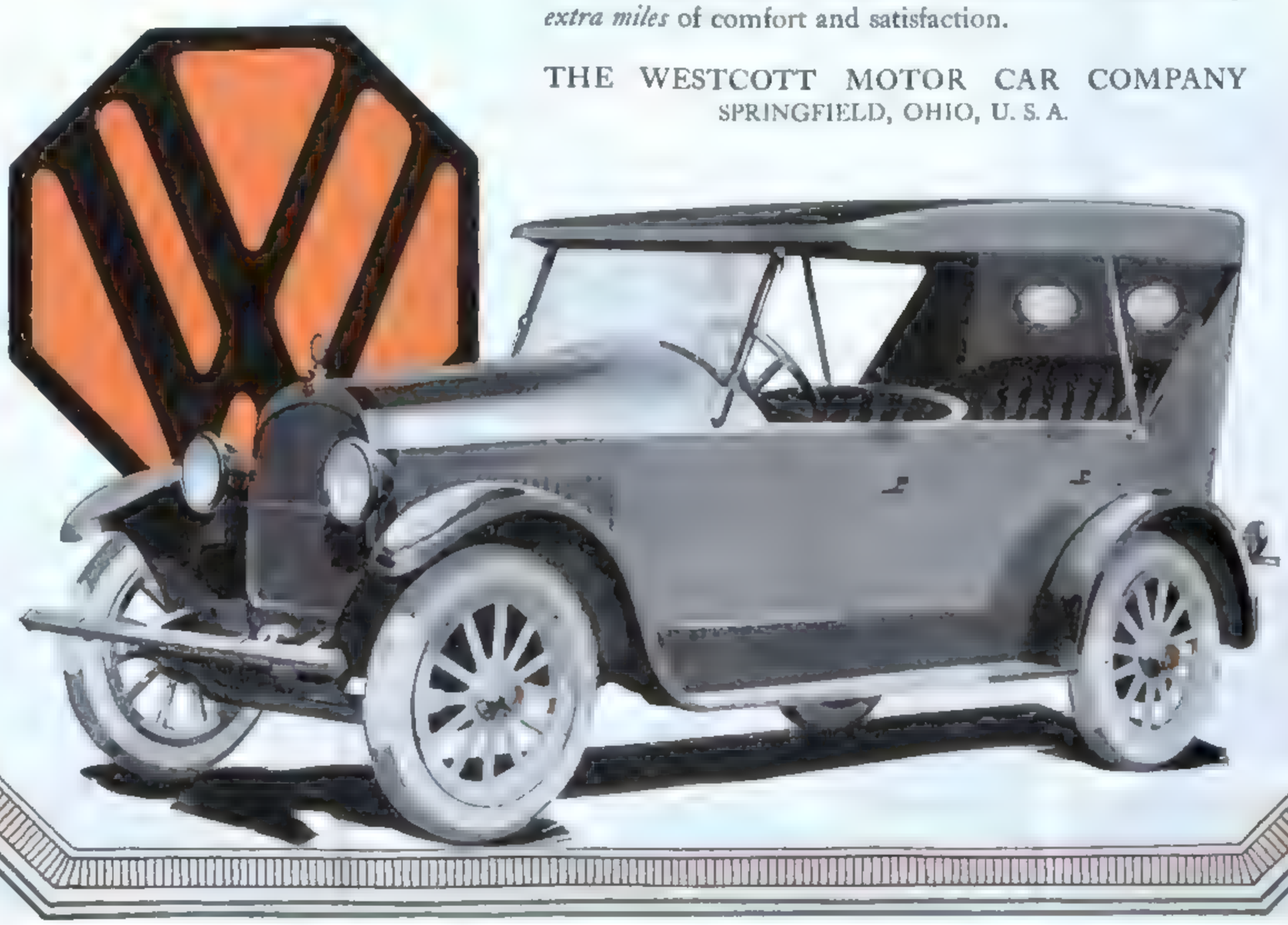

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(Concluded from Page 56)

with a cup of water, and be bundled off to bed.

To describe these institutional boys would be merely to repeat myself, but there was a kind of sadness in their emaciation that I did not observe in the boys of the public schools. They were all at their desks working away as though it were a regular school hour, and their teacher made several of them bring their work and show it to me. There was one little chap about eight years old who had made a colored map of the United States. It was excellently well done, but it made me smile inside of myself because it was so nearly like an ethnographic map I saw the other day that was printed for propagandist purposes in Berlin late in 1916 to prove to the people that most of the United States was inhabited by Germans and that therefore they had no reason to be afraid that we would ever go to war with them. The German element was indicated in pink and the map was so very pink that one hardly noticed any other color. This little orphan's map was almost identical as to size and shade, and it occurred to me that he might grow up to be a useful citizen. But he will not unless he gets some milk and bread and butter and potatoes and a few other things that children need.

But to get back to the expedition: After visiting some more schools we went to the great Central Market, from which in the good times before the war the city was wont to be supplied daily with an overabundance of food in the greatest possible variety and at prices which helped to give Vienna a reputation for being a place where one could live quite handsomely on a very moderate income.

We were met by the superintendent of the vast buildings. He was one of the biggest men I ever saw—at least six feet six and duly proportioned—and while he was clicking his heels and bending in Austrian fashion over my hand I was thinking what a hard time he would have getting along on the prescribed food allowance. As is usual with such persons he was gorgeously attired in a brass-buttoned uniform, but his right hand was gone and he showed other signs of having been through something more exciting than a rush on the market.

Empty Market Stalls

There was no rush this day, I can assure you, and the big man began at once to tell me about it in a rumbling thunderous voice. He talked volubly in German, but gesticulated so freely and pointedly that my interpreter was temporarily out of a job. I understood quite perfectly.

What he was saying was: "Look at the emptiness of it! All these vast halls so splendidly built, so perfectly equipped—empty! Look at our fine little car tracks running here and there, up and down the long avenues between the stalls, and with no cars running on them, wonderfully loaded, as such cars always are, with things that make one hungry now to think of! And look at our stalls, city blocks of stalls, with their beautiful white counters, their cupboards and shelves—and not one of them in use! Look at our great lighting and heating system and feel the dead chill of the air. Empty! Empty! And going to ruin already with disuse!"

Those were the kind of things he was saying, and those were the things my thoughts echoed as we walked on and on through the emptiness. It is one of the largest markets in the world, and we walked so far that my feet got biting cold on the ice-cold pavement. Nothing! Yes, a little flower market away off in a lonely corner, with some roses and hothouse lilacs looking strangely chill and cheerless.

The wholesale-meat section was a sight to see, even though it was all but empty. It was not quite. There were a few sides of frozen beef that looked very fine, a good deal of very scrappy meat chopped up in unsightly chunks, and several horse carcasses that looked to me as though the animals had died a natural death. Though maybe that is the way horse meat ought to look. It was the first time I had ever seen any of it frankly exposed for sale. It was lean and stringy and black, but when there is any of it available it is sold to the poor for much less than they must pay even for the worst quality of beef. There were a few buyers moving about getting their allotment for the week, and I was told that the amount on hand for the population of more than two and a quarter million was less than twenty thousand kilos. For a week! And next week there will be none at all. The week after? Who knows?

Suffering Children

It was from an architectural standpoint that the section caught my admiring attention, it was so tremendous and so magnificently up to date. There were long avenues of iron-hooked hangers skirting overhead trolleys; there were porcelain fittings everywhere; heavy glass cold-storage cabinets and splendors generally; but—save for enough meat to supply a village of a thousand people—it was all empty.

We went down below to the great cold-storage vaults where hundreds of thousands of pounds of meat should have been hanging, and then across to the sunken railway on which the food trains ordinarily run in and out, delivering their ample cargoes. On the freight platform the big superintendent grew positively tearful as he appealed to my companions for an answer to the awful question as to why no trains at all had come in that day. No trains at all! It was the situation brought home to us in its completeness, and I thought of myself as standing with the Viennese looking over the brink of starvation.

In the soup kitchens I got an illustration of how a population can consume the dregs of nothing and still live on. These kitchens are run by women's relief organizations. The women—volunteer workers—collect all the money they can, but it is little or nothing since the war ended. Their deficits are met by the government.

The first kitchen we visited was in a public school in the poorest quarter of the city. Here for the first time I saw barefoot children with their little purple toes clinging to the snow and ice. I had seen the same thing at Triest and Fiume, but it is not a thing toward which familiarity breeds indifference. Others had on homemade cloth shoes that looked like foot mittens made of bits of old clothing, while still others had on wooden clogs without stockings. There was not a good pair of shoes in the whole crowd, and not an overcoat. Yet I was freezing in my heavy leather boots, my coat and sweater and furs. Poor little wretches! You know you can't hate such enemies as they, however much you may think with regard to grown-ups: "Well, you are getting what's coming to you, and it serves you right!"

It was about half past eleven in the morning and these children were just coming out of school—a great, unsightly, unkempt, ragged, dirty-faced and pasty-skinned flock of them. They poured down the stairway and got in line for the soup kitchen located in an otherwise unused wing of the building. Each one carried a vessel of some kind and a certificate of necessity in the form of a yellow card.

We went inside. There were women of good well-dressed middle class doing the work. Some of them stood with dippers over huge kettles of boiling-hot food waiting for the rush to begin, while others stationed themselves at tables past which the little people would have to go. The child would hand his card over to one of these women; she would note how many portions he was entitled to, make a mark on a big checking sheet lying before her, then send him along with a brass disk on which there was a number corresponding to the number on the card. All very simple. The child would pass on with the line, hand his little disk to one of the women at the kettles and hold up his little pot or pail. Two, three, five or maybe only one dipperful and some of it slopped over!—then away he would go as fast as he could; thinking, I suppose, to get home before the food got cold.

And such food! They brought me a plate of it and invited me to eat. It was a thin and tasteless gruel of meal and water with absolutely nothing in it but some pieces of root, the root being a kind of plebeian turnip, very fibrous and coarse. They told me that before the war this particular vegetable had never been fed to anything but hogs, but that now it was the people's chief article of diet. I know. They serve it at my hotel. But at my hotel they shred it and run it through a sieve and serve it as mashed turnips.

The Pemmican Hoard

After that I went to several other kitchens and really saw Vienna's needy population getting its one daily hot meal. There were some places where nice-looking middle-class girls out of work—milliners, dressmakers, stenographers and the like—were crowded in at rough wood tables with laborers and loungers, with students and with men who might have been anything that necessitates good clothes and a gentlemanly appearance. Here such persons get for a few pennies meals that at least keep them going, and I noticed in their general behavior a good-natured acceptance of the situation and a disposition to be polite to each other. It was at a kitchen of this class that I ate the broomcorn porridge, and while I did everybody stood round and laughed at me, greatly enjoying my mystification and my inability to guess what it was. They are very proud of their *ersatz* articles.

There is one rather striking food story. It seems that in 1914 an Arctic expedition fitted out in Vienna was just about to start for the North Pole when the war broke out. It was quite an organization and was provided with enough supplies to last two or three years. The men in great disappointment stored these supplies and went into the various services that demanded them. One by one they drifted back to Vienna, and when food began to get scarce they bethought them of their hidden plenty. They opened their storehouse and began to make inroads on their excellent stock of canned goods. They were optimistic and recklessly generous, and they became socially popular. It is said that they are now down to pemmican, and that they are hoarding it as though they had just been frozen in for another long winter.

Photographing a Thirty-Thousandth of a "Click"

INTENT observers in a darkened laboratory, making a motion-picture of a camera shutter while it "clicks," and a little girl in the sunshine, confidently snapping Kodak pictures—two phases of photography, seemingly far apart, actually very close.

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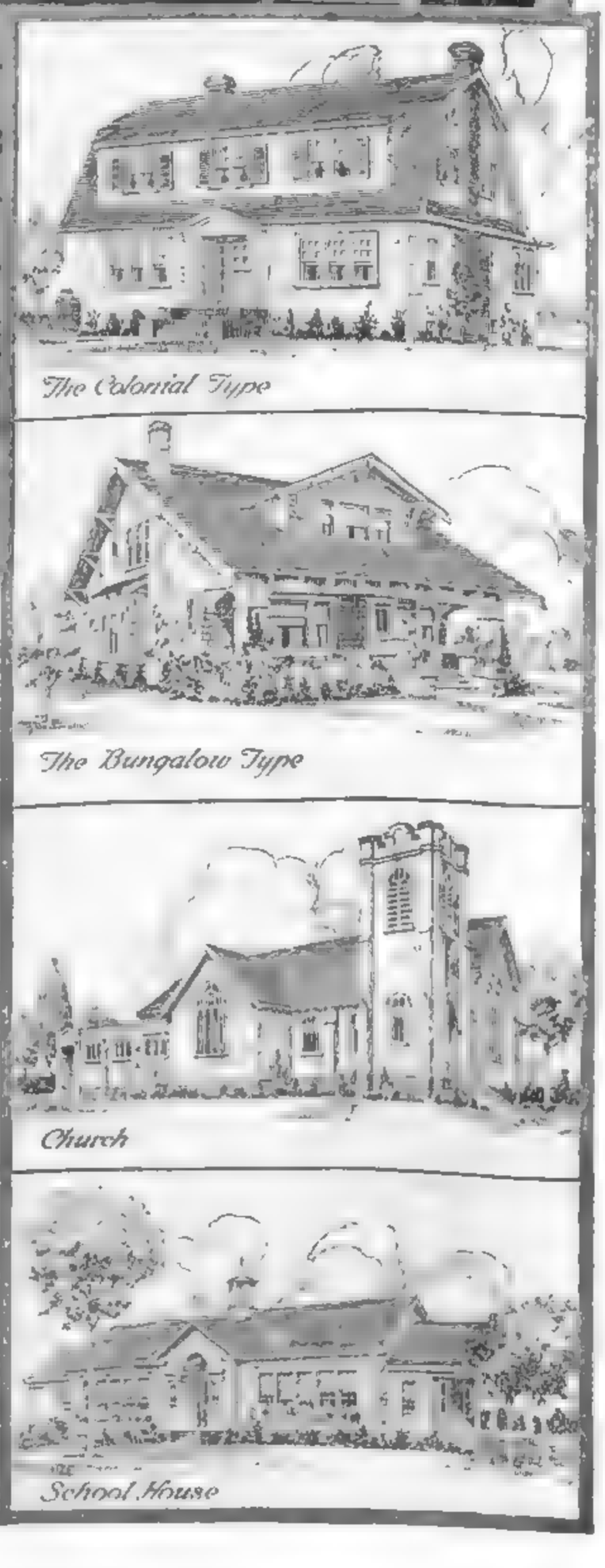

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THE RUSSIAN REIGN OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 13)

This whole move was attended with rapid and extraordinary efficiency at a time when Russians of the working class had gone mad with excitement at their new liberty and could not have been brought to labor at anything; least of all to go off, leaving the excitement of the streets, while they delivered papers along the firing line.

The police was suppressed at the frontiers as elsewhere during the first week of the revolution, and for six days our barriers were down, and thousands of German agents poured into our country, spreading out to those points where duty had been assigned to them—spying and reporting, spreading propaganda, organizing uprisings and committees, and so on. Within the month, though things looked quiet on the surface, one often felt the fermentation underneath, and the cabinet members sat insecurely in their places and governed a very fluid state.

The revolutionary preparation by Germany was never sufficiently noticed nor pursued, and the work of the enemy with the Catherine Hall Party and as printers and messengers speaks in its results. Afterward with the arrival of these new reserves from Germany the work was at once begun of forming an official group. Lenine was its head, the Kceschinskaia house its quarters; and while the leader and his satellites preached their red doctrines to Petrograd's public as the gospel of the lowly people their unofficial agents circulated about over the whole country breaking ground, as it were, bringing in new recruits for initiation and creating discontent, thus drawing together the committees, both of soldiers and of workmen, with the Leninites; saying the right and sympathetic word at the right moment, they were distributing everywhere leaflets of Karl Marx, translated and changed to fit the ambitions of the Russian poor, and to inspire them with pretensions which had never yet occurred to their converts.

By July, 1917, the Bolshevik Party had gathered to itself all the discontented elements in the great cities and all the army's rebellious spirits, and there was strength behind it enough to frighten Kerensky and force him to give way. "Land and Liberty" was this group's cry, which meant little or much, according to its interpretation by conservatives or anarchists.

A Red Cross Example

Count P——, who about this time was obliged to give up a large Red Cross unit at the Front, which through three years of war had done wonders to help our wounded soldiers, told me his reasons for abandoning his work. He said: "I tried to argue out the situation with my men, both those who formed my unit as well as those whom we were having treated. The new liberty to them had been made to represent that the stretcher bearers and the hospital's floor scrubbers ought to run our whole administration, while the patients were to obey or not our doctor's orders, as they saw fit. Several of the patients had died from eating what was forbidden them, in absolute defiance of the orders given, and then the other wounded had proclaimed noisily this was the doctor's fault, as his medicines were bad.

"Once I went into the garden and began to talk with a sanitary who was resting there in his off hour. I was hoping good might come of an explanation if I made it simple, so I told him: 'See, Ivan, if I sit on this bench and you come and sit by me instead of standing there—that to my mind is the new liberty they speak of, where neither you nor I inconvenience one another and both are comfortable equally; but if you were to tell me that I must get up and you would like to sit on this same bench and place where I am now—that would scarcely be fair, since you would be taking away my seat, when you cannot possibly sit in two.'

"'Yes, Excellency,' answered Ivan, 'I have always thought this too, and felt content, but now the new people say that idea belongs to old times, and the new liberty is for me to keep my place and all I have, and add to it what is yours also; and certainly we find that will be an agreeable arrangement, since there are many things which belong to others and which we want.'

"So Ivan and I, having worked together over our wounded for three long years, were now separated completely by the new theories which had been poured into his brain, and there was nothing more for me to do but to pack up my things and leave our unit to the care of new masters. Soon the service would not obey their own elected chiefs, and as funds gave out the whole hospital ran wild and fell to pieces; yet the men forming it had been devoted and loyal and full of fervor and energy to help their struggling suffering brothers at the Front until then.

"It seemed as if those who had led them astray by such impossible doctrines ought to be punished. The best men were all violent Bolsheviki now, bent on their own destruction and on ours; and whatever comes to them, they never will be satisfied, since their elusive ideal will always be some steps beyond attainment."

At least a dozen men and women whom I knew had about this same experience with their Red Cross workers at the Front, and these groups fell to pieces at this time, as did the army and every other organization in Russia; while little by little during the same period the Bolsheviki gained power.

Braunstein Becomes Trotzky

Leon Trotzky—alias Braunstein—arrived in July and added his strength to the movement. He came from the East Side of New York City, where he had till then been doing useful work in America for his German masters and their cause. He admitted to being an anarchist, and also that his original name had been Leo Braunstein until he moved to our unfortunate land, when he had taken a Russian name. He probably outshone Lenine in magnetism and eloquence, and was better trained in German methods and more experienced. Certainly whether from that or because his original home country backed him more suitably he seems to have injected much greater energy into the agitations which he led and to have organized them better. He was infinitely violent and tyrannical as compared to other leaders. He promised more, and has shown himself unashamed of using any instrument which offered itself to his hand; and he had already by early November, 1917, gathered enough power to overthrow the tottering provisional government, lock up its ministers—save only Kerensky, who ran away—while he, Trotzky, personally assumed all power as tyrant and autocrat.

The new Robespierre inaugurated at once a reign of terror, or tried to do so, for even with the seizure once accomplished most of his Russian followers still hung back, and with innate idealism expected the millennium to fulfill all promises made immediately, without undue effort or ferocity on their own parts.

Of course nothing came of this hope, since it had never been in the plans of the originators that their followers should reap any good from their projects. The riches of the country they meant to draw for themselves from out of the tempest they were stirring up; and only complete slavery was to be the part of the muzhik, whether he hailed from town or village; but he, the victim, must be kept ignorant of such plans till he should be prostrate beyond recovery; and to gain that end it was necessary to tempt him onward, over the road he seemed almost loath to follow. Also the various classes in Russia must all be put irretrievably one against the other, and misunderstandings must be created which would carry them beyond reconciliation.

Zealously the agents set about this special work. Step by step they carried out a fixed program. Our people of the lower strata, who were so ignorant they could neither read nor write, naturally wanted all those things which were dangled before their blinking eyes, so immediately they fell an easy prey to Bolshevik machinations. They who had gone through the terrific years of war, who were very needy—in the north, especially—of both fuel and food, believed at once the false prophets who appeared from they knew not where and offered them shining gold and provisions, and above all vodka, of which they had not tasted for three long years. And then beyond all this the newcomers promised there should be a paradise on earth—no more work and no more fighting; all the riches of the world should be had

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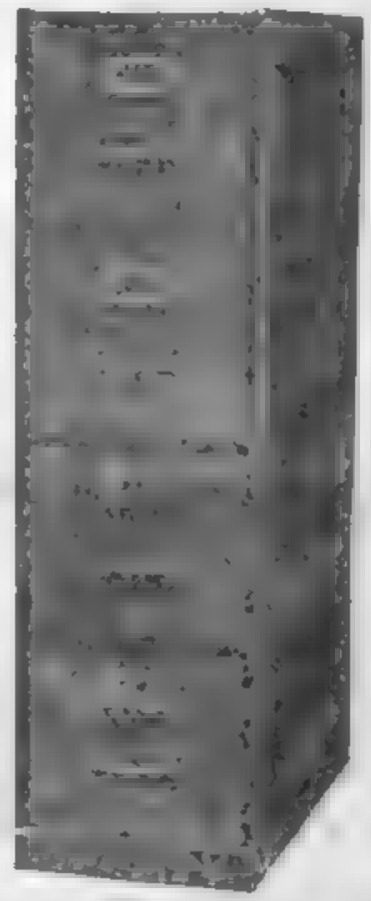

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for the mere taking; and it was not stealing and murder they were asked to practice, it was explained, for everything in the new government was to be nationalized and belonged to the humble masses, who were both great and good and long suffering.

All that was given to them thus by high-sounding proclamations was already legally their property, and they had only two duties to perform: To carry out the law by appropriating what was at hand; and to defend the revolution—which meant fighting counter-revolutionary plots and parties. This seemed easy enough; it only required occasional arrests, requisitions, and now and then the shooting of a suspected bourgeois or raiding of houses, shops and cellars, both public and private; and all this was delightful by the excitement and booty it furnished.

By degrees as heads became heated the whole of the poorer elements became one drunken horde of frantic half-mad creatures. Even the German directors could no longer manage the mob except by giving them all they asked for and promising more and always more. Each day brought new necessities, and to keep their places the demagogues must be forever ready to humor the wildest caprices and to invent new license and new orgies, so thought would be stifled on the part of those whom they wished to hold well in hand.

This became especially difficult, because so many of the prophecies did not come true; or when they did they proved unsatisfactory. Men who were led to burn châteaux and farms, stock and implements, and to whom the land was given, were not content finally; because after they had the land they could not labor at so much of it merely with their hands; and all the tools and organization for bringing forth the fruits of the earth had been completely done for, by the heirs to it themselves. How were they to draw money from the bare earth alone, be it ever so rich? They couldn't suffice at the work; and besides, they didn't really want to do it, since part of the new paradise promised had been that no one need labor unless he chose.

In the factories it was the same; there were at first wonderful days and nights, when the men had stood up to the owners, had talked of their new rights and taken their freedom when and how they pleased, meaning naturally a complete holiday at full wages. The managers had protested, then for a time had paid, and had finally gone bankrupt and closed their shops or left them to the management of the strikers. Some had fled and saved their lives, others had stayed and been murdered, while the buildings and machinery generally had gone up in flames. The factory hands who wanted to stand by their employers were either driven off or when they proclaimed too loudly that the conduct of their comrades was outrageous they were put to death as renegades to their own class. After all this was accomplished and there was time to realize what had been done naturally no pay was forthcoming, and from their cold lodgings the workmen sallied out into the streets, ready for any adventure that might be suggested. Riots and noise, drinking, stealing and knifing, the inspiration was ever present in the thought of all that was to be but had not yet come true, and in the gnawing hunger of their vitals.

The Treachery of the Reds

Of such men the Red guard was formed, and a more dangerous crowd could scarcely be. Trotzky saw to it they should be kept amused and satisfied, and he paid these men first and well, with the money which came regularly from the Berlin banks when he could find none nearer home. Disorderly, undisciplined, rackety, untrustworthy, no reliance could be placed on them for any regular service, not even to back up the government's orders or for maintaining any kind of organized life.

Lawlessness was the special occupation of every Bolshevik, who applied his party's doctrines to himself and to the acquisition of his own personal desire of the moment. Anyone who disagreed with the new scheme of life must either flee the country or give way, unless he cared to be shot if noticed; and remaining alive meant making oneself as small as possible on all occasions or paying with one's life for attracting undue attention.

As an indication of what the Bolsheviki were capable of in breaking all rules of hospitality and showing treachery even toward foreigners who were in their hands, I need cite but one instance: The experiences of the diplomatic missions, which departed from Petrograd at the moment when, after the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk, German conquerors were to occupy our capital. The actions of the Trotzky-Lenine government were then quite on the Hun pattern. The Japanese and Chinese missions accompanied the American Ambassador as far as Vologda, half across European Russia on the Trans-Siberian road, while the British, French, Italian and Serbian missions refused to take this route—quite round the world—to reach their homes; and they started, with the government's permission, for the Swedish frontier by way of Finland, a trip which should have lasted about thirty hours. They were harassed and held up on the road, in their special trains, for between six and seven weeks, the British being the only mission which finally succeeded in getting to the frontier at all. The others were turned back after this long trial of their patience and were forced to go to Vologda, where they remained with the Americans until July, 1918.

During four or five months constant discussion continued between the little group of stranded diplomats and the Bolshevik government at Moscow. The latter had offered Petrograd to the German masters and had retired themselves to the more southern capital, accompanied by Hun ambassadors, who were really dictators. Now they invited—and kept insisting on acceptance—the members of the foreign missions to join them at their new headquarters. At first they tried to tempt by offering villas to the missions if they would but come to Moscow, thus recognizing the Red government.

The Diplomats at Archangel

This invitation was refused, because the Allies felt themselves already as near to the Soviet's people as they cared to be and because if they went farther south they felt at any moment—when the occasion rose which might make such action advantageous—they might be seized and held as hostages. Evidently the object of Trotzky's government was to play off the Allies against the Germans who were accredited to the Kremlin; and the confidence the Teuton powers felt in Trotzky can be judged by the fact that Austria and Germany each insisted on sending to Moscow a lot of their own troops to defend their embassies; in spite of which Count Mirbach was murdered within six months.

Radek, a member of the Bolshevik-Soviet, had come with the invitation to the diplomatic corps all the way to Vologda, and after he returned to Moscow with their refusal the stranded party received an alarming telegram in the night of July twenty-third from the Muscovite capital saying it was unsafe for diplomats to remain at Vologda, and that another day might mean escape would no longer be possible! Thereupon Mr. Francis and his companions decided to use immediately the special train which they had kept ready on the track for five months past and to beat a hasty retreat to Archangel. They consequently asked for a locomotive, which it had been arranged they were to obtain from the station master on demand; but the Soviet government heard of this action and made inquiries as to the proposed departure and the destination of the train. The demanded information was sent by the Vologda station officials, whereupon Tchitchirin, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Moscow, sent word to the American Ambassador: "Archangel is an unfit place for diplomats to live, and going there means leaving Russia definitely."

But the little group left all the same for the northern port. They reached it only to find the Soviet representatives warned of their coming and waiting with orders from Moscow, which renewed the complications for some time longer. During this period the diplomats lived through many dangerous hours, and were treated as both hostages and prisoners, though at times they themselves were in command, especially after an Allied fleet had landed a goodly number of marines. They made a trip to Kandalaksha and returned in time to assist at the overthrow of the Bolsheviki; they attended to much of the settling of Archangel's policy, upholding the new and struggling provisional government which lately had been established there.

(Continued on Page 65)

The Bread of a Nation

THE modern bakery turning out thousands of loaves of bread a day is a wonderful development—the result of progressive improvements extending over a long period of study and experience.

It would be a pleasure and an education for every housewife to visit the nearest baking establishment and see the care, the precision, the accuracy and the skill that go into the production of the milk bread that comes to her table.

American homes want milk bread because of its fine texture, its thin, brown crust and delicious flavor.

In the baking of milk bread many of the largest and best bakeries for years have been using milk in powdered form.

First of all, they use powdered milk because it gives the best results. Besides—it saves hours in the kneading, it saves shrinkage in the ovens, and it is absolutely dependable—a given recipe produces a uniform result—always—without fail. Milk bread takes up additional moisture, and the loaf will stay fresh and moist longer than the loaf made with water only.

Milk bread is the bread in the greatest demand, and the bread baked by progressive bakers. Powdered Milk is used not only in bread but in cakes, cookies, doughnuts, custard pies, etc., by bakers to insure a dependable supply—a uniform product and unfailing delivery to the homes.

Bakers should send for our new booklet, "Merrell-Soule Products in the Bakery," free upon request.

Spell it Backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

It is simply fresh milk with the water removed.

Milk is 7/8 water and 1/8 solids.

Solids in milk! Yes—butter is solid—cheese is solid—and they are both taken from milk.

The water is removed from milk, leaving all the solids in the form of a powder.

Replace the same amount of pure water, and you have milk again—just exactly the same as it was in the first place.

There has been no change in the elements of the milk—nothing has happened to change the flavor or the character of the milk.

It is milk you can drink—the same kind of milk you get from your milkman, but it is milk that will keep.

Klim is made in two forms—Whole Milk (Full Cream) and Skimmed Milk.

How to get Klim for use at home

We have arranged to send a pound can of Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and a pound can of Powdered Skimmed Milk direct by mail, and when you want more we will supply you in any quantity.

Send for booklet describing Klim—its manufacture and its uses.

Fill out and mail coupon for trial order.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World

Production in 1918—15 million pounds, equivalent to 70 million quarts

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk is manufactured and sold in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd. Principal Office, Toronto, Ontario

Merrell-Soule Company
Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar ($1.00), (checks, money orders or currency accepted) for which please send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream).
1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State _____

Merrell-Soule Company

Kyanize Floor Finish
For furniture and all woodwork. "Clear" and eight colors—all waterproof.

Kyanize Floor Enamel
The ideal sanitary coating for old floors. Eight colors waterproof dries over night.

Kyanize White Enamel
The choice of leading architects and home owners. Pure white from start to finish—water and weather-proof.

Kyanize Motor Car Enamels
Bring beauty and increase the value of the car. Eight colors, all easy to use, but hard to abuse.

Kyanize Linoleum Finish
Tough, crack-proof and light in color. Preserves and protects, and will not injure linoleum.

Kyanize Spar Finish
Proof against the hottest sun, the coldest storm. The master varnish for exposed places and all water-craft.

Just Dip the Brush!

Fill your home with cheerful, health-laden brightness—dispel the gloom from dark corners—give *new* life and *long* life to your furniture.

It's the simplest, most satisfying occupation you ever knew, if you use

Kyanize Products

KY-AN-IZE

The Home-Preserving Varnishes and Enamels

They're all that the *best* varnishes and enamels in the world can be—tough enough to resist the heaviest hammer blow without cracking—firm enough to baffle the attempts of the roughest heel to make them scratch white—absolutely hot and cold water-proof.

Made-in-America, Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels are specified by the leading architects for the finest buildings, preferred by particular and skillful painters, and yet—it's such an easy matter to use Kyanize—nothing to mix—nothing to fuss with—that anyone can obtain satisfactory results.

Write for our Beautiful Booklet

You should know more about Kyanize and what beautiful effects are possible with it.

"The Inviting Home"

Our handsomely illustrated booklet shows, in colors, attractive rooms that *you* may develop easily in your own home. Brief descriptions and valuable home-finishing suggestions fill this handy little book.

It's valuable—but we'll send it *Free* if you'll write.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY

911 Everett Station **Boston Mass. U. S. A.**

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It shows the influence of the Germans, if not their absolute control of Trotzky, that they twice demanded the American Ambassador be banished from Archangel, in support of which demand they made various accusations.

Trotzky, cringing to his masters, gave the necessary orders, but these were not carried out because the Bolsheviki were no longer in power at Archangel when the papers came and the American Ambassador remained in possession of the field until November, 1918, when he left Russian shores by his own decision and because of impaired health.

There might be surprise that no opposition was attempted in the great centers where Bolshevism flourished, but when one remembers how this party came into existence it seems natural enough nothing could be organized against it. The enlightened members of society were not only in the minority but all the many requisitions since the first movement in March, 1917, had deprived them of arms and ammunition of every description, while the red rabble was in possession of firearms which had been in factories or arsenals and even in the army, except such as had been surrendered to the German conqueror, destroyed or thrown away during their wild routs of the past summer.

The Teutons, even until now, have kept these so-called troops of the red guard well supplied with ammunition. I find myself hoping sometimes that in a gesture of revenge all this ragged and disappointed misery will turn at last on the German leaders and serve them with the treatment they so justly merit, by the vast swindle they have practiced through a year on our childish criminal group. To rouse them the loathsome game was dressed in fine ideals, which put the wolf into sheep's clothing. Made of Utopian hopes were these, never to be gratified; while little by little they proceeded to debauch their converts till these were nothing but tools which the enemy used shamelessly for the destruction and dismemberment of Great Russia, Germany's most powerful foe. With this once accomplished the Huns were quite ready to turn away and leave their victims to die.

After all these months of the loathsome system the monsters who planned it all have drawn little good from their infamy; firstly because the same propaganda they created has rolled back in a great wave upon themselves, secondly because as yet Germany has been too busy on the Western Front, and now at home, to turn soldiers and officials into Russia in numbers sufficient to take complete possession of us as she would like to do. Also, the boche has been unable to gather in the quantity of food and labor from our provinces on which he counted; but he still trusts he will manage to remedy these points as soon as peace with the Allies is really signed. Then he will have a free hand in Russia, he foresees, in exchange for concessions made to the Allies elsewhere.

Zinovieff's Boasted Treachery

Every party in Germany would be willing to give up all the world if only Russia remains to them; for none know better than they the real value of our resources and the qualities of our race. They see our unformed, groping millions as docile material in the hands of their own heavy discipline, turning present defeat into an eventual glittering victory for their fatherland. While their ambassadors discuss general peace and their politicians are settling burning questions at home they can afford to let the pot in Russia simmer down, hoping their agents will keep enough propaganda going and that the disorder they have ordained shall continue till they are ready to go into Russia and take complete charge. Whether the Huns have miscalculated in all this or not time only can show.

By degrees their schooling is giving results which bear the "Made in Germany" stamp; as for instance in the recent delightfully frank declaration of Zinovieff, the Bolshevik tyrant at Petrograd, in a speech to his confederates of the Russian capital. Doubtless these men were at a loss to understand why, after having made the peace of Brest-Litovsk with the Huns and become their creatures—fighting the Allies in desultory fashion through a long year of weary misery—suddenly the policies of the People's Commissioners are changed to the point of accepting an invitation sent from Paris to meet and confer with representatives of the winners of the war. These simple citizens of Petrograd cannot comprehend why while still battling with Bolshevik troops in the northern snows round Archangel the American President should wish to send them peace messengers to an island in the southern seas.

But Zinovieff is cleverer, and he explains at once this statesman's point of view. And his discourse is published for all the world to read.

He said: "We have accepted this invitation, which has come to us Bolsheviki unsolicited, because we are poor and need help and provisions of all kinds, which these new Allies—now tired of fighting us—will offer in exchange for certain promises on our part. The promises we shall keep only as long as we are pleased to do so, and then we shall act as we see fit and treat this agreement as we would any other scrap of paper. There is no obligation to hold to such an arrangement, once it is no longer convenient for us to do so; and meantime we stand to gain those things which we desire and will demand."

Small wonder that the various other Russian parties showed disinclination to accept the tryst offered, to heal all Russia's ills by discussing them. It would take courage indeed to go as representative of the Allies to Prince's Islands after the frank avowal by Zinovieff of the Soviet government's intentions.

The Old Patriarch's Indictment

In the hands of plotters such as Trotzky the professed ideals of the Bolshevik Party have been so thoroughly debased that now I fancy the crowd about him is only held by fear or by a constant appeal to its worst instincts. Religion—deep-seated of old in our Orthodox peasant and soldier, and only slightly less so in the city factory hand of Russia—is slowly being killed off. The churches which held crowds of poorly clad bodies with exalted faces in the first months of the revolution are empty now; their façades disfigured and their jeweled icons and candlesticks, crosses and missals are stolen or destroyed in the melting pot; the priests have mostly fled or they hide themselves in misery, and all that was once holy is desecrated. This by what was the most beautifully devout group of humble Christian worshipers. Before this newest régime appeared they had brought all their troubles and their joys to the foot of the cross, with a splendid faith in which they lived, fearing God and loving one another.

But religion, though forced to burn low, is not quite dead in Russia. Even in Moscow the old Patriarch head of our church has dared to live on helping his flock as he could, and even has this ancient hero boldly bearded the lion in its den, calling it to shame. The venerable man, having by some miracle escaped murder, has just published a message to the Council of Commissioners of the People which is characteristically courageous. He says in part:

"You who regulate the fate of the people, to you I address these words, as you are preparing to celebrate the anniversary of your revolution of October, which gave you the power. But the blood you have spilt in a year cries out for celestial justice and constrains me to address you in bitter words. At the moment when you took possession, promising them peace without annexation or contribution, you sold the people.

"You gave Russia a peace so humiliating that you lacked the courage to publish all its articles. Our country is abased and divided, and as a gage of the contributions imposed on it you are paying Germany secretly money accumulated by others than yourselves.

"You have debauched our national army, and in doing so you have robbed it of its soul—the soul which inspired it to so many heroic deeds. You have incited soldiers till now brave and indomitable to give up defending their land. You have extinguished in their hearts the flaming conviction that none can show more love than he who gives his life for his people. You have substituted for patriotism an inanimate internationalism, and you know well at the same time that elsewhere the proletarian sons of other nations answered with devotion the first call to defend their nations' frontiers.

When Your Fan Belt Slips

When a motorist sees steam shooting from his radiator, he says what any other car owner would say under the circumstances:

"Now, what makes my engine heat up like that?"

It doesn't take much of it to spoil his day whether he's driving for pleasure or business; and, it's a strange thing, he always blames it on the engine, when, nine times out of ten, it's the fan belt.

The most frequent cause of an over-heated engine is due to the fan belt, and the reason it heats is because the fan belt slips.

This happens whenever the engine is speeded up to carry the load where the pulling's hard, and it's all the same whether it's on a pleasure car, a heavy truck or a tractor.

For ten years automobile manufacturers have realized the need of a slip-proof fan belt; and now an engineer has solved the problem.

Three years ago Charles C. Gates, E. M., perfected a belt of simple construction, but with positive elastic grip built into it; and this belt has made 100% fan efficiency possible.

Every revolution of the drive pulley is transmitted intact to the fan; and this must be done if the engine is to run cool.

Already 5,000,000 of these belts have gone into service, and here is the reason for it:

Before placing his fan-belt contract this year, one of the largest motor manufacturers in America tested the wearing strength and efficiency of this belt against seven other well known makes of fan belts.

Without exception the other belts gave out in 72 to 100 hours' dynamometer test; but after 214 hours of high-speed full-load drive—more than twice as long—this belt was pronounced by the testing engineers to be practically as good as new.

This is the Gates Vulco-Cord Belt—made by a special process; and no other belt can be made like a Vulco-Cord, for both the process of manufacture and the belt are patented.

6,000,000 Gates Vulco-Cord Belts have already been contracted for in 1919, and 25,000 dealers are selling them—convincing proof of quality and service.

The best test we could suggest would be to put one on your own car. It will pay you to do it!

Whether your car takes a flat belt or a "V" shaped belt there's a Gates Vulco-Cord Belt to fit it—built to conform to the pulleys; and every belt guaranteed.

MADE BY GATES Rubber Company DENVER

"World's largest makers of Fan Belts"

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

SLEEPLESSNESS, irritation and nervous let-down are conditions that often arise from slight forms of indigestion.

The speed at which we live, and the high tension under which we work are largely responsible for the lack of care we give both to the selection of our food and its proper mastication.

I have found in my own personal practice that chewing my original pepsin gum ten minutes after each meal is a very effective aid to digestion.

D. E. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

"You have refused to defend our country against the exterior enemy, yet you do nothing but mobilize armies; and against whom are you leading them? You have divided all our people among themselves and inspired them to fratricidal war; you substitute hate for Christian love, and in making peace you rouse only envy and jealousy.

"This civil war you have lighted you know well can have no end, for you are trying to establish the triumph of a specter of universal revolution in sacrificing to it the workmen and the peasants of our land. It was only you leaders who needed this humiliating peace with an outside enemy, so you would be able to carry out your intention of destroying forever interior peace. No one's life is now secure. Innocents are constantly suffering and being killed, without any form of judgment, accusation or defense. Those whom you keep as hostages and whom you execute in this manner are merely victims of your hideous thirst for revenge for crimes committed by others these did not even know, and who were often your own collaborators. All classes of martyrs—from army, church or civilian groups—have been accused vaguely of propaganda against your revolution; but no proof of this is in your hands.

"What insane cruelty on the part of men who pretend to the title of benefactors to humanity at large! Torrents of blood have not quenched your cruelty; you have pushed the people to pillage and destruction of all that was not theirs. First the rich, under the pretense of fighting the 'bourgeoisie,' then the well-to-do peasants you have sacrificed. You have multiplied the number of mendicants, even while you realized that in deteriorating all these citizens you are bringing the whole country to ruin. Yet you incite continuously all the rough elements of the population to facile and unpunished acquisition of anything which for the moment pleases them; and however you hide your acts under fine names, murder and pillage and violence will always be infamous crimes and will call down the contempt of the world at large, and Heaven's vengeance. . . .

"And you promised liberty—which is a boon when it guarantees safety and happiness, when it is equal and does not turn to arrogance; but this is not liberty which you have given the people, for you have favored the development of the vilest passions in the lowest element of our population, and you have left unnoticed crimes which are unutterable—murder, theft and rape. And you oppress all civic freedom and the dignity of man. When no one dares buy provisions, or rent a room to live in, or travel without your personal permission, it is not liberty; and when whole families or the occupants of an entire house are thrown into the streets without reason, again it is not liberty."

The Misery of the Cities

"Is it, then, liberty to have our people divided into artificial groups, of which more than the half are preyed upon; and when no one can declare his convictions—political or religious—sincerely without fear of persecution; is this liberty or tyranny? Where is the liberty of word, and act, and press, and faith, you promised? You forbid even the entrance of the Kremlin to the Russian people, whose sacred property it is and whom even crowned autocrats allowed to enter always! You have destroyed the parish and the schools and all other charitable institutions which have cared and helped the nation's misery in years gone by. . . .

"I do not even dwell on the breaking up of Russia, yesterday so great and powerful; nor on the disappearance of our transportation, the lack of food and fuel, which threatens our cities and even many villages with complete annihilation. The tragedy is but too evident, and the horrible epoch of your régime will remain for long reflected in the souls of our compatriots, where you have replaced the image of God by that of the beast. . . .

"It is not for me to judge terrestrial power, and all forms of government will have my benediction if only they serve God in protecting good and exterminating evil. . . .

"To celebrate the anniversary of your seizure of power, end completely the persecution of your neighbors and of other innocents, stop the flow of blood and the violence and the ruins which are now about us, protect loyalty, establish law and order, and give back to our people the peace for which they pray. If this is not done you who have raised the sword shall perish by the sword. [Signed] "TIHONE,

"Patriarch of Moscow and of all Russia."

His manifesto was published in Moscow on October 26, 1918. But in spite of this old champion of the good cause, drunkenness and every other crime in the calendar are not only permitted but are encouraged, while lawlessness remains the order of the day.

In Petrograd and Moscow misery for all, with famine, typhus, cholera and foul air caused by dirt and decay inconceivable, still reigns. Water, light, street conveyances, telephones and other public services have completely collapsed, the brilliant beautiful capitals stand rotting and helpless through the months. Largely their show buildings are in ruins, either from bombardments or from sacking by the mob; food when obtainable has reached prices impossible to pay, for I read recently that butter was one hundred and forty-five dollars a pound and dog meat ten dollars, while pork at forty-five dollars a pound was snatched at.

From time to time issues from Smolny or some other confiscated palace where Trotzky, Lenine, Tchitchirin or Zinovieff reside in slovenly state an order, given out in form of proclamation to the multitude. Occasionally the latter pay no attention; sometimes they listen and disapprove, then the new law dies at its birth. Once in a while a proclamation captures the popular fancy, and then these children of the gutter rush off to play the new game proposed, whatever it may be. In spite of starvation, theaters, operas and ballets are always open, with free seats for all. No one does any work, and one can't sleep always through twenty-four hours during months and months.

A Young Colonel's Job

For a long time the banks and shops and palaces afforded interesting occupation, but these are done for completely now; the bigger restaurants and hotels are also closed down, after their cellars were looted and their furniture and windows had been smashed. Possible fun consequently has been greatly reduced; and no one could think of work of course under such circumstances. Labor which must be done is attended to by a small portion of the inhabitants, whose fate makes one's heart ache, for they are the real martyrs of the revolution—I mean the ex-officers of our great army. In the capital small squads of them have joined together and are allowed to earn the pittance on which they manage to keep alive, with wives and children generally dependent on them. One such little band is hewing wood in a courtyard, another is cleaning snow from the main streets, where once they paraded, commanding a marvelous army of heroes; others sweep or serve cabbies and their friends in the small eating houses which these frequent.

An acquaintance of mine who had fragile health and was the gay young ex-colonel of a crack bodyguard regiment is so lucky now as to have found a place as salesman in a tiny booth at one of the bazaars. There he measures tape and lace for the old market women and scrubs the shop for its owner. The latter felt enough pity to take him in and give him protection till death should claim him.

In his hours of fever, as he tosses on his pallet, perhaps he imagines his strange surroundings are but a nightmare, which will cease with the morning's dawn, and that he will wake to find himself still leading daring scouts in enemies' countries and winning a St. George's Cross—which he did during the war—or leading a mazurka at a great court ball as was his wont in still earlier days. Or perhaps he dreams that he is helping one of his soldier's families, since he had always spent his income in this manner, saying that as he had no estates with peasants to look after the men of his command were his nearest responsibility. But instead it is to scrub the floors, shivering and coughing, that he rises, and patiently, in half-dazed wonder, he asks himself when it will all end.

The officers who were able all fled to one of the several units forming—Dénikine's, Krassnoff's, and so on. Earlier still they mostly went into the shock battalions on

(Concluded on Page 68)

As Timber is Toughened

Gillette

Chilled Rubber Process Toughens Tires and Tubes

The fierce fury of wind—the downpour of rain—the hammer of hail—the frenzy of a blizzard on a wild rampage—the wilting blaze of sun—all come and go, still the mighty monarch of the forest holds its ground. Mother Nature has toughened it to withstand the ill treatment of the weather.

Just so does the Gillette Chilled Rubber Process toughen Gillette Tubes and Tires. It builds up vitality. It increases strength and staying quality; successfully wards off the attacks of dampness, cold and heat. It provides wear resistance that keeps Gillettes turning out mileage far beyond the expectations of the average motorist.

Gillette "experience"—one Gillette on your car in direct competition with other makes will positively prove Gillette economy.

Gillette Rubber Company

General Sales Office:
1834 Broadway, New York

Factory:
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Gillette Tires and Tubes

(Concluded from Page 66)

the firing line and were if possible killed. But where a woman and small mouths depended on one and there was no money and no trains for flight, a man had to stay in the big centers and face the crisis out. Immediately when the Bolsheviki took power the officers were disarmed; then epaulets were dragged off and their rank and pay were both suppressed, even to the small pension of such officers as had been wounded or who had won a St. George's Cross for signal gallantry on the field of battle.

With all means of living gone one must tramp the streets to find work and take whatever offered, and though the new rulers did not want to labor themselves they objected to seeing others do so, thus putting them to shame. So here, there and everywhere the officer was told no room for him existed in the new scheme of life, and he was reviled and baited, repulsed and humiliated from all sides.

Many fell, faint with hunger, on the streets or doorsteps, where some pitying soul perhaps would take them in, warm and wash and feed them from small secret reserves not yet requisitioned; or they would lie unconscious till some adept pupil of the German conquerors passed by and kicked the fallen body into the gutter, putting the officer out of his misery forever with a blow upon the head.

And He Came Out Alive

Avowed and intentional degradation of our people, after the German model, has been thoroughly practiced; so that aside from crushing our religious beliefs the Bolsheviki have quite openly encouraged immorality, anyhow and everywhere. In at least two cities—Saratoff and Vladimir—proclamations issued by the Soviets announced officially the nationalization of women and the adoption of all children by the state. Consequently the complete abolition of homes and families, with all the strength, responsibility and happiness which these may mean to a community, is deliberately aimed at. As no results of this measure's success are yet announced I feel privileged to doubt whether these newest laws have actually been enforced. I venture to believe they never will be, since in the general chaos existing people are apt to do what they please; and Russians of every station whom I saw during nearly twenty years loved their hearths and homes, their mothers, wives or children with more intense devotion than I have met with elsewhere. Therefore I believe to defend these things many a man even in such mad surroundings would risk punishment of most drastic kind.

An ex-member of the ancient national Duma, who escaped quite recently to the Crimea from Petrograd, made the following deposition on August 19, 1918: "It was decreed that all persons who were suspected of having communication with the Allies or any sympathy for their cause were to be immediately shot, without trial, on the decision of the inquiry committee of the Bolshevik government, and after this arrests and executions in the capital rose to a frightful total. Every night the red-guardsmen gathered up crowds of former officers and conservative civilians and took them to Kronstadt, where part were always immediately killed and part imprisoned. One officer I knew escaped from there by some miracle, while out of a herd of three hundred and sixty persons who were arrested with him two hundred were executed before his eyes. Some months ago President Uritzky, of the Inquisitional Court, was assassinated, and the Bolsheviki at once took five hundred of the best-known citizens of Petrograd and held them as hostages. I was personally among these, and was kept two days by the Committee of Inquiry; then I was thrown into the state prison. The conditions there were dreadful; we were one hundred and forty people in one room, where because of lack of space one could not lie down at all; and we were obliged to live in such filth that we were all covered with vermin. Both cholera and typhus broke out among us, and as the prison had no hospital ward those who were ill continued among us. By way of medical aid we had the visit of an assistant surgeon, who came through the prison from time to time. A real doctor's services were refused us. We had no medicines, and for food we received a salted-herring porridge twice a day, which was often decayed; each man received an eighth of a pound of bread and a small bit of sugar a day. The most remarkable fact is that though I was locked up for two months in such dramatic conditions I underwent no inquiry and no accusation was ever presented against me. It was as if I were merely forgotten."

No newspapers are allowed published in the Bolshevik domains save only those approved by the Soviet, which constantly show their German training and inspiration. From the Bulletin of the Soviets of December 3, 1918, the following extract is eloquent of the feeling toward the Allied Powers. Freely translated the article says:

"Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson! These three men are directing their armies to oppose Bolshevik Russia, which is rightly esteemed by them to be the most dangerous and resisting power in the world to their theories. An Allied navy is now sailing from Constantinople to Sebastopol, probably intending to land troops, and the Allies also think they can attack us from the southeast, through Rumania. The British navy is only waiting to clear out mines from the Baltic in order to throw itself at our Red Petrograd. We know quite well a struggle is imminent, and we exhort the Bolsheviki to surround all the north of Russia with an iron ring of discipline, that same discipline which our government abolished some months ago voluntarily in the cause of liberty. A council of defense of workmen and peasants has been instituted, and the task has been allotted to it of organizing the defense of Russia in its struggle with the Allies. Not only the army and navy but also all matters of commissariat and transportation, as well as of military industry, must be put into the hands of a military régime—that is, a régime of violent labor and discipline.

"This is being done in accordance with the situation of the country, and is necessitated by the imperialistic bandits' action—that of Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson! We are compelled by them to make our country a military camp, as every day the cynicism and the falseness of these conquerors' policy becomes more openly declared. Wilson, who yesterday was an eloquent protector of the liberty of nations and the rights of democracy, to-day fits out formidable forces to bring order into our Revolutionary Russia! Wilson is the leader of the fight against Russia, while Lenine is the man whose strong arm holds the torch of our civilization aloft, to enlighten the whole world!"

Powers of Defense

In a Kieff newspaper put into my hands I find another equally eloquent but entirely contradictory official communication:

"On November 19, 1918, was held in Moscow an extra session of the Council of the People's Commissioners"—the Bolshevik government—"and it was debated how Russia would meet the advance of the Allied troops which is shortly expected. The chief of the Bolshevik armies, Leon Trotzky, rose to announce that the army of the Soviets would probably not be able to withstand the enemies' offensive. 'Being so numerous the Bolshevik forces are deprived of the concentrated strength of organization, whereas the fall of Germany has had the effect of augmenting recently the arrogance of the Anglo-French coalition in a proportion difficult of evaluation. At this time it suffices that our Front should learn some rumor of the approach of an Allied detachment for the news to produce immediately colossal disorders in the ranks of our red army, making it almost impossible to persuade our men to battle!'"

I cannot vouch for the truth of all these statements, but only for the fact that the newspapers containing them are really in my hands, sent me by a friend escaped within a month from our sad home country. I am inclined to believe that Trotzky and Lenine must have much anxiety as to their powers of defense in case of attack by a proper force, well led; for I personally saw the Bolsheviki on several occasions fighting; and while they always created havoc, and infinite tragedy lay in their wake, they never carried out their plans, but were always distracted by some side issue, and showed themselves ready to stop for food or drink or to throw away their arms and carry off some booty instead which captivated their fancies, and which in turn they soon dropped to follow a new scent or merely because the burden of it wearied them. Never had they organization above nor obedience below except when they were led by Germans, who frightened them.

The Temper of the People

Our people, always childish, have been especially so in their shame and misery. They have shown ferocity only under strong incentive and capable mastery, whereas left to themselves they have been chaotic, noisy, wasteful, wanton, careless, dirty, gluttonous, and many other things which have brought them to their present straits, but never are they by temperament bloodthirsty and systematically cruel, as were the French peasantry and citizens of 1792. Victims who have escaped with their lives—and they are numerous—have been all helped to freedom by some good-natured unlearned giant who had been set to guard them; and though Russia has seen torture and death accompanied by every sort of crime these have been but desultory cases or else were exacted by foreign tyrants and inspired by foreign theories. And many, many of our people were drawn to those first Bolsheviki leaders or have since followed the bloody banner because the propagandists held out promises of good things—of peace and happiness and prosperity and the true millennium, with land and liberty for all.

The converts saw much in the new doctrines at first to satisfy their craving for ideals which are never quite eradicated from the mentality of the Russian, of whatever class he may be. They were told all men would be brothers, content and rich; and they saw gold and were treated to food and drink when they were starving. Small wonder they were impressed with this apparent generosity and believed in the mirage of good to come; and when the Rubicon was passed they found themselves beyond the pale and were obliged, they thought, to stay; or else it was explained the expected results were just beyond the next bend in the road which seemed so difficult to tread.

Afterward the culprits were either frightened or their sense of morality was blunted and wrong still dressed as right was dangled before their eyes. Then finally the worst elements came to the surface, both in individual characters and in the crowds, and all were dragged, led and cajoled on and on.

Many a self-styled Bolshevik among peasants or working people or among the soldiers I personally have known has confided to me that he joined the party because "it was either be a Bolshevik or be shot"; and it was promised him he should have all things, after a short period of disorder and trouble. I feel certain many of these men are sorely disappointed in results and want a change, but they dare not say it, even in a whisper. In the crowds of that party I have seen were heavy criminal faces full of brutality, but the majority bore the signs of a dull hopeless misery and of surprise and fear; and mostly there are apparently mere cowed and broken wrecks in the populace, beaten and torn by the storms to which they have been subjected.

I have not been alone in noticing these markedly distressing types, for nearly every traveler who has recently come out of North Russia testifies consciously or unconsciously to the sorrow and deep agony he has recognized in the expression of the population on the streets. After all, these men and women are still hungry, cold and without homes; even more wretched than before the revolution, for they have lost ideals and hopes and the softness which was the natural atmosphere of life in the old Russia. The beauty of their cities is gone and their churches are all closed, so that they are shut off even from the outside frame which brought a ray of warmth and sun into their tragic lives. I am told there is much desire for improvement, though no one dares be caught by the present authorities expressing a wish for it.

One can only hope and pray a change may come from within or from without before Russia shall have reached the point of exhaustion from which no rebirth is possible. In various corners of the great empire parties seem to be forming to throw off the yoke and crush the tyrants and anarchy, and this proves our people have still a vital force and a warm beating heart. These small groups are, alas, not strong numerically in proportion to their courage, though they are growing; nor are they furnished with the material wherewithal to fight. They must get to their feet somehow and be supplied before they can aspire to crush the dragon now at large in the fair worn domain.

Russia's Future

Will the spirit of St. George and that inherited from Joan of Arc come to the rescue? And shall Russia see Columbia's sons also coming to bring her law and order? Or must the Slavs go through the purgatory of German ownership and renew their terrible experiences of past centuries and of Tartar mastery? Even in this last case I know the Teutons, as the Tartars, would finally be laid low by our younger and more primitive and stronger race; for Russia is still in its childhood and has fallen through ignorance into the hands of thieves.

One wonders where the remedy will be found to cure the deathly ailment. Mostly in the strength of the many worthy men who rose up and from the first moment joined in heroic bands, and who have never ceased their struggle against the terrible odds. Such is Dénikine's army. Perhaps aid may come also from outside, since there are many voices among our ancient allies crying out in favor of offering a helping hand and a new strength to the prostrate sister who did her part so grandly in the first years of the war while they themselves were weak and unprepared, and who has since paid so dearly for her sacrifices in the general cause. These voices are very powerful ones, and come from men of varying creeds and parties, and as I read their speeches I am filled with hope that succor may be tendered, and that it may be soon!

In Paris the great Lloyd George spoke for Russia to his colleagues, and then his plea was upheld by Sir George Buchanan, who had lived in our country for many years as ambassador from His Majesty the King. They know our value well; and here in America there are also men who speak with equal conviction and enthusiasm on the same subject, and who say that our great empire must be saved from further depredation at the hands of Germans or their inspired agents; that such riches must not be left to the exploitation of the world's enemy indefinitely.

Each man who knows the truth adds his word of warning as to the danger from the spread of Bolshevism to the whole edifice of Christian civilization, and each one most solemnly asserts that if the world is to be protected from the dread disease then Russia must be quickly helped and saved.

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THE SECOND ELDER GIVES BATTLE

(Continued from Page 4)

doubts seem to have been laid; from that night he plunged whole-heartedly into the duties of a soldier.

The 82d Division was originally a Southern division—nearly all its officers hail from the South. But various shifts and changes resulted in every state of the Union being represented in the 82d in considerable numbers. For instance, one regiment can boast that thirty-five training camps have contributed men to its ranks. Therefore the 82d wears AA on its insignia—All America; and they are almost as proud of it as the veteran First Division is of the red numeral on the left shoulder. The men of the First think that means more than a Croix de Guerre; and I am inclined to agree with them.

York was soon promoted to corporal in Company G, 328th Infantry, 82d Division. And he was with his company when the 2d Battalion of the 328th jumped off from Hill 223, just north of Chatel-Chehery, at six o'clock on the morning of the eighth of October. Their objective was the Decauville railroad, two kilometers due west—and by the way, they got it. They got it despite the sheer ridges they had to climb under artillery and machine-gun fire; and the boches were obliged to pull out of a sector of the Argonne Forest, their communications having been cut.

The battalion had to cross a valley several hundred yards in width. On the left rose a considerable hill from which the boches sprayed them with machine-gun fire; straight ahead towered the elevation known as 167, a steep high ridge, from which came a withering fire; Cornay Ridge, on their right, sounded like a thousand steel hammers at work. In other words the Americans were caught by fire from three directions.

York was on the extreme left of the advance, his platoon being the support platoon of the left assault company.

"We were losing a lot of men," he said. "See that little rise just where the slope of the hill comes down? Well, it looked like we couldn't get beyond that. The line just seemed to melt away when it reached there."

Under Cross Fire

This was due to the fact that boche machine guns on the hill—now known as York's Hill—had the Americans enfiladed. Therefore Sgt. Harry M. Parsons, formerly an actor, who was in command of the platoon, was ordered to advance with his men and cover the left flank. The fire was too hot in the valley, so they skirted the foot of the hill in order to gain some protection.

Parsons ordered Acting Sgt. Bernard Early to take two squads and put the enemy machine guns out of action. That was when the real business began.

Early had under him sixteen men—Corporal York, Corp. William B. Cutting, Corp. Murray Savage, Pvts. Maryan E. Dymowski, Ralph E. Weiler, Fred Wareing, William Wine, Carl Swanson, Mario Muzzi, Percy Beardsley, Joe Konotski, Feodor Sak, Thomas G. Johnson, Michael A. Sacina, Patrick Donahue and George W. Wills. Of these Corporal Savage and Privates Dymowski, Weiler, Wareing, Wine and Swanson were killed early in the fight, practically by the first blasts from the machine-gun emplacements. Sergeant Early, Corporal Cutting and Private Muzzi were wounded at the same time, the first-named being shot three times through the body. That left Corporal York and seven privates to turn the trick.

It was a clear day. There had been mists in the valley and shrouding the hills just after dawn, but they had lifted, so that the movements of the Americans were perfectly visible to the enemy along the ridges. As the little party started up the hill which they proposed to clear of boches, machine guns peppered them from the Cornay Ridge at their backs; but the trees and brush were very thick and they escaped beyond observation without losing a man. The nests they were after lay on the other side of a slope; the boches were firing at the infantry in the valley, and were wholly unconscious of the detachment bent on circling round behind them.

The Americans went stumbling upward through the leafy jungle, bullets whipping the branches above and round them. None were hit, however, and soon they gained above the fire. It was a stiff climb. I went up that hill later without a pack and free from anxiety, and found it hard going. What must it have been with full equipment, machine guns blazing at them, and the enemy ahead in unknown strength!

About two-thirds of the way up they came upon an old wide trench, probably built by the French early in the war. They entered this and followed it. The clamor of the fight on the other side of the hill now grew less.

The trench led over the crest. Going warily in single file, now stopping to listen and make sure that no enemy lurked near, now moving with painful caution lest they be heard, the detachment penetrated upward through the dense woods and began to descend the other slope. Sergeant Early was in the lead. Until wounded he directed all the operations; his behavior throughout the entire affair was of the highest order.

A Shrieking Bedlam

Still they saw no Germans. They could hear firing off at their right; they could hear it ahead; but not a sign of the enemy did they see. Finally they debouched upon a path, and there in the wet earth were fresh footprints.

They crossed the path and continued the descent, veering to the left to make sure they should get behind the enemy. A few minutes, and they entered another path—well worn, full of new footprints.

"Which way had we better take?" whispered Sergeant Early to Corporal York.

"Let's right-oblique," answered the mountaineer; and they right-obliqued and went downward along the path.

It dipped steeply to a cuplike valley amid the hills. A puny stream flowed through this valley; everywhere were trees and bushes and tangles of undergrowth.

Suddenly they espied two Germans ahead of them in the path. Both wore the Red Cross brassard, and both started to run at the first glimpse of the Americans. Some shots were fired, and one stopped. He surrendered; the other disappeared.

"It looked like a battle was coming," said York, "so we went into skirmish order."

They scattered out amid the riot of brush and pushed forward. Presently the leaders of the party arrived at the stream, and there on the other side were about twenty or thirty Germans, gathered near a small hut that was evidently some kind of P. C. At any rate several officers were holding a conference and a number of the men were squatted on the ground apparently about to eat.

The Americans instantly let fly. A few of the enemy returned the shots, but the majority dropped guns and equipment and threw up their hands, shouting "Kamerad!"

What had happened? How came the enemy behind them?

"Don't shoot!" ordered Sergeant Early. "They're going to surrender."

Surrender they did, the whole outfit, including the major in command of the battalion.

"What are you? English?" he asked.

"Americans," answered York.

"Good Lord!" said the major.

Early's detachment now made preparations to take them out. But before they could move all hell broke loose. Along the steep slope of the hill facing them, not thirty yards away, was machine gun after machine gun, snugly placed in fox holes, but pointing in the other direction. The boches manning them swung these guns round and opened up a fusillade on the attackers. The valley became a chattering, shrieking bedlam. Some Heinies on a hill far to the rear of the Americans sensed a new menace and opened up wildly against their own position, but their fire was many yards high and merely seared the tops of the trees.

At the first blast of fire every Heinie prisoner dropped flat on his stomach and hugged the ground. The Americans followed their example. Some took refuge behind trees, others burrowed amid the underbrush; but six were killed. Sergeant Early

(Continued on Page 73)

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RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 71)

was shot through the body; Corporal Cutting had three bullets through the left arm; Private Muzzi had a wound in the shoulder; Private Beardsley, who had an automatic, and was crouched down near Corporal York when the trouble started, crept back to a big tree for protection. On one side of him lay Private Dymowski and on the other was Private Wareing. Both were riddled with bullets—shot all to pieces. Beardsley told me afterward that he considered the situation hopeless and could not operate his gun.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a million would have considered the situation hopeless. The millionth man was Corp. Alvin C. York. The second elder was down on his haunches amid the brush picking off the boches as fast as he could shoot. From this moment the battle became all York's.

Six of the detachment were killed almost immediately after the machine guns opened up; three were wounded, including the sergeant in command. York and seven privates remained.

Of these, Private Beardsley could do nothing from his position while the enemy fire kept up, for it raked both sides of his tree from close to the ground to a height of four feet.

Private Michael A. Sacina says in his statement: "I was guarding the prisoners with my rifle and bayonet on the right flank of the group of prisoners, so close to them that the machine gunners could not shoot at me without hitting their own men. This saved me. During the fighting I remained on guard, watching these prisoners and unable to turn round and fire myself, for this reason. From where I stood I could not see any of the other men in my detachment."

And Private Donahue, a game little Irishman: "During all this shooting I was guarding the mass of Germans taken prisoners and devoted my attention to watching them. When we first came in on the Germans I fired a shot at them before they surrendered. Afterward I was busy guarding the prisoners and did not shoot. From where I stood I could see only Privates Wills, Sacina and Sak. They were also guarding prisoners."

Never a Thought of Death

Pvt. George W. Wills: "When the heavy firing from machine guns commenced I was guarding some of the German prisoners. During this time I saw only Privates Donahue, Sacina, Beardsley and Muzzi. Private Swanson was right near me when he was shot. I closed up very close to the Germans with my bayonet on my rifle and prevented some of them who tried to leave the bunch and get into the bushes from leaving. I knew that my only chance was to keep them together and also to keep them between me and the Germans who were shooting. I heard Corporal York several times shouting to the machine gunners on the hill to come down and surrender, but from where I stood I could not see Corporal York. I saw him, however, when the firing stopped and he told us to get along the sides of the column."

My purpose in quoting the statements of these men is to show by elimination what York did, in order to convince the skeptical. Every man except the second elder is now accounted for; we know from their own lips what the survivors of the first blasts did in the fight that ensued. But somebody killed more than twenty boches on the slopes of that hill and put thirty-five machine guns out of action. Who was it?

Capt. B. Cox, of Atlanta, Georgia, who later came over the hill frontally with his platoon, told me that he counted a dozen dead boches lying along a path, and saw the arms and legs of eight or ten more sticking out from behind bushes. His estimate placed the dead at twenty-five. I am putting the number at twenty, to be conservative and because the slaughter was the least part of the exploit. What counts is the fact that the second elder of a church opposed to fighting should have given battle to an entire machine-gun battalion—and got away with it.

He never thought of surrender. His problem was to make the enemy give up as quickly as possible, and he kept yelling to them to "Come down!"

Bang! Bang! "Come down!" York would shout, precisely as though the surrender of a battalion to an individual soldier were the usual thing—and I really believe he regards it that way, provided the soldier be an American.

"Somehow I knew I wouldn't be killed," he said. "I've never thought I would be—never once from the time we started over here."

At the first crack of the machine guns on the slope opposite him York dropped to earth. He was in a narrow path leading toward the emplacements. Directly in front lay the boche prisoners, groveling in fear of their comrades' fire. The machine guns were less then thirty yards away and were blazing straight down. Their stream of fire mowed off the tops of the bushes as though they had been cut with a scythe.

And then the second elder got going on his own account. Sighting as carefully as he was wont to do in the turkey matches at home in Tennessee he began potting the boches in their fox holes, and the boches who were hiding behind trees, and the boches who were firing at him from the shelter of logs. And with every shot he brought down an enemy. No, I am wrong; he showed me a crease on a tree bole later and confessed his belief that he had missed that one.

"You never heard such a clatter and racket in all your life," he said. "I couldn't see any of our boys. Early and Cutting had run along toward the left in front of me just before the battle started, but I didn't know where they were."

Shot the Whole Bunch

"If I'd moved I'd have been killed in a second. The Germans were what saved me. I kept up close to them, and so the fellers on the hill had to fire a little high for fear of hitting their own men. The bullets were cracking just over my head and a lot of twigs fell down.

"Well, I fired a couple of clips or so—things were moving pretty lively, so I don't know how many I did shoot—and first thing I knew a boche got up and flung a little bomb at me about the size of a silver dollar. It missed and wounded one of the prisoners on the ground, and I got the boche—got him square.

"Next thing that happened, a lieutenant rose up from near one of them machine guns and he had seven men with him. The whole bunch came charging down the hill at me—like this. They held their guns like this.

"I had my automatic out by then, and let them have it. Got the lieutenant right through the stomach and he dropped and screamed a lot. All the boches who were hit squealed just like pigs. Then I shot the others."

"You killed the whole bunch?"

"Yes, sir. At that distance I couldn't miss." He killed this detachment before they could charge twenty yards downhill—eight men.

"As soon as the Germans saw the lieutenant drop, most of them quit firing their machine guns and the battle quieted down. I kept on shooting, but in a minute here come the major who had surrendered with the first bunch. I reckon he had done some shooting at us himself, because I heard firing from the prisoners and afterward I found out that his pistol was empty.

"He put his hand on my shoulder like this and said to me in English: 'Don't shoot any more, and I'll make them surrender.' So I said 'All right'; and he did so, and they did so."

As York himself would phrase it the battle now quieted down, and the boches descended from their positions on the hill. They came in droves; their arrival swelled the number of prisoners to ninety.

Meanwhile the enemy machine guns from the hills back of the Americans were still spitting wildly in their direction, and none of the little detachment knew at what moment other Germans might arrive or an undiscovered nest open on them. Their own dead lay about, and they had three wounded, but it became imperative that the detachment should return with their captures immediately. Accordingly Corporal York formed up the prisoners in column and placed his surviving comrades as escort.

To him came acting Sergeant Early and Corporal Cutting. The former said: "York, I'm shot, and shot bad. What'll I do?" York answered: "You can come out in rear of the column with the other boys." Private Donahue helped bring him in, for Early was seriously wounded. Corporal

To Song Lovers—

Tell your heart it's missing some sunshine

—tell your lips they're missing some smiles

—tell your feet they're missing SOME Dancing

—unless you know the exquisite charm of these four wonderful new song-hits.

P S Tell your fingers to take this page to your piano and try them out now.

Four Smashing SONG HITS

Johnny's In Town By Jas. Yellen, Geo. W. Meyer & Abe Olman

CHORUS

Johnny's in town,— Johnny's in town,— And

oh dear-ie, oh, dear-ie, He's been a-round,—

He knows French and ev-'ry-thing,—

Sing the song of welcome—dance the dance of joy—laugh the laugh of happiness—"Johnny's in Town"! It's the song of songs—a hit that hits the song-spot, dance-spot and smile-spot with a wonderful melody. Try it out now.

Chong By Harold Weeks

CHORUS

Chong,— he come from Hong Kong Where Chi-nee-man

play all-ee day on a drum,—

Chong,— no lik-ee that song,— Where Chi-nee-man

The lure of mysterious China blended with live American pep—that's "Chong," the new song-hit they're dancing and singing and humming and whistling everywhere today. "Chong" in your home means life in your home—get it

Heart-breaking Baby Doll By Cliff Hess & Sidney D. Mitchell

CHORUS

She's just a blue-eyed, blond-hair'd, heart-break-ing ba-by

doll, That's all, She's got my heart a-bounc-ing like a rub-ber

ball,— More times than I can tell,—

"Heart-breaking Baby Doll" is SOME heart-winning baby song. It's a new one, fresh from Song Headquarters, but it's spreading through the country like Spring itself. No one who has ever heard it, has been known to get away from its tantalizing melody. Try it.

Alabama Lullaby By Cal De Voll

CHORUS

Down in Al-a-bam-a' when the breeze be-gins to

sigh, Seems to soft-ly mur-mur just the sweet-est lull-a-

by, Each dear old Mam-my in old Al-a-bam',

The spirit of the "Swanee Rib-ber" woven into a beautiful 1919 waltz-melody gives that new song 'Alabama Lullaby' a charm all its own. You'll [illegible] and enjoy "Alabama Lullaby" over and over again, each time with growing fascination. Don't miss it—get it.

On Sale Now

at all music and department stores or at any Woolworth, Kresge, McCrory or Kraft Store

OTHER BIG FEIST HITS

'Tis the Old Sweet Way
How Are You Going to Get Over There
The Navy Will Bring Them Back
'The Rose of No Man's Land
'The Kiss That Made Me Cry
Every Day We'll Be Say-ay When the [illegible]
'In the Land of Beginning Again
Dreaming Sweet Dreams of Home
Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia
Jerry
'I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
'Moonlight in Dixie
Heart of Wyoming'
'Am I Out Weary Yet
My Belgian Rose
If I'm Not on the Roll Call'
K-K-K-Katy
'Anything is Nice That Comes from Dixie
Salvation Lassie'
Ja-Da'

You can't go wrong with any Feist Song

for your Talking Machine

for your Player Piano

Chong

JOHNNY'S IN TOWN

Leo. Feist, Inc. Feist Building, N.Y.City

Where character counts

The man of character naturally prefers shoes of character. He chooses Keds for this reason.

These canvas rubber-soled shoes are not only especially comfortable! They're correct in style, always trim, and suitable for any occasion.

There are many kinds of Keds—for sports, golf, business, the club or home. Keds fill a distinct need. Millions wear them.

Fit yourself and your family with Keds. We make them for men, women and children. You should be able to get just the style you want at any good shoe-store. Ask for Keds. The name "Keds" is stamped on the sole.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Cutting and Private Muzzi were able to walk out unassisted

After the turmoil of fighting none but a woodsman could have found his way back. York's sense of direction was perfect, but though he knew whither he wanted to go he did not know the best way of getting there. The boche major decided for him.

"Go along this path," he suggested, pointing down the one which skirted the base of the hill.

Of course York went the other way; that was all he needed to determine him. He formed up his prisoners, placed the major in front of him as a screen, a couple of other officers behind him, and started up the side of the hill through the thick woods. The long line trudged behind, herded by the seven men left of the detachment, with Sergeant Early and the two other wounded bringing up the rear. All the boches had flung down their weapons and equipment on surrendering. The field of battle was littered with their stuff

"Just as we started I passed the body of Corporal Murray Savage," York told me, strongly moved. "Him and I were cronies—he was my bunkie—but I had to leave him there. I didn't dare to take my eye off the mob of prisoners."

As they toiled up the hill the major tried to engage York in conversation.

"How many men have you got?" he inquired.

"I got aplenty," returned the second elder grimly, and made him step faster.

It was impossible to see where they were going, on account of the thick brush, but York knew that the direction was right to bring them out on the side of the hill where the Americans ought to have established a post of command by this time. A hundred yards or more, and they were challenged. They had stumbled upon another boche machine-gun nest. York thrust the major in front of him, covered the crew with his pistol and ordered them to surrender. They abandoned their weapons and equipment and joined the prisoners.

Back to Safety

During the journey back they flushed several more nests. In one the crew offered resistance.

"I had to shoot a man there," remarked Corporal York regretfully. "When we hit the next nest and I got ready to settle them if they didn't give up, the major tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Don't kill any more and I'll make them surrender.' And he did."

The result of these operations was that York and his small detachment pretty well cleaned up that hill before they arrived on the other side. He says that somebody was shooting at them from behind as they went along, but without any damage.

Probably this firing came from a bunch of machine gunners whom Captain Danforth accounted for half an hour later. With Sergeant Olson and two runners he easily captured forty-four prisoners while going back for his support platoons.

On the far slope of the hill York heard a loud challenge of "Halt!" and perceived a bunch of doughboys about to fire. He shouted to them that he was bringing prisoners, and they permitted him to approach. The men were part of a detachment that had taken up position in the old abandoned trench York and his party had followed earlier in the day.

It was wearing on toward ten o'clock when York and his column emerged from the scrub at the foot of the hill and halted near a dugout in which the attacking Americans had just established a battalion P. C. The battalion was now well up on the ridges fighting its way toward the Decauville railroad.

"I certify that I personally counted the prisoners reported to the P. C. of the 2d Battalion, 328th Inf., by Corp. Alvin C. York, Company G, 328th Inf., on Oct. 8, 1918, and found them to be 132 in number.—Jos. A. Woods, 1st Lieut., Asst. Div. Inspector."

After reporting there York had to take his prisoners farther back. Their route lay through the valley for some distance, and a boche lookout on a knoll atop Cornay gave the range to his artillery. A few seconds, and shells began bursting close to the column. The prisoners yelled and squealed and some of them attempted to scatter. The Americans herded them back into line and York broke the whole column into a run, which was sustained until they got beyond the shelling.

Just a Plain Miracle

The German major was about the gloomiest officer on the continent of Europe that night; not even Ludendorff felt half so bad. Here he had surrendered to a handful of the enemy; the rest of his command had been put out of action by one lone redhead!

They found an order on the major for his battalion to attack Hill 223 at ten o'clock in the morning. Later a doughboy brought in a boche runner as prisoner; he bore a report from this major to his commanding officer saying that the Americans had broken up his preparations for attack, and he could do nothing.

There on the scene of the fight at the foot of York's Hill are six graves where our dead lie buried Simple wooden crosses mark them, and at the head repose the helmets, rifles and belts of the soldiers who gave their lives Close beside their last resting place purls a tiny stream, and over the wooded hills broods a cathedral hush.

We stood long beside the graves in silence At last I said, "I cannot understand, even now, how any of you came out alive."

York replied, simply but earnestly: "We know there were miracles, don't we? Well, this was one. I was taken care of—it's the only way I can figure it."

The last I saw of the big fellow he had only one worry—that he might be late getting home for the April meeting. They have a week of revival every spring in Pall Mall and he wants to be on hand; but he was gassed and greatly fears that his voice will be ragged for singing.

HORSIE-TODDLER! What a world of fun it gives the kiddies! Hobby-horse and baby-car in one, this sturdy little horsie that "steers" is a source of endless amusement —and exercise.

You owe *your* kiddies one. It is such a sensible, safe, durable toy. Four wheels—won't tip over.

Horsie-Toddler is made in Four Sizes:

No. 2 – 10 months to 1½ years..$2.75 No. 4—3½ years to 5 years. $3.75
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Add 50 cents to above prices west of the Rockies

Ask your dealer for the Horsie-Toddler. If not in stock, send retail price to us—we will ship at once—charges prepaid.

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Horsie-Toddler—one of the

Toddler Toys

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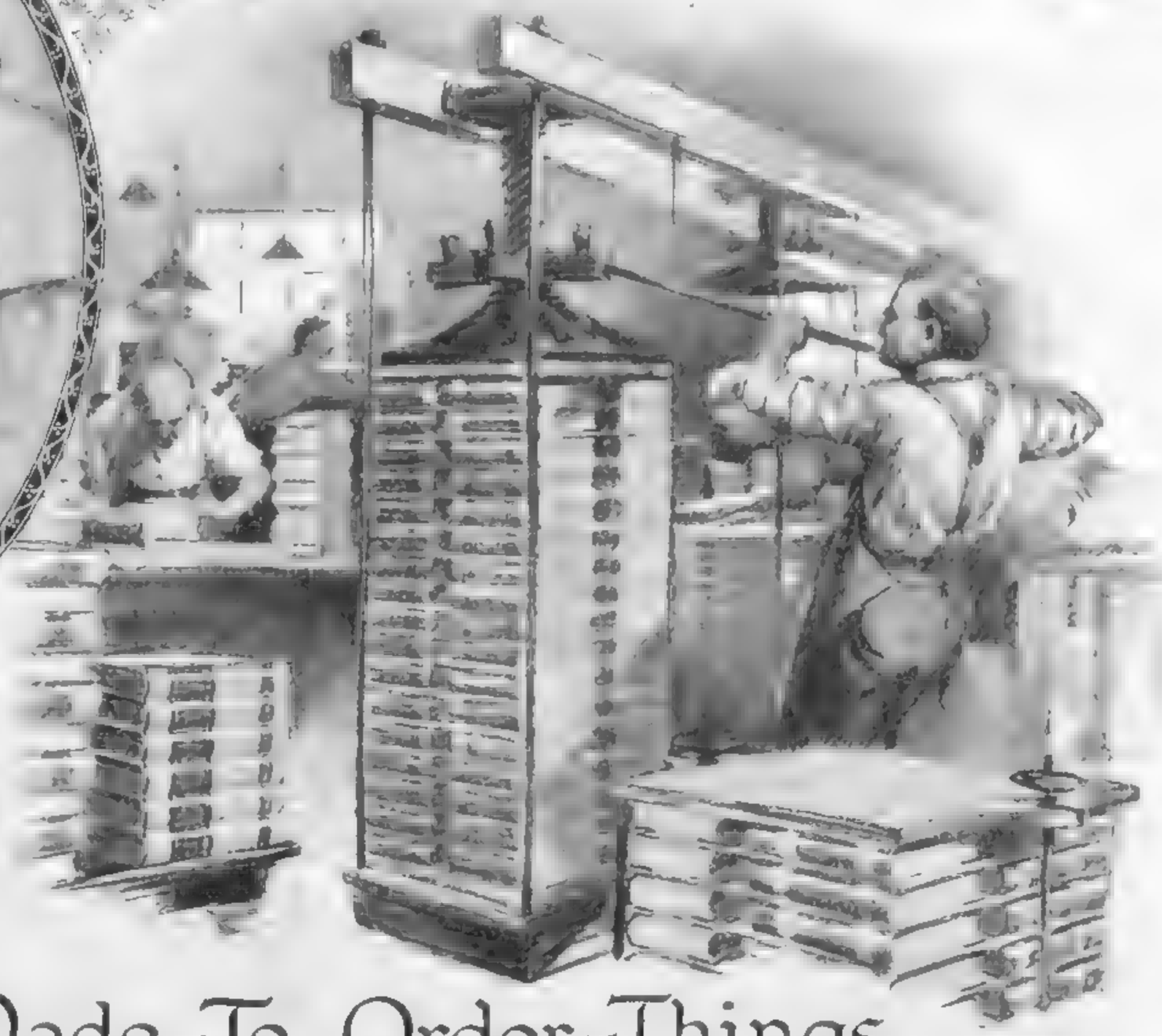
In the days of the scribe only the prince could afford a book and the only way to get it was to have it made to order



Made-To-Order-Things and Standardized Things

THERE are some things you don't want made to order. You wouldn't want your automobile tires or your watch or your electric light bulbs made to order. They would cost too much, take too long to get, would be difficult to replace and, besides, the standardized article would be likely to give better service.

In the process of standardizing the manufacture of any product, a point is reached where the standardized article is superior to the one made on a special order.

The standardization of Warren's Standard Printing Papers has brought printing papers into this class.

One may satisfy a certain vanity by buying a derby hat made by hand over a special block—but no farmer would want a tractor similarly made; no banker would want such an adding machine; no printer could use an unstandard press; and our theory is that when the full facts are known, no buyer of printing will want anything but a standardized grade of paper. The Warren Standard Printing Papers offer you a dozen grades of paper, all of standardized quality and each grade standardized for one important class of book-paper printing.

The Warren Standards make better printing possible, and at the same time make it more economical. They make the selection of the right paper a simple matter from which both doubt and bargaining are safely removed.

To buy printing without knowing the Warren Standard Printing Papers is to make each purchase of paper a special order proposition instead of a standardized, understood and reliable thing.

An examination of the Warren Paper Buyer's Guide will show you the different grades of Warren Standard Printing Papers and the class of work for which each grade is standardized. It is a most helpful guide to paper selection and will be sent on request to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers and their salesmen.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Constant Excellence of Product"

BONERS OF THE BONEHEADS

(Continued from Page 24)

show by actual happenings enough of the complex difficulties of picture production to make it seem rather wonderful that there are not more mistakes.

The other day one of our most thoughtful artists got a letter in which the writer said: "Even our million-dollar cut-up goes into the dugout wet and comes out dry." To which the offender made reply to his secretary:

"Present my distinguished compliments to the gentleman, and tell him he is a very unobservant critic, for he overlooked four other much worse blunders." Which he then enumerated. The fact is many of the greatest productions have startling lapses that are never noticed in the intense interest of the action.

Our whole trouble lies in the fact that our scenes are not made in strict continuity. Heavens, if we worked as they do on the stage there would be nothing to it; but when many of our exits are made before the entrances it can be guessed that curious things may evolve. When I was working on a paper in Cincinnati and throwing eggs way 'cross the continent at the movie studios I was still laboring under the belief that pictures were made just as shown—a little longer, perhaps, and then cut, that's all.

A story may have one hundred and fifty scenes in twenty different locations and the action will alternate throughout these locations for the whole five reels. In the first reel six of the thirty scenes will be shot in the vicar's library; in the third reel the action will return there for two more scenes—in the meantime the characters may have been round the world; then for a long time the story is located at the seaside, but returns to the vicarage for the big punch in the fifth reel.

As the vicarage interior will occupy a large chunk of Stage Six it can't be left standing during the whole month of shooting, for other sets must be built, both for this company and many others. Therefore all scenes in that location, irrespective of their place in the story, will have to be shot in a few days and the set struck to make place for others. And that is where the a. d.'s problems bloom.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the story as you see it on the screen takes place within a single day. The scenes in the vicarage will occupy but a few hours of the continuity, yet they were several days in making. It is obvious therefore that the set must be held inviolate during that period; so as soon as the day's shooting is over it is instantly inclosed by huge canvas flats—and nailed.

Why They Dread Visitors

If someone in the night moved a picture on the wall it would appear to jump when the film was projected. A rug removed might give a weird fantastic effect, and even a displaced newspaper might ruin the continuity of the scene that is to be shot next day. In shooting action that appears continuous on the screen it is absolutely essential that the set in the morning be identical with the way it was left the night before.

And that is the reason visitors are dreaded about a studio. The inmates are well trained to respect the various symbols and signs of inviolability, but strangers are notoriously stupid. I saw one deliberately step over a rope that had been stretched across a set during a noon hour, and after handling every object on a toilet table put back the sign which read: "Do not touch any of these props."

We had a practical drug store installed on Stage Two last week that was a marvel of completeness, and during the taking of some outside locations it was, we thought, nailed up tighter than a drum, but when Blake got home about four o'clock he heard voices within. "Look, Hattie, that's a real soda fountain. See, it works. And all the sirups! And whaddaya think of this? Ice cream!"

Fortunately for Blake he had drawn circles round all the glasses on the counter—the way artists mark a model stand—and he was thus enabled to match with the last picture shot there. Had he not known exactly the contents of every receptacle on the counter some gentle critic would have written to the studio thus: " . . . and there was more in the glass after she had taken a drink than before. It's a wonder you wouldn't hire just a little brains in your business."

Fruits and flowers and other perishables are the props that give us greatest trouble. No bouquet, however tenderly nourished, will last out the making of a picture; therefore flowers must be constantly renewed. Suppose the story action takes place in a single day but the picture is a month in shooting. In that case we make a large still picture of the flowers or basket of fruit immediately following its first registration; this we keep as a record, so that when decay or theft sets in we can duplicate the elusive prop beyond detection. During the taking of a picture the fierce heat and actinic cruelty of the lights will often wither flowers before our eyes.

We had one director who was nuts over Cecile Brunner roses and rang them in whenever he could. One day he said to his a. d.: "Ben, I want the ballroom decorations in Cecile Brunners. Go and get a wagonload of them."

An hour later the a. d. returned with an armful, saying that he had been to every nursery in Hollywood and this was all he could find.

"Ben, I thought you were a go-getter. I want this place full of Cecile Brunners, so go and get a wagonload at once, if you have to steal them."

And the director left his assistant to wrestle with this finality.

Got What He Wanted

At five o'clock the set was dressed with the precious flowers, and the director was so pleased he praised his side-kick before the crowd. "I hope this achievement is not lost on the rest of you. When a director wants a thing he wants it, and not excuses. If I told Ben to bring the mayor's trousers he'd fetch them, if he had to bring His Honor inside of them."

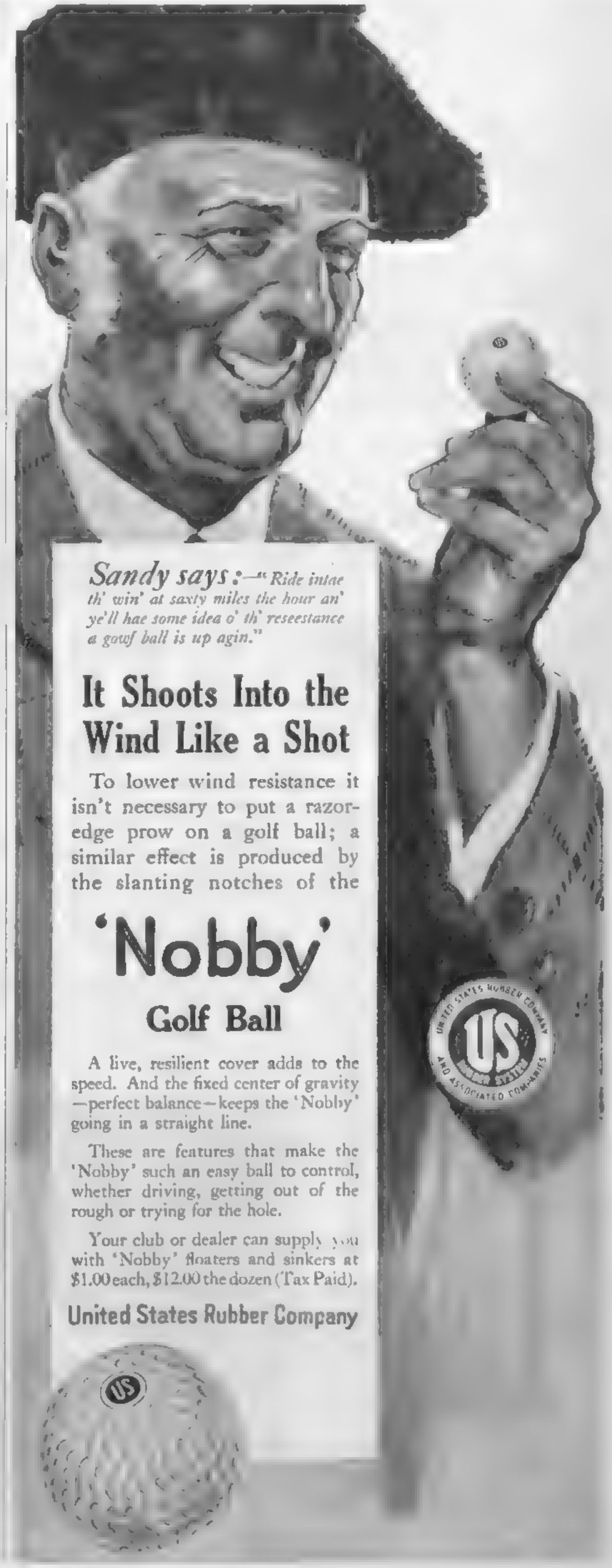
When the director returned to his beautiful home that evening he beheld a tragic spectacle. Every one of his Cecile Brunners, that he had cultivated with extreme care, had been stripped from the vine. The next morning he called his a. d. into his office. "Ben," said he, "I wanted Cecile Brunners, but damitall, I didn't want them as bad as all that!"

Now let us consider a picture where the story action extends over several years. Time's advance must be registered in growing plants, interior changes and different clothes. Let us suppose in this slice of film life that Harold, the spoiled son of the rich railroad magnate, is spurned by Vivian, and determines—like all rich movie youths—to jump the life of club boredom and go forth to hew his career among the common people.

He becomes a beautiful vagabond by eschewing the barber and adopting a soiled Rob Roy shirt, and when at last Vi beholds him in the fifth reel working on a switch engine down in Macon he has grown a full set of lambrequins.

As false beards won't do in the close-ups, and as it is humanly impossible—even by the use of Whiskerine—to grow enough foliage during the five weeks' shooting, the whole sequence of events must be reversed, starting with the full beard—which the hero has been growing in anticipation of his part—and then clipping it little by little, until, progressing backward, we arrive at the first reel, where he has a clean and dimpled chin. Curiously enough the final dissolve may be made in its proper place, for it stands to reason when Vi discovers Hal's splendid manhood she will wish to marry him, and in order to do this he must return to his white riding panties and talcumed jowl. The fans don't care for clinches in deep foliage.

When pictures are made backward our ordinary confusions become worse confounded. An exit to-day may have to be followed by an entrance a week hence. If you think such action is easy try this on your piano: Your sweetheart is playing a sentimental piece where she crosses her hands; suddenly she turns and beholds you violently projected through the library door and landing bruised and battered at her feet. You haven't any idea what it is about, yet you do it because I, the director, have told you to. One week later enact the rough scene in the library, where her indignant father beats you up and throws you


Sandy says:—"Ride intae th' win' at saxty miles the hour an' ye'll hae some idea o' th' reseestance a gowf ball is up agin."
It Shoots Into the Wind Like a Shot
To lower wind resistance it isn't necessary to put a razor-edge prow on a golf ball; a similar effect is produced by the slanting notches of the
'Nobby'
Golf Ball
A live, resilient cover adds to the speed. And the fixed center of gravity—perfect balance—keeps the 'Nobby' going in a straight line.
These are features that make the 'Nobby' such an easy ball to control, whether driving, getting out of the rough or trying for the hole.
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through the door you entered the week before. And when you do it, remember to have every detail of costume, set and props identical with the first scene; and above all try to remember how you felt and what was in your mind when you landed before your ladylove. This may suggest the troubles ahead of an a. d. in reversed continuity, when scores of characters are involved.

Take the question of hair again in straight shooting. Ordinary men go to the barber's about once a month and have 'em all cut, but the movie actor must keep his trimmed to the way it was registered in the first reel made. If he should have a full cut in the middle of a picture he would pull one of those lapses that starts the why-do-you-do-it's

But this is easy to watch compared to the women's hair dressing. The a. d. of our greatest star is beside himself until his pet arrives in the morning, for though her last registration calls for four curls she may be coifed to-day with six or seven, depending upon the curly impulses of her maid. So if you ever see a picture wherein another curl is added to the click of the camera you will know that the lady's a. d. is off somewhere in the wilderness doing penance for his sins of omission.

Most women who are using an unusual hair dressing have a still picture made of it after it has been O. K'd in the first registration, and they do their hair by the picture every day thereafter. Visitors seeing the tiresome old still camera set up after every scene think these pictures are taken for publicity purposes. That is only a secondary cause. They are for matching and checking details, and to be used as complete records in case of make-overs.

We do a lot of apparently foolish and time-wasting stunts that often have to be explained even to our visiting bosses from the East, who rank us as being hopelessly inefficient. "What's the big idea?" said an efficiency fish to me one day when he saw me measuring the length of ashes on a character man's cigar. "That," said I, "is to prevent this fellow from smoking a cigar clear to the butt in less than two minutes lapsed film time." And then I had to explain what I meant.

Smoking Details

Here was some close-up business where the cigar registered eloquently, and the film time was so short that the length of the ashes must remain constant throughout several flashes, but it may have been half an hour between the making of the first flash and the final O. K. If I had permitted the cigar to burn on during all this time the actor would have been making the final scene with naught but a butt. Therefore I measured the ashes on the first registration, and then supplied a new cigar identically burned for each subsequent scene.

In the case of practical clocks—which we avoid if possible—the match point must be very carefully noted, so that the hands may be set back for every retake.

It is no uncommon thing to have a prop lost, damaged or changed during the making of a picture, and it must be replaced at once. This is often very difficult, especially with textiles of odd design. A woman tears her gown in a conspicuous place, a fond mother washes or mends little Willie's pants or a cowboy doesn't like his horse and chooses another one. These are the things that make a. d.'s the crossest and most irritable men on the lot. We even had a character man break his front tooth, and I had to rush him downtown and have a temporary crown put on so that we could shoot that afternoon

Sometimes the lapses that cause so much critical amusement are tragic to us. An a. d. over at the Mammoth arranged his schedule so that the big punch—the burning of a house—should take place on a certain day, and the scene was a great success; but to his amazement he later discovered that two more essential scenes should have been shot at the location. The whole set had to be rebuilt, with the consequent danger that it wouldn't match the original. If there had been one brick misplaced every mason in the United States would have noticed it and taken to the mails; but fortunately the big stills showed it in the minutest detail.

Our greatest tragedies occur when something happens to the cast. If a star is taken sick or is injured in the early part of a story the whole thing has to be postponed until he can appear again, and if we are to save the footage already shot the matching of sets, light, costumes and props will test the wits of everybody, with the responsibility securely placed on the shoulders of the a. d. It is in these delayed shots that the greatest blunders are likely to occur. Often we know of them more unhappily than the public, but the expense of a retake just to match a pair of gloves is so terrific that we are forced to let it go.

If the picture is nearly completed when an accident occurs to one of the characters we may finish with a double, carefully avoiding close-ups of the face, which of course would betray the counterfeit. In a picture where one of our leads broke his leg we managed to finish by showing him only in close-ups, where the result of his accident wouldn't register.

"Them Good Old Days"

The other night after confessing a particularly terrible blunder to my poor patient wife I said: "My dear girl, I wish you could feel my head to see if you can locate any soft spots." And as she sat rubbing my addled pate with her pretty hands she reminded me of my cruel judgments of yesteryear:

"Do you remember, Tom, when we used to go to the pictures in Cincinnati, and you were positive all movie makers had heads of solid bone?" "Yes," I answered meekly, "and my one regret now is that all the other flash critics cannot share my great humility."

It must not be thought that I am proposing any defense for crass ignorance in directing—such as showing a desk sergeant sentencing a man to hang, or Washington crossing the Delaware in a motor boat. These blunders are without the slightest artistic excuse, yet they were quite fashionable in the days when directors were ravished from the plumbing trade, some of whom, alas, have never returned to that useful occupation.

Such curious judicial procedure as I mentioned in the first instance, however, was not always due to ignorance of the law, for many of our directors knew only too well the functions of a desk sergeant, but the limited footage of a two-reeler compelled them to marry and hang folks with the least possible delay, so often our interminable jurisprudence would be cut to tatters in order to get a quick decision.

It wasn't and isn't fair to expect a good solderer to know that the Romans did not smoke alfalfadoros, or that Cleopatra's sensuous voyage down the Nile is inadequately alibied by a puffing piledriver in the offing. As Bill Condon used to say when confronted by such criticisms: "The moving pictures are not made by, with or for college professors." In fact Bill Condon would break every law of man or beast to get his punch, which in "them good old days" was the great desideratum.

There is great temptation in a tale like this to sing low upon our cultural exposures while stressing our troubles, but I admit here and now that no other art has brought forth so great a harvest of ignorant artists as has the photodrama; yet I also insist that for a brand-new æsthetic expression there has never been so great an advance in so short a time.

Unfortunately most of the classics were filmed before high-grade men came into the game, and we have their outrages to live down as well as to avoid the pitfalls of a technic every day growing more complex. In building a great historical play at the Filmart if we make any mistakes in costumes or customs it is because the most authoritative sources in the world have been unequal to our demands. From the ritualistic pomp of a king's coronation to the table etiquette of a medieval stable boy we verify our business in ways that were beyond the service of the old-time stage director or historical painter. Yet even in these plays match lapses are bound to occur that will flood us with letters from an argus-eyed public.

With the overwhelming minutiæ of detail in a great ten-reeler the a. d. simply has to depend upon the human equation. Lining up fifty warriors in tin cans, as they call their armor, I'll say to each one: "Is this exactly as you were equipped yesterday?" "Yes, sir." "Is that the same helmet and cuirass?" "Well, no, sir. You see, that lid didn't fit very well, so I traded with Geegan. I thought it would be all right." "Say, Mr. Franklin, someone pinched me striped tights and these are all I could find. It won't be noticed in all that bunch, will it?" "The fans notice everything," I reply. "Get your own tights or your ticket won't be O.K'd."

"Why, of course this isn't the shirt I had on Monday! Don't you suppose I ever change my linen?" said a very chesty star to me one day. "Not in this picture," I answered. "You wear the same shirt until I tell you to shift or you'll hear something from the office that will curl your hair."

Sweating the Hero

It is wonderful how certain actors relieve their pinheads from worrying by passing the entire responsibility of their make-up to the assistant director. "What do I wear to-morrow, Tom—the riding clothes again? What shirt did I have on? Did I wear boots or putties? Do you remember what tie I used?"

One would think an actor would have enough wit to interest himself in such matters; some do, of course, and are perfectly dependable, the character men being by far the most thoughtful, for they spend much time on their make-ups and costumes and take tremendous pride in their work. It is the beautiful he-dolls that give us our greatest pains and upon whom we in turn must expend our greatest pains.

In a picture we were making a while ago the hero had finished a scene of a big fight in a sawmill, and the next morning we were to shoot an interior showing him just coming from the brawl and bursting into the room to exhibit his honorable wounds to his ladylove and to tell her what a hellova fella he was. Well, in he burst, with his clothes all torn so that they revealed his handsome arm and the chiseled shaft of his godlike neck; furthermore it took more than a mere vulgar millhand to soil his face or muss up his slicked-back hair; still furthermore, he was no more out of breath than a bronze statue.

Our why-do-you-do-it critics would have been quite chagrined had they heard Macy, the director, beating them to it. And when he had finished paying his distinguished respects to the ingrowing brains of T. Clarence DuValle in the stoutest of good old English he turned to Sturgess, the prop man, and said: "And now, Steve, put some sweat on his noble brow."

As the hero stuck out his head to receive a sprinkling of dishonest sweat—which was accomplished by the property man's dipping his hand in a bucket of water and then snapping the drops into the victor's grease-painted face—Steve Sturgess spoke; and as this well-known character held very snappy opinions regarding actors in general and this one in particular everybody listened. "Yes," he snorted, "we can supply you fellows with tears and, if need be, sweat; but damf we can furnish you brains."

The Social Encyclopaedia

T. Clarence DuValle, for once, however, matched wits with his ancient enemy, for he replied through his puckered face: "Zat so? Well, you notice, Steve, that I draw the big salary, and only appear to sweat, while you do all the work."

In addition to watching for lapses the a. d. has other duties. He must know the elaborate service of ambassadorial dinners and the more simple rituals of the one-arm lunch counters; he must possess at least an academic knowledge of wines and mixed drinks; be familiar with all kinds of gambling; and above all he must have a wife who knows the profoundest mysteries of a woman's toilet.

"This is a theater party, Tom. Why aren't those women in low neck?" "Because it is French, sir, and my wife tells me that the Parisian aristocracy is perpetually shocked at the exposure the American and English women make of themselves in public. The French women wear low neck only at private functions."

A certain well-known star who boasted kinship with the "Bixalls of Philadelphia" suffered painful pangs of wounded pride when he fell under the direction of Bill Condon, for this famous old rough buck had his own ideas regarding manners. He had learned them in the steam-fitting trade and believed the ballroom etiquette of steam fitters was as good as anybody's.

One day in rehearsing a scene he said to his star: "Now walk to the door, turn round, shoot your cuffs and strut out." The poor fellow answered: "But, Mr. Condon, gentlemen don't shoot their cuffs." To which Bill crushingly replied: "Say, Bixall, you mustn't believe everything you read in them Guides to Conduct."

In gambling sets it is our duty to watch the extras or they would be playing games that would get the place pulled; and when we are on location the a. d. must see that his cast doesn't do anything that will bring trouble or discredit on the studio.

Feeding the animals is another of our gentle duties. Luncheons must be put up for remote locations, and when we eat at restaurants the limit must be determined. If you knew some of these actors and extras the hazards of this angle of my job would be better appreciated.

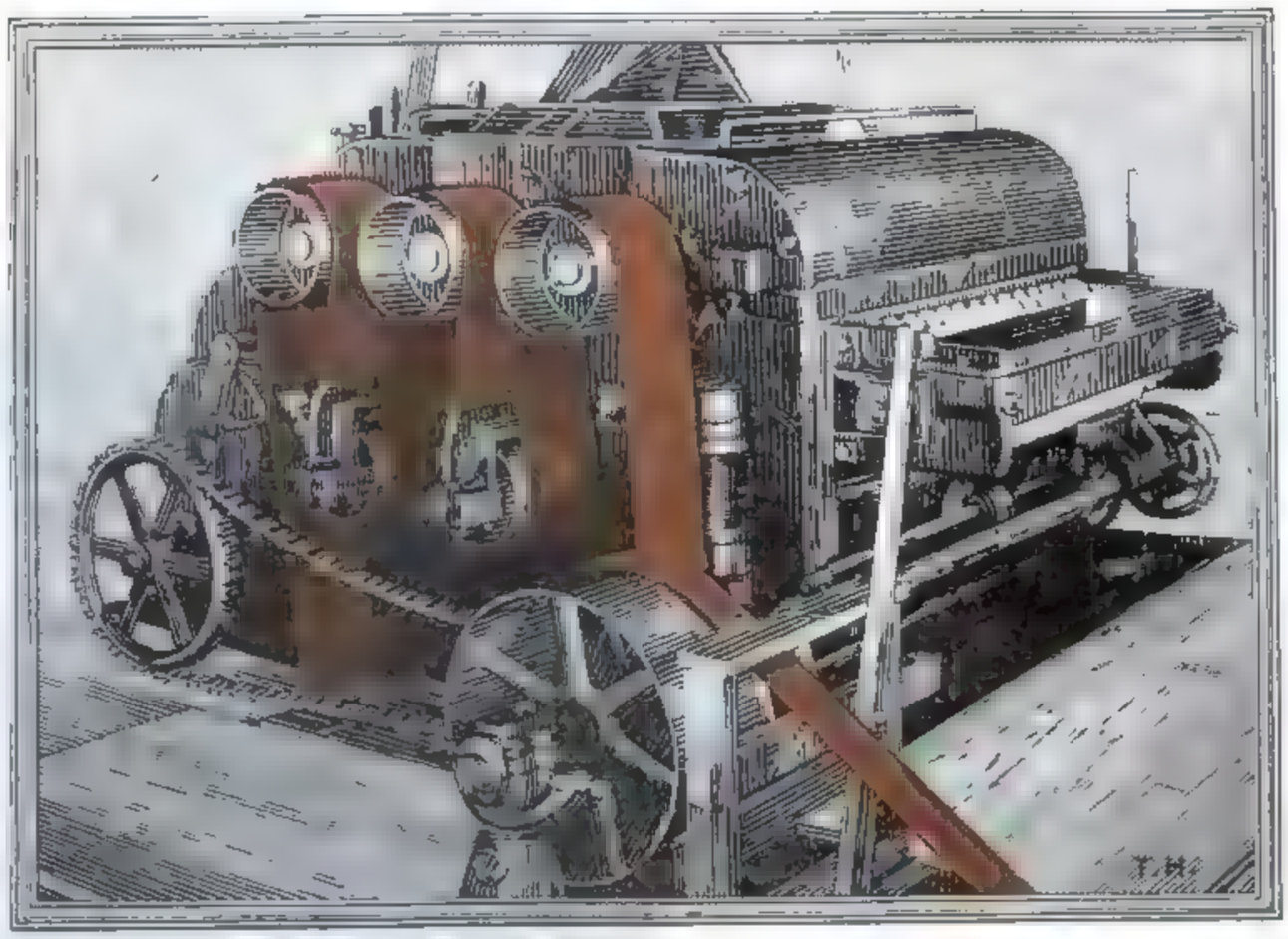
We have one big character actor who always seeks out a "regular dinner" place, for then he can order anything on the menu. I sat beside him up in the mountains one time, and when the maid handed him the card he looked at it for a full two minutes, and then tossing it carelessly on the table looked up at her and said: "And coffee!"

I have tried to show in this story that the a. d. has a very definite and hectic job, but that directing a picture is not much of it. True, we are sometimes intrusted with a bit—like getting a few feet of a barking dog—and even at times shooting a great dramatic situation such as the hero getting into his automobile in front of a downtown bank.

But it is a poor epidemic that doesn't help somebody. When the flu struck California it even picked on the directors, ha, ha—and in several instances their pictures had to be made while they languished in durance vile, ha, ha. 'Twas then that we had our innings, and we cut

(Concluded on Page 83)

The Smallest Details Often Stir Up the Researchers to Delay Us Distressingly



This illustration shows a Graton & Knight veteran in a Spartan Double Belt, 46 feet long and 8 inches wide. It is running every day in the plant of the Leroi Furniture Company, St. Louis, Mo. It has seen 4½ years of service. This belt-eating sanding machine wore out three 9-inch ordinary belts in eighteen months. Its cost has been 40 cents a week, with long service to come.

For all drives designed in our Engineering Department the belts are proportioned so that the stress due to the horsepower being transmitted is never more than one-tenth of their ultimate strength. The rules employed are the result of extensive experience, and applied to your problems may show that you are using a belt too good or one not good enough for the work to be done.

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Here is punishment for *any* belt. And, as usual, SPARTAN is the belt that is game for it. It shows the right belting material in the right place. SPARTAN, greatest of pulley-grippers, flexible and elastic, is solving the problem of the trouble-making drive in thousands of plants. There is one answer and one reason—leather properly tanned and fabricated for a given purpose—a Standardized Series.

You can't think of any belting material that stands hard knocks the way leather does—or one that can be satisfactorily spliced or repaired. Leather has the tightest of frictional grip. It gives and takes as the need arises. It doesn't fray under the side-slapping of shifters. After a long and useful life on main drives you can cut it into smaller belts and keep it earning money.

Graton & Knight Standardized Series Belts are made for the work to be done—from the first step in tanning. Very nearly 300,000 steer hides pass through our hands yearly. Think of the broad selection that gives us, the uniformity of quality possible. And installing any G. & K. Standardized Series Belt means the right belt in the right place—not merely a belt, but a belt for a *given* purpose.

Many of the best belted plants ask us to specify the belting for every drive. Try the plan yourself. Then, when buying, call for "Graton & Knight Brand—or equal." This won't commit you to buying our belts. It will put your buying on the one basic consideration—the work to be done.

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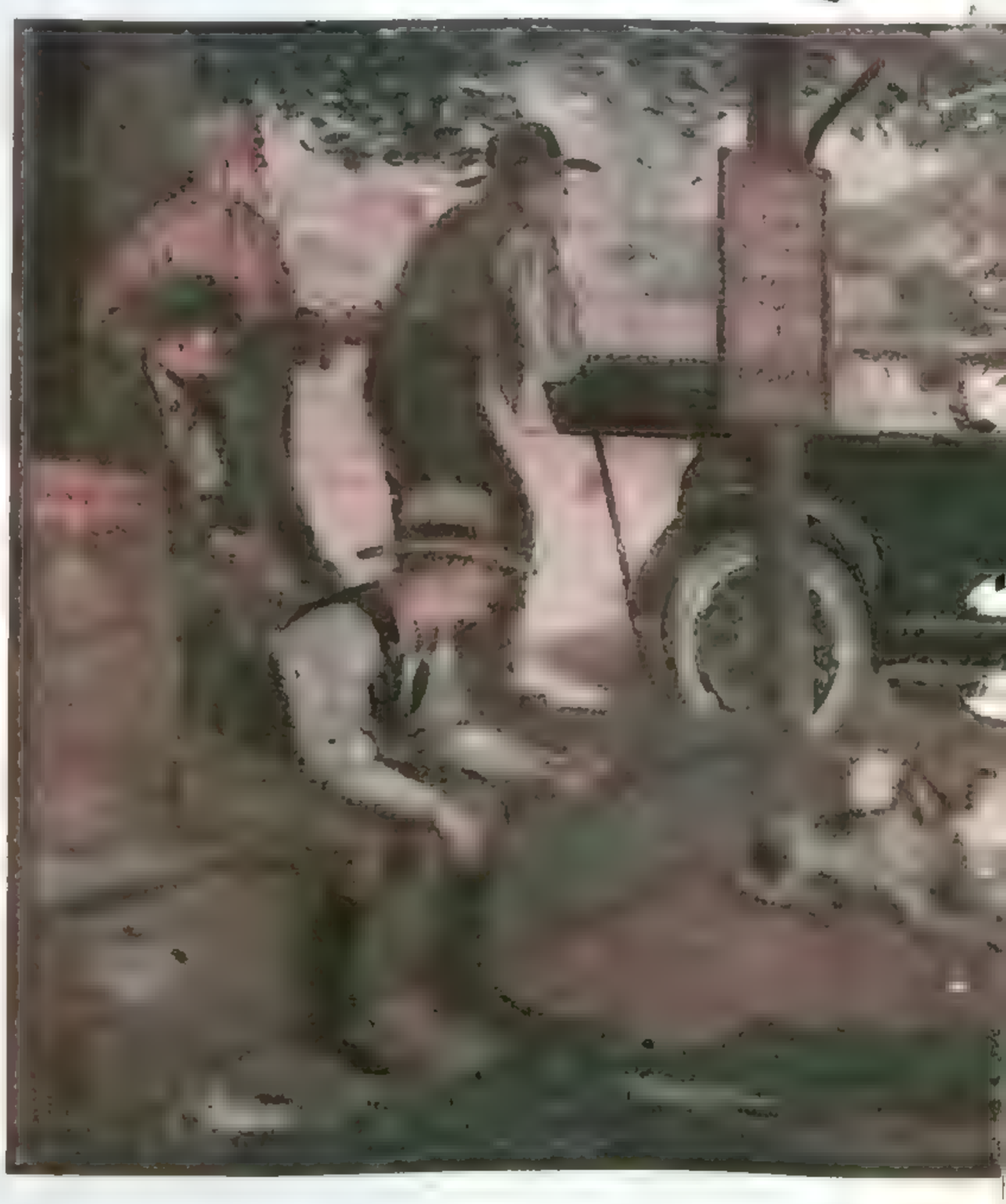

"Public O

The practical utility of the Overland, Model 90, shown here, has attracted the attention of entire communities and created a sentiment of approval that is constantly increasing. In awakening public appreciation to the economical value of the automobile in general, the Overland has played an important part. Over Six Hundred Thousand of these

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"I'll say it is!"

Bet your potato patch against a hill of beans that Prince Albert certainly will put a fork-full-of-frolic into that pet pipe of yours! Why, to listen to a P. A. talk is enough to get you spading deep for a tidy red tin, but to pack that joy'us old jimmy brimful and hit 'er up a notch or two is just going right over the top with your eyes wide open!

Man, man! What P. A. will do for your taste and tongue *you sure ought to know!* Like the gentleman from Sparrow's Point you'll call P. A. a good egg! You'll smoke a pipe full and talk a bucket full—Prince Albert is such a great, big bunch of smokesunshine!

You'll put the spurs to every puff of Prince Albert to tempt it to burn your tongue! And, then you'll catch the P. A. cue that it can't bite or parch; that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process *frees it from bite and parch!* And makes the sky the smoke limit!

Now, talk tricks! Chum it with Prince Albert in your party parlor or your cucumber conservatory; give it high pressure for flavor and fragrance! Put P. A. through your little old taste-test-mill—*and*—just let that *q-u-a-l-i-t-y* percolate into your smokesystem!

You'll say it is, too!

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Just how soon you'll get under P. A.-way depends how fast you can beat it to the nearest place that sells tobacco. There, they'll hand you the toppy red bag, the tidy red tin; the handsome pound or half pound tin humidors—or—that clever pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition, as fits your fancy!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Concluded from Page 78)

loose with all our pent-up notions of how pictures ought to be made. And now we are waiting to see whether the plague has given to the world any hitherto suppressed geniuses or whether the fans will take their pens in hand and merrily pan our first pictures—ha, ha!

The assistant director is also the emergency man, who is often called upon to substitute or double in time of trouble. Beckwith was shooting a Western a while ago, and had employed a dare-devil to double for the lead in a jump off a cliff. He had to land in a sapling way below, and have it bend so that it would let him down gently at the bottom.

When they arrived at the location and were all set, Spike Dennen got cold feet and refused to make the jump. "All right, you yellow dog, get out of those clothes and get the helloutta here!" bawled Beckwith; and with that he put on the clothes and made the jump himself, and nearly broke his neck in doing it.

In dangerous and rough mob stuff assistants often have to dress in costume and lead the extras or they will lack the abandon necessary to good action. In big battle pictures every group is in charge of an assistant who, knowing the direction of the whole action, is able to lead his bunch on at the exact moment.

As if the jobs were not sufficient to keep us occupied we are supposed to make good in any sudden demand. Charlie Fuhr, Don Fairfax's personal pubullacy hound, tells us a tale of an Eastern comedy director who had to have a pair of twins at once. So his a. d. rushed out blindly into the streets of New York to make inquiries; he hadn't gone two blocks when he found a baby carriage standing in front of a manicure parlor. Without saying by your leave he grabbed the thing, wheeled it down to the studio, shot the insert, and had it back in twenty minutes. To show that he was a good sport he stuck a two-dollar bill in the fist of each kid. But half an hour later when he was going out to lunch he was surprised to find the kids still there; and figuring that a mother who would so neglect her offspring was undeserving he took the bills away from the babies and gave them each a stick of gum, which made them much happier.

How to Get Extras Free

Last December Macy had a hunch that he wanted twenty American officers in a set, but when I went to our wardrobe chief I found that we had only four uniforms, so I jumped into a car and beat it for the Alexis Hotel, where officers were as thick as flies. Boldly I walked up to a group. "Gentlemen," I said, "I'm from the Filmart Studio and I thought perhaps you'd like to see the plant. Donald Fairfax is doing a war picture and Vivian Vane is also working."

When they just fell all over themselves for the chance of seeing these great stars I telephoned Macy the plot, so that he could be right there with the diplomacy stuff when we arrived. After watching Don do a scene or two Macy piped up: "Wouldn't you gentlemen like to stand round this interior set and let us shoot a few feet with Mr. Fairfax doing a bit of business?"

Did they fall for it? All men are roosters more or less, but when they get into uniforms—well, this bunch will be amused when they see their pictures, but not nearly so much so as their wives. And my, won't they feel absurd to learn that in hiring a lot of uniforms they were taken merely because they happened to be in 'em. But perhaps this is sedition or seduction or sumpin'!

Another case of resourcefulness that saved an awkward situation happened at the Mammoth. They were working on the ninth of a thirteen-episode serial when the lead was drafted. It looked as if the film was to be ruined, when Joe Severn, the assistant director, suggested that they make that apparent calamity a part of the story. So by shooting a couple of quick scenes of the boy's enlistment and his return the situation was saved.

Here is a case of ready wit that saved no end of why-do-you-do-it letters: Beckwith had shot a lot of scenes round an old adobe wall, and that night it rained, so when they went out next day to finish the location the wall was ten shades darker and all streaked up. Of course they could have waited, at great expense, for several days, while it dried, but Beckwith was in a hurry. So what did he do? He poured gasoline all over the works and set it on fire. In half an hour the wall was as dry as a bone.

But I think the most interesting result from an a. d.'s resourcefulness happened over at the Climax Studio last week. They were making an Alaskan story and the director said: "Henry, we've got to show a close-up of a thermometer registering six below zero. How in the name of heaven are we going to do it?"

Henry was gone half an hour, but when he returned he had with him a chap from the technical department who was carrying a copper retort full of ethyl chloride, I think it was, and they began to squirt it at the thermometer. Down, down went the mercury until the desired point was reached and the thermometer covered with frost.

"Why not put it on their beards?" cried Henry. And sure enough by covering the faces of the men and squirting profilewise at their beards they, too, were soon covered with frost, with the result that the breath showed as plainly as it does in the cold countries!

Those officers I told you about have just put me in mind of a spy story in which the wicked Hun-American was to poison the water supply of a great city. The stunt sounded pretty thin to me, so I called up the chief engineer of the aqueduct. "Say, Mr. Holland," I said, "could a German spy poison the water supply of Los Angeles by emptying a bottle of anything into the Chatsworth Reservoir?"

"My dear young fellow," he replied, "every day I see moving-picture plays with silly plots like you mention. If any German sets out to poison that reservoir he will have to bring his stuff in a train of tank cars."

I'll venture to say that Los Angeles was the only city in America where the Huns couldn't frighten the children, for when we were doing war stories the town was full of wicked gray uniforms. Perhaps the most incongruous picture was presented when a whole regiment of "Germans" went down to the train to bid good-by to a lot of the fellows who went off to the Front. If the Kaiser could have seen the hilarious treason he would have felt a sublime profanation. It is said that some incoming passengers hid in the lavatory because they thought the town had been captured by a raider recently reported in the Pacific.

For four years the public has been fed up on outrages and devastation of the great war, but curiously enough no one has called attention to the artistic horrors that have been committed in its name. The cartoonist and poster artists have done notable things in picturing the bloody hands and boots of the detestable Huns; German orchestras, changing their names—temporarily—had us standing for hours while they jazzed our Allied anthems; and even lady authors, eschewing chaste English, splashed into filthy dugouts, returning with rhetorical violets soaked in gore and withered by poison gases; but of all the songs of war sung by the seven arts those of the photodrama were the most terrible. And of all the martyrs of civilization's cataclysm the assistant directors of those same dramas were the most unhonored and unsung. While everybody is framing a just sentence for the Kaiser I would suggest that he be made an a. d. to a series of war dramas, and though there are many who would object on the ground of excessive cruelty the punishment would be partially constitutional, for it is not unusual.

When the war started we picture fellows were artistically happy, for the subject was so full of color and action, and any military blunders we might make would get by because of the peaceful ignorance of our fellow countrymen. But when America jumped in to make the world safe for Republicans our troubles began. Overnight five million lowly husbandmen left their plows and became great military experts, while the sisters, cousins and aunts of these same Israel Putnams instantly developed a knowledge of chevrons, guns and strategy that was almost encyclopaedic.

Even though we had the cantonments from which to get authoritative information we would no more release a film than the whole darned equipment would be changed; and then when everything became standardized, and we thought we couldn't go wrong, photographs and letters came back from the Front informing us of still greater changes.

One wouldn't suppose that a man who was engaged in the heroic task of saving civilization would be interested in the number of buttons on a coat, but soldiers are the touchiest critics in the world, and let us fall down on the most trivial detail and we would receive regimental round robins calling us everything from boneheads to pro-Germans.

But even after we learned the truth we were up against insuperable traditions of our art and the vanities of our heroic pets. One day Bessie Flopit appeared for work in a white costume of mercy looking as sweet and pretty as a poster girl. "Bessie," said I, "when a Red Cross nurse has been doing first-line service all day she wouldn't look as she does in a Liberty Loan parade. Now go and roll in the dirt; muss up your starch and get some muck on your arms and face."

You should have heard the young lady blow up. "Mr. Tom Franklin, I'll have you understand that I'll not make myself unattractive for any man!" Only an order from the office saved us from making a film that might have lost us the respect of all the Allied Armies.

Though a man or a nation may evolve lofty ethics of killing, still if one meets the devil in a dark alley he is likely to forgo Queensberry rules and use any weapons that are handy; so we soon had our soldiers squirting flambeaux and throwing stinkpots just like the Huns, but our most belligerent citizens never dreamed that genial Americans could possibly equal the Huns in their deplorable hate. However, they reckoned without our resourceful scenario writers, for we began to call names and invent punishments that made the German Song of Hate sound like a eulogy.

When the storm was at its height Gus Smith—*né* August Schmidiehl—began his superserial, The Hellish Hohenzollerns. Making his hero an Alsatian lad who had been forced to fight, he could show the German side and ring in the Kaiser, Crown Prince, Hindy and all the face cards. His heroine of course was a Red Cross nurse with the Allies.

Gus scorned script of any kind, but let his story develop along historical lines, grabbing off every item of color that he read in the newspapers, to make a scene, and introducing everybody into the story who had anything to do with the war. He showed Nicky writing letters to Willie, Gerard stepping on the Kaiser's toes, and Frederick William stealing art treasures. On the other side Constance, the heroine, stood with Edith Cavell in her last hour; she carried a secret message, concealed in a hypodermic syringe, from Wilson to Hoover; was bombed in a hospital; and was present at all the big punches.

About August last, Gus reached his seventh episode, and things began to thicken up dramatically so much that he wrote his continuity right from the daily papers, introducing into the story every headliner of the war.

Came November, and history began to happen faster than he could record it. Just as he had finished a wonderfully dramatic episode of the Alsatian hero meeting the Kaiser on his flight into Belgium, and spilling the subtitle: "Are you on the road to Paris, sire?"—as I say, just as Gus was leading up to the great climax of his superserial the armistice was signed!

While the world broke loose with pent-up joy, parading the streets in spiritual abandon, while electricians made up with hated assistant directors and movie queens kissed extra men, in all this diapason of thankfulness there was one lonely spirit sitting gloomily in the center of a set on Stage Four.

"Isn't it hell?" groaned Gus. "Here I was going to show the Kaiser in a cage on the American Front, with Constance and Gervais meeting in Berlin, and now the boobs have quit like a lotta yella dogs and spoiled the big punch."

The Carping Fans

So seriously do some men feel their art that I'm sure Gus would have gladly sacrificed another million men had he been permitted to finish his masterpiece, for on top of this artistic blow came word from the New York office to kill all the war stuff at once, as the public was fed up on it and the tide had turned to romance and mild adventure.

Nor was Gus the only casualty of his superserial; the pride of his a. d. was wounded too. So determined was he to have the soldier stuff correct that after the goldarndest lot of red tape he had got permission to shoot his war maneuvers down at Camp Kearny, where French Army officers had been training our boys in the latest front-line tactics; yet the studio had received more than seven hundred letters from all over this blessed country telling what mutts we were and laughing at our movie soldiers.

"You remember that aëroplane stuff in the third episode, Tom?" he said to me in a heartbroken voice. "We've heard from every flying field in America asking why we did this or that, and I've just had this letter mimeographed to send in reply, but they can all go to the devil now; I don't care what they think."

Here is the letter:

"*Dear Sir:* The aëroplane you refer to was rebuilt, and flown by Lieut. Jos. Rankin, American Ace, who began four years ago with the Lafayette Corps and who saw continuous service until he was wounded two months ago. We had hoped this knowledge and experience would have saved us from the thoughtless criticism of those who had been denied the good fortune of serving in France."

"Say, Tom," he said as I finished reading, "what's the use in trying to be accurate?"

"Maybe," I replied, "we have been stressing literalism too much, and have erected false standards. But after all, Gus, these floods of protests show a universal and healthy interest in the movies. We should begin to worry when the people cease to write."

THE GOLDEN WREATH

(Continued from Page 7)

It was noon when the two brothers appeared again, this time below the temple stairs, taking passage upriver in another boat.

Her cabin saw the scene of yesterday reënacted. In the shadow aft Great Keshab lay down to sleep; in a doorway perched his brother, the gay dog and merry rattle of the company. All hands on board heard of his wise aunt; of bathers' heads crowding the river so thick you could walk dry-shod on them to Sitla Ghat—yes, and beyond, both ways; of young men richer than old ones, and especially of that marvel among goldsmiths, that prodigy of wealth and knowledge, who lay snoring there like any common pilgrim.

At first his new audience heard him politely; they found him a cheerful featherbrain whose monologue helped them to forget the noon heat; but now one of them, a black-bearded man with clever eyes, sat up and protested.

"Common? Who's common? Your brother is not the only man to use a hammer," he snorted. "I myself am an armorer of Monghyr, and my mates in that city can show him something of craft."

Keshab's brother laughed.

"'A hundred strokes on gold to one on iron,'" he quoted airily. "Every man for his own metal. Brawn to the sledge hammer; brains to the little tools."

The armorer took offense and glared.

"To the limber jaw, no brains at all," he rejoined. "Some chip out their words like a woman."

"You have said it!" groaned a voice. "The whistle of a kite! How can we rest in here?" Other groans and grunts approved the question. A goodly wrangle seemed about to begin. It was averted, however, by a young man who leaned against the starboard wall sucking a bit of sugar cane, which he languidly removed from his mouth.

"No rows, brethren; no rows!" he pleaded in a gentle and melodious voice. He was a very handsome youngster—too handsome, raffish and dissolute, with large eyes and a bewitching smile. "Our friend

(Continued on Page 87)

"In the sands of the Sahara as on the streets of your home town."

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You will find their familiar pattern in the lonely forest trail as on Fifth Avenue, in Singapore and Pekin as in Buenos Aires or Madrid, in the sands of the Sahara as on the streets of your home town.

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In its infinite multiplication over the face of the earth, it appears as an index of the public's confidence in Goodyear Tires.

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It has been our conviction always that, in the tire business as elsewhere, patronage would go where it is best-treated.

It has been our conviction, also, that the more the user took out of Goodyear Tires in miles, the more we would take out of Goodyear Tires in sales.

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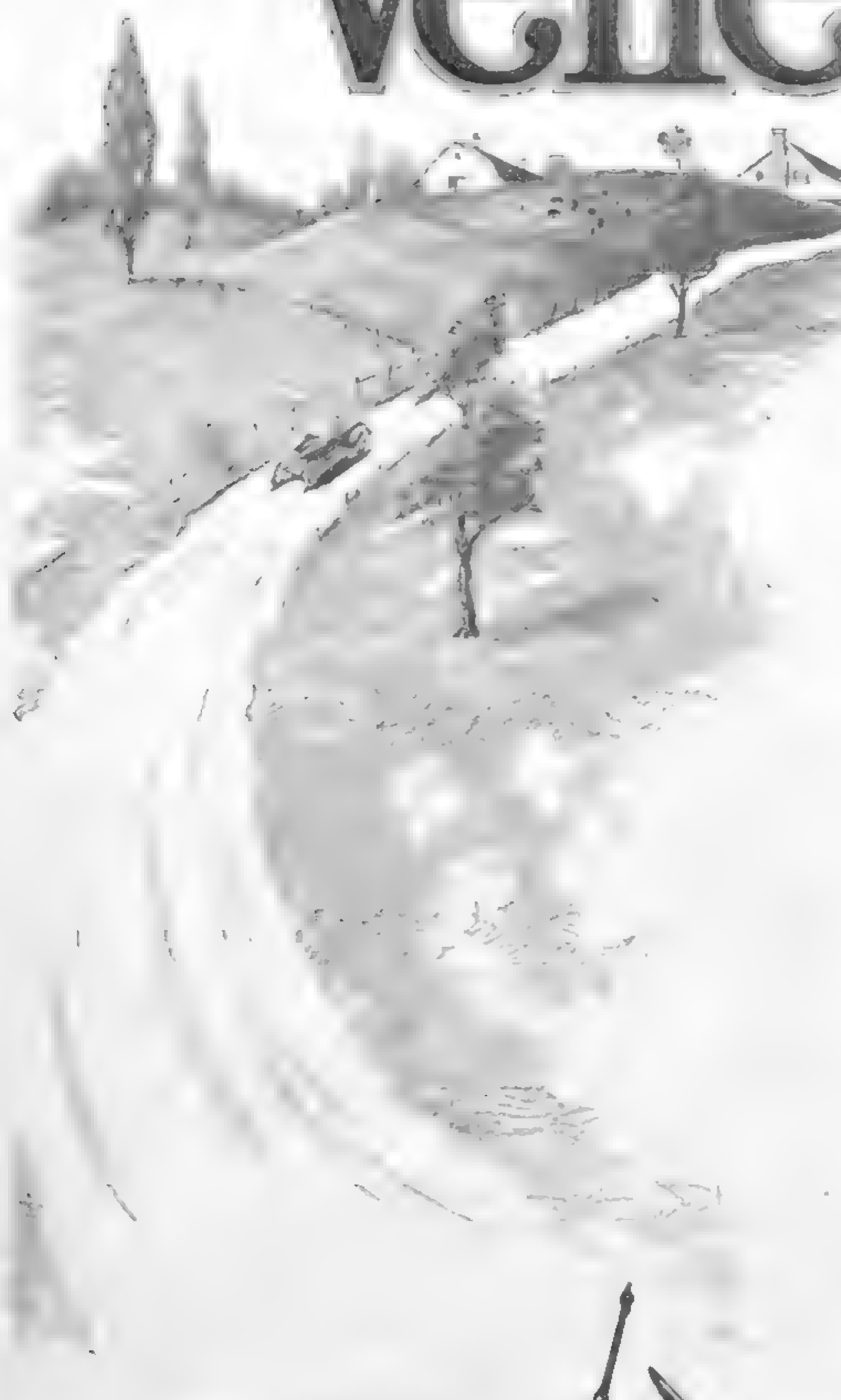

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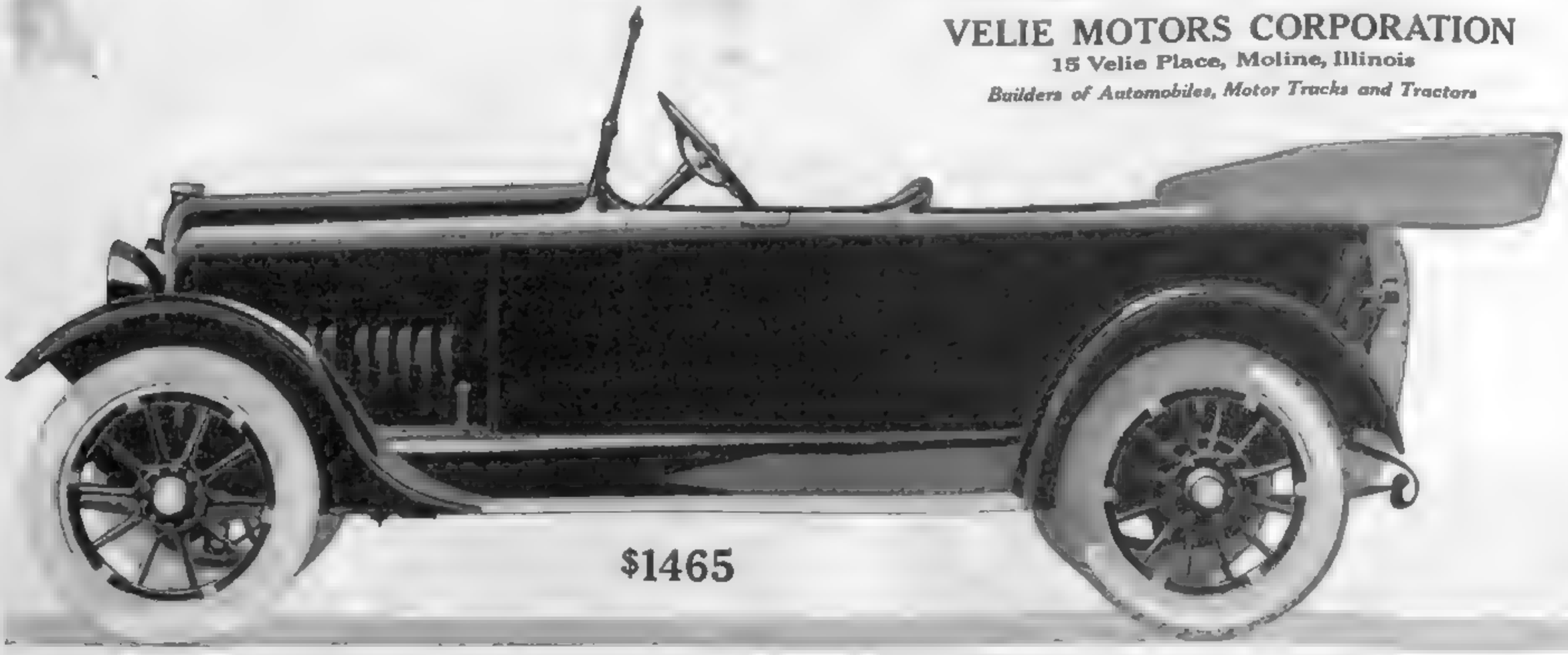

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Continued from Page 83

talks well. The time passes easily. Do not scorn the tongue, and I will sing for you."

Without further preface or encouragement, the speaker, lolling there like an invalid propped in bed, and beating time gracefully with his stick of sugar cane, hummed a brief *alap* and broke into song:

"Where is the way of the Sun?
I seek it on the plain;
The path where little feet run,
I seek in the hills again;
The old way, the bright,
To the house that knows not pain.

"She sat by her door in the lane,
The door of darkness and woe;
She saw us come and go;
Like stars in a pool of rain
At midnight shone her eyes.
They smiled, and we remain. . . .

"Ah, tell me where it lies—
The road that returns to the day!
Blind in the pit of her night,
Where may I find the way?
How shall I enter again
My father's palace of light?"

It was an old song to a simple air, this of the Dark Lady; but he sang it like a charm. Murmurs of praise came even from the most cross and sulky of these tired pilgrims.

"Bravely!" cried the armorer. "Oh, Throat of the Bird, sing again!"

"My voice is bad," the singer replied. "A crumb of hoarseness lodged in the bosom. I go for cure to Gwalior, old city, to eat a leaf of the tamarind that grows by Tansen's tomb."

He subsided modestly, to chew his sugar cane once more. All stared with admiration at this lofty personage, sitting there among them like a plain man.

Keshab's brother slid off his perch in the window and, crawling carefully over bundles and naked legs, crossed the cabin to sit beside his rival entertainer.

"You sing like a poet!" said he, enraptured.

"It is my livelihood," returned the smiling artist.

"Why go to Gwalior? No need for you to eat the Leaves of Music. Nothing could make your voice more sweet."

"You are as kind as you are witty."

So, with exchange of compliment began a friendship that grew all the afternoon. Keshab's brother held forth no more in public, but squatted beside the singer, telling and hearing confidences. The boat's company were free to rest, to smother in their basket, while she floated wearily along an endless mud wall, its top blurring and quivering with waves as of glassy flame

The heat signified nothing to these two young butterflies.

"I adore music," said Keshab's brother. "It comes of the gods."

"And I like sensible persons," declared the minstrel. "You talk very good sense, I think."

IV

DARKNESS had fallen when the boat crept to a mooring under a populous town with many lamps. Near by on the water blazed the door and windows of a landing hulk, aboard which resounded coolies' talk, the bumping of freight and the murmur of passengers waiting for their ferry. Many other small boats lined the mud below on either hand—a jumble of masts, rigging, dim portholes and hatchways, glimpses of men eating, drinking and talking. Through obscurity where land and water met, shadows of strange women moved, like captives, led by other shadows who hailed the boats and offered to come and dance. Already the rubadub of nautch drums had begun amid this longshore bazaar.

Keshab and his brother went feeling their way to land, groping under the slimy chains of the hulk.

"My friend," said a voice behind them, "a word with you." It was the armorer from Monghyr who spoke in the darkness. "Don't be too fond of your singer," he advised. "A bad egg! Walk wide of him. You seem a decent boy."

They were all floundering in a honey pot that reeked of marsh gas.

"Never mind me!" cried Keshab's brother, hoisting himself out by the chains. "We were not born to-day."

"As you please," growled the armorer in dudgeon. He fell behind. "Go your own way, then."

The brothers did so and climbed ashore like men anxious to view the sights of that town. It was a noisy rowdy place, full of people and dirt, close-crammed. Beyond its turmoil a few colored railroad lamps dotted the embankment and dwindled, bordering a wilderness. In any direction a short walk brought one clear of this river terminus. Night had not far advanced when a pair came stumbling over ties and rails, to lie down under an empty car, the outermost upon the line, deserted near starlit fields.

"This will do. Private."

Soon afterward a candle, stuck in its own grease upon a rail, burned bright enough to show the Keshab family devouring their supper among the trucks. They ate in haste, their food the food of Europe; a bottle of wine passed between them; and when they had done a miracle took place in their humble refuge, a wonder like that of Balaam's ass. The dumb man found his tongue!

"Woof! Give us a real smoke," said Keshab in good English. The candle was blown out and left two blinking sparks underneath the car. "My golly! You and the Maharajah were right, boy! We'll earn his little stipend yet."

"Why, Dan, you have, already!" His brother yawned and stretched, as though the roadbed under them were a couch of down. "Oh, me! What *luxe!* I was hungry as a hawk. Dan, you're a wonder! I knew you could do it, my child, but never suspected how well. Sorry you have such a dull time sleeping."

Mr. Towers chuckled.

"Anything but dull," said he. "One steady lark! You're the wonder, Runa. How can you look and talk so like a born fool? My only trouble, son, is not to laugh—that and the heat. And the boats —— Whee! Forty different ones we've sailed in, and they all do smell so like Brer Terrapin!"

He breathed forth a great gust of smoke.

"I know! *Pouah!*" cried Runa. "They scent too rich, those baskets of holy ones."

For a time they said no more, enjoying rest and tobacco. The river lapped below the shore with sounds like an undercurrent of breeze in that windless night; the town glimmered and buzzed faintly from behind the black boxes encumbering the railroad; and far up country a jackal barked at the stars.

"Well, all the same," said Dan, "I don't believe we're a step nearer your big man's wreath of gold. Do you? Now—honest!"

La Flèche of Chandernagor agreed at once

"Not a bit!" he replied. "*Vrai alors!* We'll never see it. Rasibus, those wreaths of the old boy! Never mind; we can go visit Tante agreeably at Benares. You thought I was embroidering; but I have one there, a real aunt. Nice old lady too. She will make us comfy."

This proposal struck Dan as rather too debonair. He mentioned the fact at once.

"No, sir! Not for the Great Keshab!" said Dan. "If our money can't be earned we turn round for home right here—to-night. Straight back to good old H. H. the Maha, and tell him the jig's up, the shipyard down and all is lost but honor. No scamping the job. Why, Runa, it's not like you to talk so."

His friend broke out laughing and hit him a thump on the chest.

"By the Phins of the Todas, you dear old sobersides," cried Runa in delight, "you're *l'homme sérieux* from top to toe; and that is why I worship you. But wait and hear me one moment."

"What else have I been doing for a week?"

"Bar jokes now. Plain business." Runa struck a match and, shielding it, lighted a cigarette. "Our job's impossible; hunting one grain of dust in an ant hill. *Soit!* But, my Dan, we undertook it and we never say die. Amen! Agreed?"

The burning match revealed his red caste mark, his face quirked into humorous lines, his head canted under the bottom of the car and his big eyes drolling sidewise. Then, in darkness once more, he lay down.

"Here's our case, then: A gang of Bhamptas did this robbery. You know 'em—hereditary thieves. We're sure of that. Because why? Because the bag they left behind was full of spare make-up, their stage properties; as good as a receipt—except no signature. They slipped her under H. H.'s venerable head while worming out his satchel. A ticklish job, requiring art; but for them, for Bhamptas—pooh!—nothing at all, simple, in a *tour de main*—flip-flap!"

Runa smoked in silence. When he continued to expound it was thoughtfully and slowly:

"You can see them doing the trick. At least our talk with the Smoke Eater at the ghat made me hope I began to see. Well, they worked a grand haul. Now let's put ourselves inside their skins a moment. We've worked a grand haul. What to do next? Let us think like Bhamptas, Dan."

He fell silent again to perform this feat. Towers tried it also.

"No go here!" he confessed. "A dumb goldsmith's as far as I can get in the metempsychosis pidgin."

Runa had, it appeared, a more adaptable soul.

"Why —— Yes; can do. Thus: One of three things," he murmured, as to himself. "Three things. First: Be contented, and drop out of sight with our plunder. Second: Be greedy, hate to leave such a good field, stay in it, change the disguise, and play a new method. But, hold on! Perhaps we left all our make-up in that bag and can't change. I don't know. In that case, Third: Be greedy and bold, stick it, play the same game over again. Now then, Brother Pickpocket, which course of the three do you vote for?"

Dan considered them.

"As a greenhorn Bhampta," he replied, "mild and slothful by nature, I vote for Number One: Clear out, melt or chop up the wreath, and go snacks."

"Very good!" said Runa. "That would be my own choice. If carried by the board of directors, *bonsoir de bonsoir!* All honest policemen can kiss themselves good night and trot home to bed, instead of gridironing here on sharp metals under a box car. . . . But, hold on again.

"Wait! Objection raised by another member of the board: If we destroy this wreath and divide the gold we lose all the value of the workmanship. Keep it; we're that much in. Meantime, here's a big long river, choked with pilgrims, a field white for harvest; and, behold, the laborers are few. Brethren, let us carry on till the festival is over."

Runa showed but a gleam of nose and lips, coming and going in the dark as his cigarette burned red or faded. Yet he plainly had become in heart and mind the character he was acting, and relished it; for he spoke with the very voice of a thief.

"But all bhamping aside," proposed Towers, "what do you think they did?"

The invisible Runa at once became himself again.

"Stuck it out! Tried Number Two or Number Three," he answered in his own manner. "That's our best hope, anyhow. We're fishing in troubled waters, Dan—crowded waters; and, by the way, using more than one hook."

"I believe you, my boy. All too well, because little Danny's your bait. You've chummed the whole Ganges with me and my reputation and my business cards. Fishing? No. A brass band! We travel like a circus."

Both men were enjoying this complaint when a sound made them rise and hearken underneath the car. Voices and footsteps drew near as a gang of coolies or night prowlers came stumbling along the tracks.

"Better be off!" Runa felt among the wheels for their luggage. "Here's yours, Dan—the new bag. Haven't left anything you want inside it? Good! But you did leave some of your Keshab cards? All right! On we go."

They crawled out into the starlight and, keeping close beside the blackness of the train, made quietly for the town. Before they had reached the nearest lamp Runa halted, rummaged inside his clothes, produced a bit of something white; then squatted and seemed to be writing against his knee. He rose.

Dan heard the rasping of a leaf torn from a pad.

"Keep this chit," said Runa, handing him a folded note. "My aunt's address. If we become separated go straight on to her house. No matter what happens, remember straight on to aunty's"

Dan agreed. They were entering a street, approaching the shop lights and the weary white-clad procession of the crowd, when Runa spoke his last words of English.

"Whatever else you do," he muttered, "if anyone tries to steal your bag let him take it. Only give me a nudge."

"About one thousand times you've told me that," replied Towers.

The next man to speak was Keshab's brother.

"There are no sights worth seeing round this rat hole," he complained in the high-pitched voice of a fool who loves audience. "Their eaves drip with poppy juice—these jungliwallahs. Let us take boat again to-night."

V

DOWN by the ferry, in their beds of rank-smelling ooze, the boats lay crowded as ever. They lay, but did not sleep. In their dim-lighted cabins men still sat drinking, babbling, drearily making merry; drums thumped and throbbed; singers howled; while in and out through hatchways went crawling peddlers, beggars or more doubtful creatures of the night—a furtive swarm, busy as crabs, their legs glistening with wet mud. One or two boats made ready to shove off and continue upstream in the dark; for through this wharf-rat Vanity Fair wandered their crews, bidding for passengers, dolefully crying out some great wonder of low fares.

Keshab and his brother followed one of these scouts aboard and went tumbling into a den lighted by one small lamp. Other pilgrims dozed on the cabin floor, but not many. Keshab found ample room and at once lay down to sleep, pillowing his head on the leather bag. His brother, beside him, sat up for a midnight smoke.

Time passed heavily in this cabin. There was no talk, no stir but the wayward tossing and bobbing of shadows as the tiny lamp-flame guttered. Lost without conversation, Keshab's brother yawned and brooded. From time to time the skipper of the dinghy poked his head within, counted his passengers, scowled and vanished grumbling.

"Not enough yet."

More were to come, however, for presently a head that was not the captain's appeared in the dark square.

"Good! Here you are!" said a cheerful voice.

The singer bound for Gwalior leaned in, his handsome reckless face shining with good humor, his large eyes sparkling.

"This is the boat for me!" And, dragging his bundle, he promptly crawled in alongside the goldsmith's brother. "Good things befall a traveler now and then. There is luck in the world, my friend."

His friend warmly approved the sentiment. Without delay they began to fill the cabin with their prattle.

"This owl roost of a town! We did seven years there to-night."

"It is not so bad," protested the musician, "when you discover the ways. Come with me next time. Now I ——"

The knowing, he explained, found many curious sights ashore there. He poured forth a tale of his own adventures that evening, which proved highly roguish. His young hearer sat admiring, open-mouthed a novice who had met his master in the art of life.

Suddenly the glorious narrative was cut short.

"*Poish! Bacho!*" croaked a voice outside, using carters' language. "Clear the way! We bear a dying man."

Into the doorway from the darkness heaved a confusion of shapes. Two strangers lurched aboard, carrying between them a litter covered with white cloth.

"Where do we put him?" they asked.

Behind them, cramped and stooping under the arched roof, entered a big white-bearded man, who peered round with a benevolent countenance.

"Down here." He chose a place next to the slumbering Keshab. "Gently, men."

The pilgrims roundabout, already made peevish by the chatter of the two young libertines, roused and cursed at this fresh trouble. One sleepyhead, glaring out from a dark corner, roared and railed: there was no room for sick people; he wouldn't have it; call the crew and get them all chucked out in the mud.

The goldsmith's brother, for such an ass, had some kindness of heart.

"Put him down, father, and welcome," said he. "Never mind that blubbering camel."

The singer likewise took pity.

"Right!" he cried. "Room for all! Let your sick man stay. That's a good place, where no one will step on him."

The bearers accordingly set down their litter, received their pay, uttered a few quiet words of sarcasm and went out. The dying man's protector, he of the white beard, rolled himself into a heap against the wall, and then produced a coconut, two sticks of oily brown hardwood, some

(Continued on Page 91)

NEW ORLEANS

AMERICAN industries are invited to consider the advantages offered by the New Orleans Inner Harbor, or Industrial Canal, one of the really great engineering triumphs of national development.

This new Inner Harbor, now well on its way to completion, will rank with the half dozen greatest world canals, with a depth of water equaled only by those of Panama, Suez and Kiel.

It will provide a direct outlet to the sea for the largest ships from the Harbor of New Orleans via Lake Pontchartrain, reducing by approximately one-half the distance from the port to the Gulf via the Mississippi River.

It will provide miles of ideal factory sites, on a fixed navigable water level, and served on the land side by the New Orleans Public Belt Railway, directly connecting with all trunk lines entering the city; all this within the city limits of New Orleans, with trolley service to all parts of the city, and with all other public utilities immediately at hand. These miles of factory sites may be acquired on long-time leases by private enterprises—something that is impossible on the city's river front, for the reason that that frontage has been permanently reserved for public development of facilities that shall be open to all commodity handlers alike and without preference or favor.

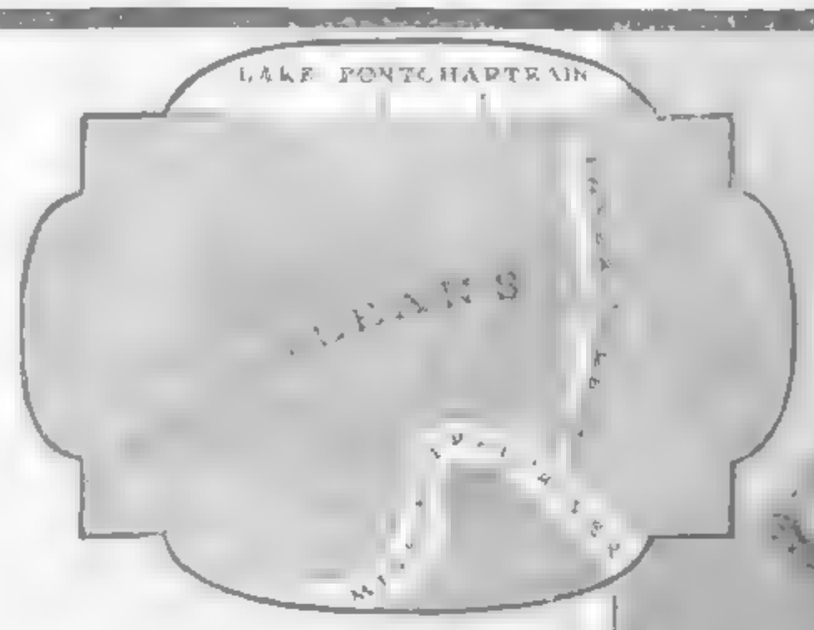
Within the Inner Harbor will be a turning basin, ample in size to permit the free movement of the largest ships. At the River end of the Harbor will be a great lock, with a minimum depth of water of 30 feet over the sill, to facilitate the passage of ships at whatever stage the River may be and to maintain the fixed water level in the Industrial Canal proper.

At the River entrance of the Inner Harbor the National Government is completing three great depot warehouses, six stories in height and with a combined capacity of 178,500 tons of miscellaneous goods. Serving these are a wharf and wharfhouse nearly half a mile in length. Two of these warehouses will be turned over to the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans for public use, and the third will be retained for Government use.

The construction work on the new Inner Harbor is in the hands of the genius that made the Panama Canal a reality—the Goethals Engineering Company. The enterprise is under the direct supervision of the Board of Port Commissioners, or Dock Board, a state institution. In this connection it may be said that the harbor of New Orleans as a whole furnishes a striking example of successful ownership and operation of public utilities. Sixty per cent of the port facilities have been built or developed by the Dock Board, and in the seventeen years this Board has had

(This is the Third of a Series of Advertisements)

INNER HARBOR



charge more than $15,000,000 has been expended on wharves, steel sheds, elevators and warehouses on the east bank of the Mississippi. These, with terminals built by the railroads, give New Orleans almost eight miles of docks, capable of accommodating at one time eighty vessels each 500 feet in length. All are served by the Public Belt Railroad, another triumph of public ownership and the only one of its kind in the country.

The Port of New Orleans is one of the safest harbors in the world, and provides practically unlimited anchorage space. The depth of water on the anchorage grounds is from 60 to 80 feet at low stage, and the River depth on the harbor front is as much as 190 feet at some points.

In normal times prior to the European war New Orleans had taken rank as the second greatest seaport in the United States. With the certain expansion of world trade and with the tremendous additional advantages to be provided by the new Inner Harbor and Industrial Canal, New Orleans may confidently anticipate, not only a return to her former position among the nation's great ports, but a new industrial growth surpassing the hopes of the most optimistic of her admirers.

Through me the progressive business men of New Orleans and of the South ask American Business, in planning new and greater enterprises for the future, to weigh carefully the extraordinary advantages of seaport, manufacturing center and distribution point offered by the Port of New Orleans.

Write today on your business letterhead for the 64-page book, "The Book of New Orleans and the Industrial South," which gives in greater detail the facts concerning developments in this region. A copy will be sent you free for the asking, and I shall promptly furnish any further specific information you may desire.

Mr. American Business Man, the first great international educational business congress following Victory will be held in New Orleans September 21-26—The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

Its worth to you and to your business may be measured only by your ability to adapt and absorb. Domestic business and foreign trade problems will be discussed by master minds.

Come—and come prepared to obtain your share of the benefits.

Martin Behrman

Mayor of New Orleans

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WHEN A LAD PLAYS MARBLES
ALL AFTERNOON LONG . . . .

He's sure to come home with an appetite—

SERVE them often, serve them piping hot,—Brown Beauty Beans.

For these are new beans, new and different beans, tender, mountain-grown beans.

They come ready-cooked in a tasty sauce that makes lips smack for more.

Good wholesome food, these Brown Beauty Beans, healthful food at a low cost per portion.

Order Brown Beauty Beans today from your grocery man. Then, fix your mouth for a treat.

If your grocer's shipment hasn't arrived send us his name.

MARSHALL CANNING COMPANY
Marshalltown, Iowa

Brown Beauty Beans

A NEW FOOD PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 87)

tubing bound with brass wire and vermilion thread, and a bell-mouthed chalice; all of which, when jointed together, became as handsome and noisy a hookah as a man could desire to smoke. He dragged at it peacefully and let the awakened pilgrims gabble.

"Where goes your dying one?" asked the singer politely.

"To the Holy City," said White Beard. "To Kashi Ji."

His words came halting, outlandish, with Southern brogue.

Further questions got no reply but a vague benevolent stare. The old man plainly was a foreigner. Soon afterward the dinghy put off; the hum and the lights of Vanity Mud Fair drew away; a bumping of oars and a ripple of slow motion succeeded and continued.

One by one the pilgrims dropped asleep again; Siva's young follower and the rakish minstrel talked and chuckled, but nodded more and more drowsily; till at last, of all eyes in the cabin, only old White Beard's remained open, while he smoked, watched the motionless bundle of graveclothes on its litter, and talked to himself or prayed in an unknown tongue.

Too old or careworn to sleep he might have been; for, though by and by he leaned across and carefully blew out the lamp, he still remained wakeful in the darkness, the coal in his hookah glowing like a dim red flower upon a stalk.

Their boat swam quietly. Hours passed. Far off beyond the river bank, from some village, sounded a thin squealing trumpet of cockcrow.

The stars faded.

It became that time when sleepers—disturbed by the world-wide thrill of morning—turn and groan, yet do not wake. The dying man felt its impulse and moved on his litter. He made no sound, but his wrappings—a whitish cloud in the gloom—seemed to change their form, to alter the disposition of their shadowy folds. He neither spoke nor sighed, and after a few moments of feeble restlessness again lay still among the other cloudy shapes on the floor.

Meantime the old smoker took no heed. Upon its stalk the pink blossom of his hookah glimmered and vanished, with now and then a twinkle of brass.

Daybreak drew near. Obscure reflections of light stole through that floating den. The river began to shine mournfully, dark blue. In the hushed mystery overlying land and water noises broke out. The boat's crew scuttled like rats over the roof. Her captain hailed the shore. Soon afterward she glided to a stop below another landing place—a melancholy ghat, solitary, darkened by huge trees.

Down the steps came a few rustics to look inside the cabin. They found no one awake but Old White Beard, who sat packing up the bits of his hookah.

"Come help me," he said quietly. "My son has died. I heard his soul pass me like a breath at cockcrow. Take up the litter. I will pay."

Two of the rustics crept aboard and, silently obeying, carried the dead man out to land, and upward.

"He was the light of my eyes!" wailed White Beard, following them. "Why could he not live so far as the Holy City and burn at Jal Sain stairs—or even at the Smashan?"

The bearers could not answer him, but they murmured sympathy. The little procession mounted and was lost under the dark boughs.

Sunrise, an hour later, blazing through the windows and piercing the basketwork, waked the last pilgrim who snored in the cabin. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

It was Keshab the Great. He looked about him, found the greasy coop vacant, and became—with wonderful speed for a man so lately and thoroughly asleep—wide-awake at a bounce. All hands were gone; no trace of the Blubbering Camel or the musical seeker of Tansen's Tree—or even of his own brother.

"'The burning deck,'" he exclaimed under his breath, "'whence all but him had fled!' Runa's away Poked him in the ribs hard enough" So saying, the dumb goldsmith turned and caught up his pillow. Some kind of black art had changed it overnight from a new tan-leather bag, conspicuously grand and sahiblike, to a roll of jute bound with rag strips.

"Pugh!" He tossed the thing into the Ganges. "A peach orchard for a man to lie with his nose on!"

Robbed and deserted, Keshab sat there grinning broadly.

"Well," said he, "good bait! But there's a lot of fish."

VI

NOON, some days afterward, made the river one bilious glare as Dan's boat came rowing under Dufferin Bridge and opened the long vista of Benares—Kashi Ji the Splendid. That wondrous and mournful panorama he had seen before, but never as now, while jammed among fellow pilgrims in a starboard window. The gray hill front of temples, leaning backward, pressed by the weight of centuries, appeared ready as always to glide and sink its giant masonry, no longer into a flood, but into a living shore, a moving mud flat of black heads and brown bodies. Under the city these bathers formed a great curve of darkness to line the dazzling water.

Dan's boat made her landing slowly. Dripping faces, old and young, dodged her oars. The lane her bow put asunder had walls of men; bronze men dipping their lean arms, whispering tragical prayers at the sky, washing their ribs, drinking from cupped hands the muddy water, in which flower petals and gilt confetti swam with the cinders of the dead.

Two streams of naked bodies mingled on the stairs—dry coming down, wet and shiny ascending. Up with the latter Dan worked his way, then past the Temple of the Moon, and so, patiently in and out through broiling crowds, as this or that favorable eddy bore him, gained the alley of the Healing Goddess.

Her worshipers had finished their morning prayers and were dispersing, many down to the river, a few up to the city.

The press thinned out as Dan climbed the narrow lanes; but even here he went slowly, being forced time and again to flatten himself on a house front while, to squealing music, the dead were carried by—litters wrapped in white cloth or in red, or those pathetic bundles of the poor in calico rags blotched with scarlet juice as with bloodstains.

At last, in the maze of dirty corridors and stairs, he found the street he sought. It was gloomy and steep, a mere cleft between old walls, though at the far end shone green branches lighted strangely from beneath by the water of a tank.

"Now we'll see what aunty has to say," thought Dan. He took from his bosom Runa's scroll of paper, which he consulted again. "The corner house on the left, uphill. Here you are!"

A narrow house of ancient appearance, it stood flanked on the lower side by two or three poverty-stricken shops, on the higher by thick-hanging tamarind boughs and the coping of the tank. Its door was of massive brown planking, studded with enormous hand-wrought nails. Dan forgot to knock, however; its one window displayed behind heavy bars a set of objects so unlikely—several colored post cards; a bottle of ink; some cheap pens and pencils in a wonderful old brass tray; half a dozen paper novels—Miarka; La Petite Paroisse; Le Roi de Camargue; L'Ensorcelée; Courteline's army tales, with Poulbot's drawings—and among them a wee card, inscribed, in an old-fashioned hand:

BOOKS AND STATIONERS
LIBRAIRY

VENTE DE TOUS OUVRAGES

The modest collection, peeping darkly as from a jail, left Mr. Towers quite dumfounded. In such a place, in that swarming ant hill of ghats and temples, it seemed the wildest fantasy.

He stood gaping at it when the dungeon door opened and a native boy, cleanly dressed, looked out with the air of a shopkeeper who awaits inquiry.

"Oh, yes," said Dan. "I do want something, my friend."

The boy bowed him politely, without a word, into the passage and the shop room. They were—after the streets—cool, pitch dark, and filled with a heavenly absence of smell that greeted one like perfume, th odor of cleanliness, better than sanctity. Dan felt himself falling in love with that house at first sight; or even earlier, for as yet he saw nothing but the "Librairy." Books lined every wall, as neat as a paper of pins.

"Sir?"

The gravely smiling boy offered him a chair, the only chair, beside a table of photographs arranged in small piles, true-edged and parallel.

"Not now, thanks!" Dan looked round the shelves. "Suppose I must buy something," he thought, "for the good of the house, to please aunty."

He bought a novel, a pencil and the Reverend Mr. Sherring's guidebook. The boy was plainly overcome by such heavy dealings in the Vente de Tous Ouvrages.

"Is Madame Merey at home?" said Dan while he paid. "I am a friend of her nephew's, who told me to ——"

"Oh!" cried the boy; and, dropping Dan's money on the table as though it burnt his fingers, he ran away. His voice resounded from a distant part of the house, crying: "He is here, memsahib! He has come!"

A moment later Dan stood in the presence of Runa's aunt. Runa had not lied; Madame Merey was beyond doubt a nice old lady, for she came hurrying in straightway to take by the hand a dirty and disguised wanderer and to say:

"My dear young man, I am very glad!" She spoke English rapidly, with a pleasant little accent. "René has written so much about you that we need no ceremony. My boy adores you, Mr. Towers. He would not tell you so, of course; he never does. Now you are tired and sleepy, and your room is waiting. Let us call this your home."

In the dark room and at first glance Madame Merey seemed not only the tiniest but the plainest of women; her body a mere wisp, tightly and severely gowned in black, without concession to climate; her face a mask of wrinkles—or, rather, of droll hollows and lumps, knotted like oak bark. But one look from her eyes banished this impression, for they were most beautiful eyes—great liquid orbs, fiery, melting, satirical, kind; pitfalls of fickleness, wells of truth; harder than jewels, softer than velvet—a hundred contradictions coming and going in their play of intelligence.

Her motions were quiet and quick; for before Dan knew it she had his silver pieces off the table and back into his pocket.

"My servant did not understand," she said. When Towers would have murmured some protest she turned on him like a spitfire. "Is it not your home?" she cried shrilly. "No more of this!" And then, by another swift change, behold her mothering him again: "Poor boy! You are dead for sleep. Come! We shall converse later. Your bath is ready by now."

She led the way, talking continually, into a passage and up a steep narrow flight of stairs.

"The water will be hot. You young men so proud of your cold baths—you get none in this house, I tell you. *Jamais!* Young foolhardies, endangering your livers and stomachs with cold water! No, no, no!"

She left him in an upper chamber, a cell of whitewashed masonry, lighted by two medieval slits, through which poured a greenish woodland glimmer reflected from tamarind boughs. The room was clean, surprisingly cool, and still as a mountain grotto. Alone on the walls hung a storm scene by Joseph Vernet, beautifully engraved; upon a shelf red flowers blossomed in a brass vase fashioned by the lost art. But what caught Dan's whole attention and amazed him was the sight of his own pyjamas, laid on the bed, his own clothes folded over a chair, and his trunk, which he had left to mildew in Calcutta, calmly occupying a corner, as though it lived there.

"Runa is a lad of some foresight," thought Dan. "A secret little cuss! Talk of catching a weasel asleep! . . . How does he do these things?"

He gave it up, entered Madame Merey's hot bath as Keshab, with a brown skin, and came out pink, parboiled, refreshed and yawning. Two minutes afterward he lay abed, sighing with comfort as the cool sheet bore him into dreamland.

Dinner that evening might have been part of his dream, so curious he found it to be sitting at table with Runa's aunt. They ate by candlelight in a close little garden or grassplot where masses of tamarind leaves overhung the street wall. Voices of neighbors on housetops made an accompaniment of hidden sound, and the stars looked down upon all. They had much talk.

"Now I know where Runa gets his eyes," Dan was saying. "He can do anything with them. They're the feature that disguises him. Why, he can look like a perfect idiot ——"

"Thank you!" said Madame Merey. "Yes; it is an heirloom—that trait."

She smiled wickedly at the young man's embarrassment, but soon continued her favorite subject, the name of which was Nephew.

"You call him Runa, I see; the name his ayah gave him. Ah, René was a blessed child; very charming!" The old lady took a sip of white wine and went on to tell the complete history of Runa's babyhood. "His father was *homme de lettres*, Orientalist, like my husband, though not so sound a scholar. They were bitter enemies in print, those two, but dear friends at home. René was named for my husband. At one year old he began walking. . . . "

It was always Dan's lot to hear the lives and family secrets of his new friends. A practiced listener, he heard much, not only that evening but in the evenings which followed, and which were all alike. By day he roamed the crowded lanes and stairways of the hill, watched the swarming multitudes by the river, talked with brass workers, weavers, a sweetmeat cook, or some holy man stretched on his arrowy bed of spikes under a sacred tree.

Through the heat of the day there were Madame Merey's books to read in her shop, which nobody entered and which he soon discovered to be no shop at all, but another of her many hobbies and playthings.

At the Cantonment an army friend had horses to be exercised; so in the cooler hours a man might ride by shady roads to Buddha's Deer Park, or follow byways where the country people came trudging sadly in with their dead.

Thus the days came and went, endlessly varied; but nightfall always brought the same closing scene, the same peaceful table talk with the little widow in her garden plot, by candles and stars, to the sound of murmuring housetops.

A pleasant life; yet, when a week of it had slipped away, Dan was growing anxious. Not a word or sign had come from the vanished Runa. "Something happened to the boy?" ran his thought. "He's lucky; but he takes all kinds of chances. His pitcher goes to the well every minute."

Runa's aunt, however, showed no uneasiness. Her lively narrative had now mounted the family tree as high as the seventeenth century. Dan had seen fit again to compliment the family eyes—more neatly this time—and she was busy with their chronicle.

"They are Moorish, I think." Her own, uncanny in that shrewd little gnarl of a face, looked by candlelight large enough for Cleopatra's. "You see, my boy's ancestor and mine—Raymond by name—in 1648 was sailing a voyage when a Spanish pirate out of Finale did capture the ship. Afterward Raymond escaped the pirate by swimming, and came at last to Livorno. But the unfortunate! he had no money. Now in those days, in the Piazza of the Four Slaves there stood a gaming tent, where they would give you a few rupees or a few francs—something like that—to begin your play with. If you lost they sold you to the galleys. A bold man's game, my dear, was it not?

"Our Raymond, he lost it To the galleys, then, our Raymond, a slave But he was not a slave, Monsieur Towers. No, no; he was a man like Runa, hard to catch and worse to bind. He escaped, of course, from the galley into Afrique. He did great things in Afrique, and married a lady, a Moorish lady or a Saracen, and brought her to Marseilles, where he became rich oh, very, very rich!—trading in outlandish silks and drugs and barbs. That is how the eyes came into our house, I have always heard."

"Trading in barbes?" cried the astonished hearer.

"Yes. What do you say—importing? Yes; importing barbs."

"Beards?" said Dan, staring

"Oh, no, no!" Madame Merey clapped her hands and swayed in a gale of laughter. "There was never a lack of beards in France! Barbs; barbs what you call horses of Barbary!"

They were still merry over this tale when someone knocked at a door in the wall and a child's treble voice hailed them from the street

"Go look," the widow told her servant.

The door, unbarred, swung hardly ajar before there darted in a small naked imp, who ran straight to Dan and, solemnly ducking and grinning, laid beside his plate a bit of folded paper. Towers looked for the lady's permission

(Concluded on Page 95)

MO

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THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER

(Concluded from Page 91)

"Yes, yes. It will be from our boy," she said.

He opened the paper and read, in Runa's writing:

"Please go see Keshab the goldsmith at once. "R."

Dan knew not what to make of this riddle. He gaped at it; then handed the paper across to Madame Merey.

"From René," she said. "I will keep a little supper for you both."

"But Keshab was me," Dan objected. "How can a man go see himself?"

Runa's aunt made no bones of such a trifle.

"The child," she answered, "will show you the way. Finish your prunelle first."

A moment later Dan had slipped out by the postern gate and was following a child's shadow among many greater shadows, white and black, that streamed in the dark thoroughfare.

VII

THE child flitted before him, a little goblin form, now lost among those black spirits and white, now found waiting at a corner or beside a lighted shop, only to be lost again. By this fitful guidance Dan threaded a labyrinth of alleys, narrow stairs, blind corridors, ramps beset with pitfalls and stumblingblocks. He brushed continually against a throng of unseen or half-seen passers; heard everywhere the rustle of garments, the light scuffing of sandals and bare feet, the murmurs of voices flowing confusedly, like a brook in many channels.

And as he went on and on, with endless change of direction, he seemed to wander in a dream—a crowded, mazy, restless dream that smelled of cows, and stale betel juice, and hot ghee, with nauseous whiffs of flowers festering in some holy pool. From temple doors, now and then, crept a low light that revealed within a shimmer of gilding or a monstrous many-headed god, and that spilled its last faint ray without, to leave the path only more uncertain.

At last the child stood waiting again.

"Here, sir," he whispered.

They paused—alone, it seemed—in a black oven of a court. One small window near the ground showed a dim orange glow behind ancient latticework.

"The back door," whispered the child, and slipped into an arched hole in the wall.

Dan groped after, feeling his way by masonry warm to the hands. Presently his goblin twitched him by the elbow and pulled him indoors. He heard a bolt shot behind him.

They had entered a room somewhat less dark than the night, for a veiled radiance shone before them. Across an inner doorway hung a curtain of coarse mesh, worn thin and ragged, through which, as through a sieve, Dan could see what appeared to be the front shop, with a man's turbaned shadow moving on the wall. A file squeaked.

"He is here!" called the child, sticking his head in past the curtain.

A gruff voice made some reply. The little messenger turned and beckoned.

"It is Keshab, sir," said he, and held the mesh apart.

Dan entered, with strong feelings of curiosity, to face his double, the real Keshab, whose name he had taken in vain.

A coconut-oil lamp burned peacefully on the floor near a low stool or table no larger than a cobbler's bench. Beside it squatted a weary old gowned figure, bent with years of toil.

"Ram-ram, father," said Dan. "I come to visit you this evening. It was appointed."

The old croucher went on filing a piece, not of gold but of some base metal. Across nose and mouth he wore a band of dirty gauze, like a Jain who fears to inhale and destroy the tiny lives of the air; but it was evident he only wished not to breathe his own filings, for there appeared no trait of sanctification about the man, or even of civility.

"Humph!" Over his bandage he peered with weak sullen eyes, dimmed by a lifetime of misuse. "Is it so?"

His voice sounded harsh as the file, which never paused in its squeaking. He seemed to care for nothing beyond his bench.

"They told me you were dumb, father." Dan tried again cheerfully. "I am glad it was not true."

"They!" cried Old Keshab in wrath. "They lie! You have been talking with that thief who stole my name. Let me catch him in my shop!"

He made a quick murderous gesture with the file; then as quickly relapsed into his former dullness.

A mere jerk of impotent evil, a stab at the air, made by so feeble a wretch, it had an effect most bloodthirsty and shocking. Dan looked down at him with great disrelish.

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

"No!" snarled Keshab. "Why should I?"

Our friend was about to turn away, for this namesake set his teeth on edge.

"Well, then, good night, Old Sour Ball. A pity to be born under the Sign of the Crab."

The worker snorted and began doddering about with one hand among his benchful of tools.

"Wait! Here. You white men are always in a devil's hurry. Take that."

His cramped fingers, trembling, held out a bit of paper. Dan took it and found a scrawl in pencil:

"Wait behind his curtain till I come. You will see something happen; and I may need you. Shan't be long.

"RUNA."

As Keshab the True took no further interest in Keshab the False, Dan, after considering this message, did what it bade him -retired into the back room and sat down on a box. Through the porous curtain, as he waited, he could see the old curmudgeon, bent, filing away as before, with now and then a sigh and a squint at his bit of metal.

Time dragged. The back shop, like the front, was villainously hot. Dan would have grown drowsy but for one circumstance: he heard—or thought he heard—the bolt of the door behind him softly drawn.

Listening, he could detect no other movement afterward, no sound but the rasping of the file; and thus he sat quiet, with attention divided between fore and aft. So passed a long interval of waiting.

Suddenly, beyond the veil he saw Keshab's front door open part way and close again as a man slipped into the shop. It happened so neatly and stealthily that he failed to see the face of his man, who next moment had dropped squatting by the goldsmith's bench. A merchant he seemed, or peddler; a big fellow with a white beard. The pair conferred busily in whispers.

"Seeing's believing," grunted the voice of Old Keshab. He got stiffly up, went limping to bar the shop door, and came limping back. "*Bandar ki turat, phurat, surat mashhur hai.* But not all your clever monkeys live at the Red Tank." He gave a crafty chuckle.

"Then will I show you," replied the newcomer. He fumbled at something on the floor in the dark. "There!"

A brightness passed upward over the workbench.

Keshab, his eyes puckered covetously above his gauze bandage, stood holding in both hands a golden wreath. It shone like a Roman crown of triumph, but seemed more intricate, with dumpy beasts and men hidden like fruit among gleaming flowers and leaves.

"Humph! Only parcel gilt," said the shopkeeper. "I don't want the thing." He tossed it down on the bench.

"By the gods, it is fine gold!" bawled his client. "Do you take me for an ass?"

"Yes. Lower your voice!" growled Keshab. "Where are the rest of you who stole it?"

The squatting merchant called heaven and earth to witness this folly.

"I tell you it was not stolen! I told you last night. My son owned it. My son is dead. My son gave it to me. You are a dotard! I will waste no more comings to this shop, but take it elsewhere."

Keshab laughed him quietly to scorn.

"Go fetch your fellow thieves," he croaked. "I deal with all together—not one at a time. Fetch them or get out."

The other argued fiercely and rapidly, but without avail. He rose at last in anger, went to the door, which he unfastened, and holding it slightly open made a sign toward the darkness. Two more men at once came edgewise into the room and helped him replace the bar. As they turned Dan saw their faces. Greedy and cautious, they drew near the bench where the wreath lay shining.

"I know you all." Keshab sneered at them. His old voice had a nasty ring that meant danger. "All robbers and night pickers. I know them from here to Port Blair and back again. You, my beauty"—he pointed out the handsomest of the trio, a rakish young man—"are the Song Bird that's always going to Gwalior and never gets there. You, White Beard, the pious father who prays in Telugu up north, in other tongues down south, give the word when to snatch, and how."

He turned on the third, a rag-and-barebones coward, who shrank away.

"And you, O Miracle, you die daily and nightly; you die in trains, you die aboard boats, you break your poor praying father's heart, and then are carried out to the burning. Last week your soul passed him like a breath at cockcrow—what poetry!—while under your shroud you carried off a new leathern bag full of my cards—mine, Keshab the Great's. You die, you go to be burnt, you come alive like the myrrh-ball bird of Arabia. And here you are again!"

The three men glared and recoiled from him.

"Who is this?" they cried. "A sorcerer!"

Their senior and captain, White Beard, first recovered his daring.

"All lies!" he answered stoutly. "But, lies or truth, what matter? Here is a gold wreath for sale. The chance comes not every night. Plenty of your craft will buy it if you are afraid. Come; to business! What of the wreath?"

For answer, Old Keshab did a startling trick. He had taken up the wreath to dandle it contemptuously.

"This? It goes back to Mayaganj." He glanced behind him, and with one turn of the wrist, like a skillful player at ring-toss, sent the bright bauble spinning high to a peg in the wall, where it hung rocking and shining, out of reach. "Dan!" he shouted. "Come on! The lamp! Guard the lamp!"

It was Runa's voice he cried with. A moment of surprised inaction followed. Then, as all three robbers leaped on him, his wornout body under its long gown became young, supple, quicker than a leopard's; with one sidelong bound and swoop he caught up his bench, heaved it overhead and felled White Beard in a crash and tinkle of falling tools.

Dan, coming through the curtain even while the singer puffed his cheeks to blow out the light, fetched him a cuff that sent him heels over head. The third man, the professional corpse and Phœnix of many lives, meantime jumped for the door and wrestled at the bar. Runa, pouncing, brought down a leg of the bench on his fingers.

He fell into a corner and howled.

"Burny-burny—don't touch!" advised Runa sweetly. His gauze bandage had been torn off, and his face, though brown-stained and weary, shone with glee. "This was well done—eh, Danny?"

It was done so rapidly, at all events, that four new men who rushed from the back shop at Dan's heels found nothing left for them but to gather up the prisoners. Dark, quiet, competent men in red turbans, they did so like workers well trained, without flurry or waste effort.

"There!" sighed Runa. "A nasty affair over with. I hate these low-lived jobs. . . . Take them out the back way. . . . Now let's rest a jiffy and get our breath before going home to Tante."

VIII

HIS method of regaining breath was to call for a cigarette, stride up and down, smoking furiously, and—as soon as he and Dan had the room to themselves—burst into talk.

"I hear Tante's fallen in love with you," he said gloomily. "My nose is out of joint. If she changes her will, Dan, please make me an allowance. Won't you—for old time's sake?"

The scandalized look on his friend's face made him suddenly crow with laughter.

"No way to speak of a dear old lady?" he inquired. "Oh, my child, I love to shock you! But really it's not right. She is a dear! I do wish she wouldn't come and spend so much time in this cow byre. Poor little devoted head! Got an idea she must complete her husband's life work—a devilish big dull book my uncle died of. . . . Let's go see her. She'll give us a bite or two. I'm going to eat the house out and then sleep a week. Come along!"

He picked up the lamp and started for the back room.

"Hold on!" Dan pointed at the wreath hanging on the peg. "How about that?"

Runa set the lamp down and snapped his fingers.

"Good! Almost left it behind," he confessed. "Clean forgot our tinware."

He retired behind the curtain, came back with a bamboo pole and, deftly spearing at the peg, let the golden trophy come sliding down over his arm.

"More cost than beauty—that curio," said he. "Still, not bad; a pretty penny for us, Dan. Double pay. We'll send our old H. H. a wire that will make him jump for joy. The mountain shall skip like a lamb. In other words, he'll probably get tight."

So saying, Runa tore the bottom off the curtain and wrapped the Maharajah's treasure up like an old pair of boots.

"That's better," said he. "Now let's be gone."

An hour afterward they sat on her grass-plot with Tante, who had indeed prepared a table worthy of that night. Her little supper proved an affair of state; a grandeur that humbled and laid low even the appetites of young men. Dan had not starved at Madame Merey's board, but all former dinners were as a whet, a stay-stomach, compared with the high banquet spread for her nephew.

Midnight found them still talking.

"Weatherby will simply curl up and die," declared Runa. "He bet we couldn't find it."

"I don't yet see how we could," replied Towers. "Why should they bring it to you? And when they did, instead of a dumb young man, they found an old one who could talk." His friend smiled.

"Your cards, Danny; your business cards," he answered. "They made a delicate reference to your dumbness—a hint, a trifle—three or four words that nobody but a peculiar type of crook would understand. Keshab the Dumb, you see, was very dumb about certain matters."

Dan laughed.

"Receiver of stolen goods?" he cried. "No questions asked! . . . A pretty character, madame, your nephew gave me all up and down the Ganges!"

Tante looked on them indulgently.

"You are talking shop, my dears, and not eating enough," she told them. "I do not pretend to follow your pranks."

Runa reached under the table and became busy with something there on the grass. When he bobbed up again it was to crown his aunt with the Maharajah's wreath.

"Eh? What is that, René?" she cried. "It prickles the scalp. What is it?"

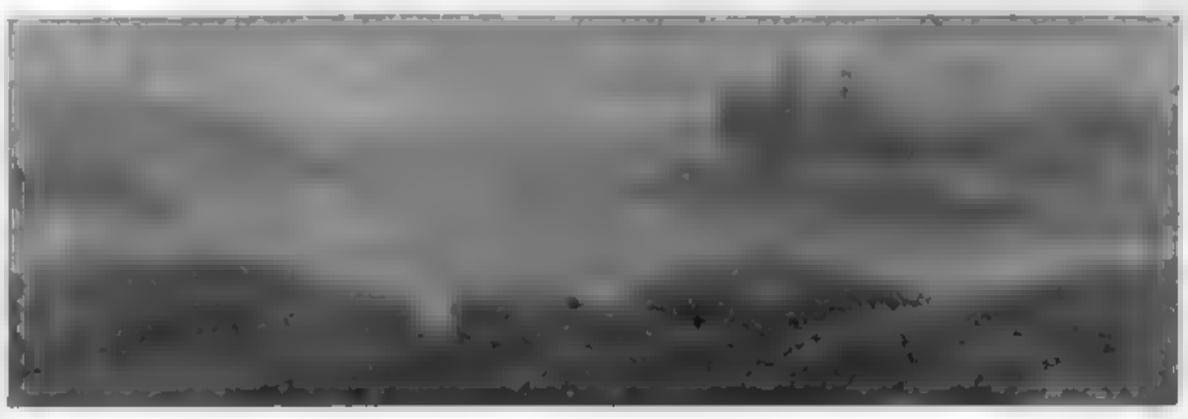
Her face, under that glistering diadem, looked tiny and droll as Runa, with a courtier's bow, kissed her hand. The family eyes, thought Towers, were quite unmistakable—just alike, full of nonsense and fun; but he saw plainly who was the light of hers.

"You tell the story, Dan," said Runa.

His friend obeyed.

"Your nephew, madame," he began, "is a little cuss! Like Raymond of the galleys, hard to catch and worse to bind. Here's the prank, then—his latest."

Voices on the housetops, under the stars, made for them our human music, older than Benares, while they sat talking of past work and laughing in the garden.



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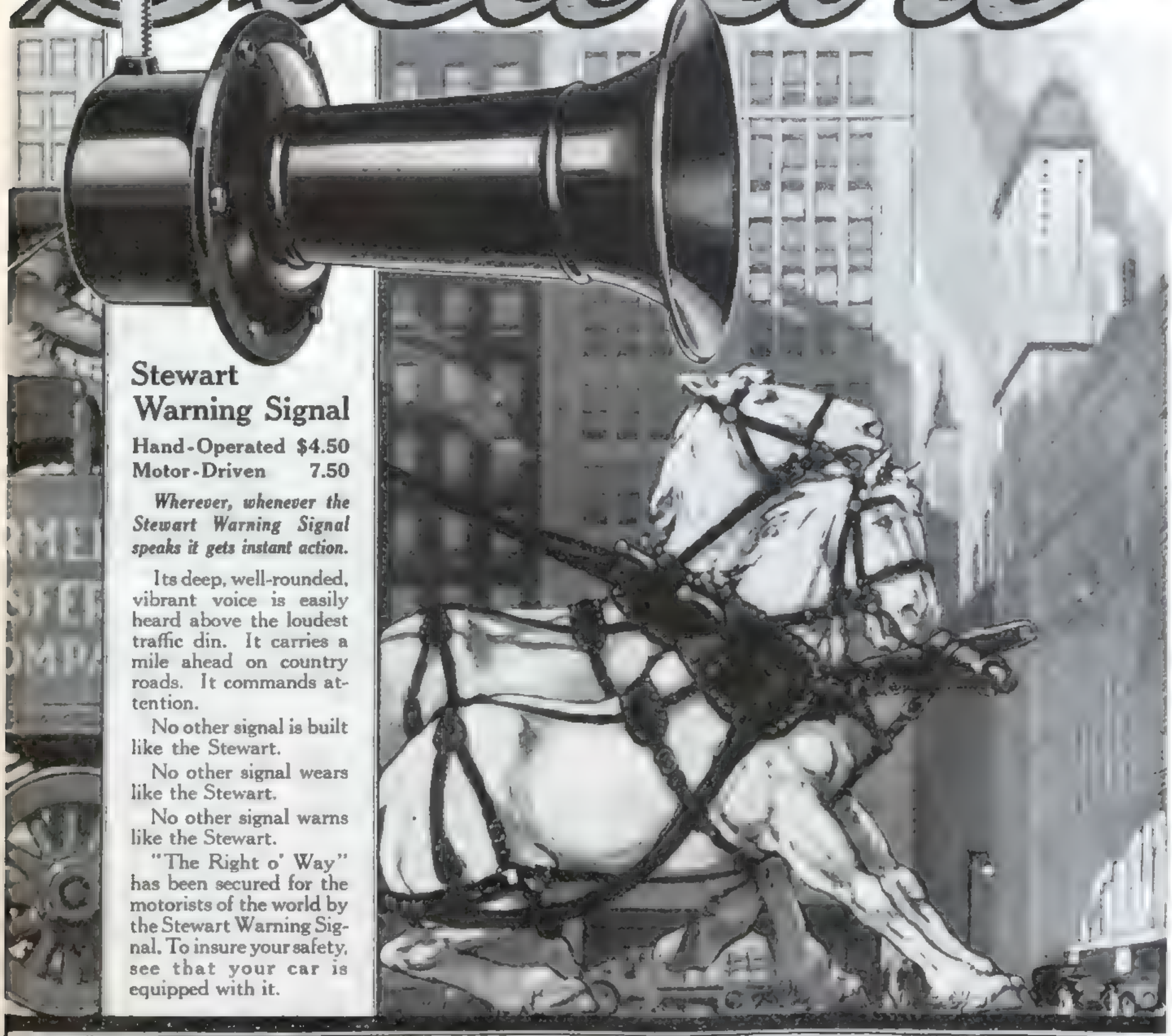

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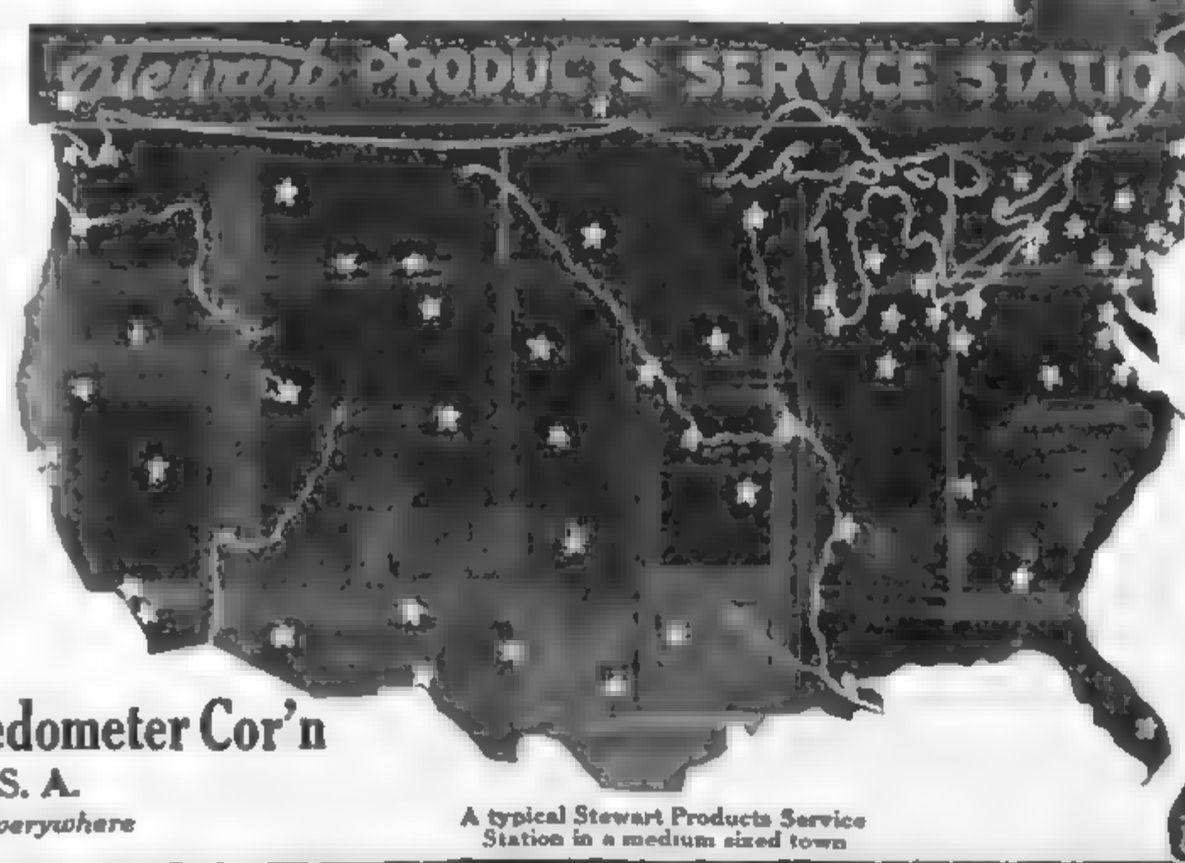

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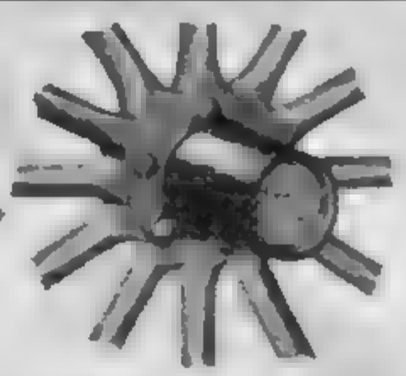

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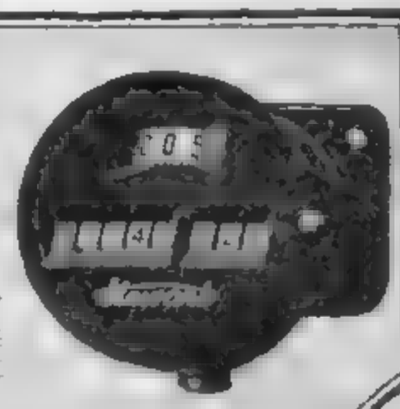

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WITH A LETTER FROM TROTZKY

(Continued from Page 11)

About Yourself." He smiled once more as only a boy or Ivan Maricoff could smile.

"I am not bathed in blood," he said apologetically.

"But before the revolution—what were you?"

"I was an artist. Alas, I was an unsuccessful artist. My family—well, they were not farmers, they were not workmen, they were not soldiers. My father was a merchant ——"

"Mine was a banker," interrupted Viola, trying to take the curse off Ivan's confession of being born bourgeoisie by an admission of her own.

Maricoff waved his hand. "Let it pass," he said. "I went to Paris to study. The dear old days when I was young!"

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-five. After Paris—London. I tried to paint portraits. Unfortunately——"

"I understand," said Viola. "I am a sculptor myself."

Maricoff appeared to be centering his attention upon the great emerald worn by his hostess.

"After I had suffered poverty in London I heard of the death of my father," he went on. "I came back to share in his estate. You, who have been an heiress of great fortune, will not understand my disappointment. My father had no estate. I was penniless. I loved my art, but one must live. The war had come—I wanted to go to the front line, but I was not conscripted. Well, there was the Imperial Theater in Petrograd, there was the ballet. I painted scenery."

"And then?"

"And then the revolution—the true revolution. It came like a great wind. It swung me away, drunk with joy. I was an official ——"

"Tell me something, Ivan," asked Viola. "Did you ever know Trotzky?"

"Know him!"

Maricoff with a deep guttural cry leaped from his ease. All the dreamy expression went out of his face. No longer an artist, no longer a poet, no longer a lover—there burned in his great eyes the fire of a zealot.

"What have I done?" he exclaimed passionately. "What have I done with my trust? How have I served the cause? It is you who have accomplished this. Your limpid brown eyes are like narcotics, your lips are like red wine, your cheeks are the fresh ivory upon which falls the reflection of spring sunsets and the glow of ripening pomegranates. You have made me to forget. You have lulled me from my mission. You are a ——"

"I surely meant no harm," Viola asserted weakly with emotions of fear and pleasure arising from Ivan's passionate outburst.

He was a marvelous young man, colored by great sweeps of emotion. He was, in terms of intoxication, a personality like strong liquor, and for strong liquor of personality Viola thirsted. Her parlor socialists, as she herself said, were a little of the tint of pale mauve; Ivan was all vermilion and flame.

"Ah, forgive me!" Maricoff said, panting.

He had a body like a fine American college oarsman. He paced up and down magnificently. He stood magnificently in front of the fireplace, and then suddenly buried his face in his arms as one whose soul is in silent agony. Viola felt a desire to throw her own beautiful arms round him.

"I said forgive me, because it is all the fault of me," he went on, wheeling about suddenly. "As for you—do I not know how you have worked in this benighted country for the cause? Do I not know how you have suffered the pains of turning your back upon your class to join the proletariat?"

"I have cast my fortunes with the people," assented Viola solemnly. "The world is a new world. I feel its call. I am glad to have a hand ——"

"On its head," Ivan said, gazing with the look of a prophet into her brown eyes. "I like to think of you as a mother of the world."

"Yes," replied Viola with modesty.

"Certainly, yes, no doubt," said the Russian. "But it is to Russia you must look, dear lady. It is to the Soviet and the cause and to Bolshevism that your beautiful eyes must turn and your generous all-giving heart go forth. Between the cause and you I have stopped. It is the cause which must be your lover. It is the cause which is my friend, and I—poor servant of the cause—have spoken of myself. I have betrayed my trust. And this was because of your eyes, your hair, your hands, your lips, your bearing."

He stopped with a sigh. He glanced down at his baggy suit and his heavy unpolished shoes. He sighed again.

Viola sighed.

Ivan sighed. He said, "I cannot speak my message to-night."

"I suppose you are in America to raise money?" Viola asked with another sigh. These were days when so many persons were raising money for something that she had concluded that givers must be fewer than solicitors, and she sighed to express resignation.

"It is in part as you say," Maricoff answered. "Yes—in part—of course. But I cannot speak to-night. I only present my credentials."

"Credentials?" said Viola as Ivan picked up his fur cap.

There was an impressive silence disturbed once by a late vehicle whose wheels creaked in the dry snow outside, and again by the tipping up of the two ends of a log burned through the middle.

"You may ask the bureau about me; Isenstein will vouch for me. He will write you from New York," said Ivan.

"The secret bureau?" whispered Viola.

"The secret bureau."

"Isenstein—the one they call the idealist?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Ivan in a low tone.

"That is enough, then. I know that is enough."

"But it is not enough," said Ivan, edging out into the hall without taking the stare of luminous eyes from her face. He stopped at the wide front door.

"My friend—he who has saved us—he who has removed poverty and tyranny from the world—it is he who has given me my credentials."

"I did not catch his name," said Viola, who usually prided herself on her poise and ease of expression.

The foreigner opened his lips. The light from a tiny wall bracket fell upon his handsome boyish face, tanned by the winds of the Russian plain; it showed his even white teeth. Except for his clothes, which she considered a little too shabby even for artistic effect, he was an example of all that she meant when she spoke of "an intriguing innocent male." The teeth closed.

"Trotzky!" he said in a low thrilling tone.

"Trotzky!" repeated Viola, awed.

"Yes, I have a letter from Trotzky. It is here. Take it. Read it. After I am gone! Alone! Read it alone. The name—Sun in the Great Dome—the name!"

Viola seized it—a letter from Trotzky!

She was not foolish enough to take Ivan's word for it, no matter how charming this young Russian giant had made himself; she had contact enough with the table-d'hôte group which has so gladly undertaken to remake the world, to prove Trotzky's signature by those who had known him in New York's East Side. Viola was no fool. Her father had been canny, he had even been called cagy. So was Viola. This Russian proved to be no impostor—he was a friend of Trotzky, a confidant of Trotzky, with a letter from Trotzky—a genuine To Whom it May Concern from Trotzky!

But at the moment Viola did not care. She had hoped that Ivan Maricoff would try to kiss her.

After he had gone she came to the conclusion that he would have tried in his impulsive way with the manner of one who has true soul speed, if he had not been diverted suddenly by thoughts of Bolshevism and of free peoples and the new world and phrases, and taking off the heads of those who are contrary minded, and the rights of every man and woman to snare in the idleness and delinquency of his or her neighbor—and Trotzky.

Viola considered that liberalism sometimes was overdone; but she did not know then what was coming to her.

Under the sidewalk not far from a corner of Eighth Avenue in New York there is a smoky, grimy little hole known as the Cowbird's Nest. Candles in empty wine bottles stand on the little rough tables, but tea and coffee are the only beverages served, and cheese and dark bread with a pickle is the only food. From the street the entrance appears only as a battered door behind whose unsigned exterior a dim light glows out, but the place is known well enough as the haunt of "intellectuals of the gutter" to cause persons of the hated merchant class to come and look at each other and see in each other true anarchists. It is said that the coffee, tea, dark bread, cheese and pickles net the shrewd Italian who runs it, and wipes off the nine little tables with a bath towel, some three thousand a year.

Ivan was much tired of the place. He urged Viola to go back with him to her apartment on East Seventy-Something. He admitted that there was much of the hated luxury there. He had stormed about the fact that Viola's English overstuffed chairs and lounges represented the greed, the fat, the exactions from the masses of the unspeakable classes. He was an eloquent young man in his abuse, but the chairs were comfortable and the lounge was agreeable to his relaxations, and there were excellent cigarettes made up in Russian style, and a few paintings inherited from Viola's banker father which he could admire or criticize, and there were novels upon the shelves in bindings agreeable to the touch, and it was warm.

He said: "It is not of the bigness of outlook to refuse to take the world as it is. Later we will change it. But now? Well now, why must one go to sit where the air is air upon which everybody has wiped his hands?

"Can you prefer to sit with feet on sawdust listening to strangers whispering, and where tea—tea which can be so good—is truly so bad? Ugh! So it is the choice of an heiress, eh? Ah, what a comic turn."

"Not comic," replied Viola, playing with the fasteners of her white gloves. "No, it is not comic. It is pathetic. Can't you see that it is the elemental things in me which rebel against the old order? Can't you see that here in this simplicity—this candlelight—the real self is comfortable? I love these elemental things."

"My knees are jammed against the brace on this ten-times accursed table," said Ivan. "Well, I am delighted for one thing—I have no more speeches to make until Monday night in any of these halls over wineshops and stables or under candy stores or warehouses. I am sick of the stupid faces staring up at me, and I can say nothing. Do you hear? I can say nothing. If I say as I please there is always a police inspector who winks at me."

"We need your message."

Ivan, however, not cheered, appeared to be taking on one of his terrible Russian glooms. He was a person of delightful sunlights and of terrine darknesses. He was an undulation of the alternating currents of success and failure, heavens and hells, ecstasies and melancholies. But Viola did not care; she liked undulating; she even liked the tidal waves of Ivan's bright red soul or whatever they call it, which had threatened to engulf her but in which she had not yet been swamped. She liked Maricoff's whimsicality and humor, which distinguished him from Isenstein and Blumberg and Katz, his Bolshevist associates in New York, whose joking always seemed to be under a strain which brought perspiration and outstanding veins to their temples, and see Loeb his passions, which distinguished him from Panesky and Miss Alsand Felix Uppman Gordon, the I. W. W. intellectuals, whose excitements were artificial and crafty and were unloosed after counting the cost and effect. Viola liked his looks. Put him in evening clothes and he would be perfect, thought Viola.

"You are looking at me," said he, bending forward so that his face was brightened by the flaming candle. "You see a most miserable man. America is a most terrible country. It is lost. And why? Ha! You do not know? Well, I will tell you. Too much prosperity, too much opportunity for the poor to struggle upward. Bah to such a land! It betrays us. We get a convert to-day, to-morrow he owns his own shop, day after to-morrow he has money in the bank. It is fatal. We lose brothers as fast as we gain. Who ever saw such a land? None of our brothers stick to us. Only those are left who are no good—foolish—lazy—mad—crazy! I tell you it takes misery to water the garden of the red brotherhood."

Viola said, "Be brave, my friend."

He looked up suddenly from beneath his heavy blond eyebrows, and then as if satisfied with his observation of her expression he picked up the old guitar and thrummed the strings with fingers whose large proportions did not detract from their suggestions of well-bred forebears and of a temperament artistic and sensitive. Down in his throat he hummed a Russian song; it sounded a little like a gypsy far away, singing with an accompaniment of a cello and a harp. Viola was as fascinated by this low appealing melody and by Ivan's eyes with their shifting sadnesses and gayeties as if she had been a sparrow charmed by a snake, or a dryad bewitched by a faun. Indeed she expressed her own feelings to herself in exactly these terms.

Ivan allowed the music to die away slowly. It was quiet in this hole under the street. The proprietor of the place was snoozing in the corner, and his gentle snores and the faint clang of street cars down on the corner were not unpleasant.

Maricoff seized Viola's warm hands.

"It has gone far enough!" he said intensely, and blew out the candle.

The banker's daughter, the contributor to the secret Trotzky fund, the charming buffet Bolshevist and gilded sister of the reds, who had tried everything from marriage to motor-ambulance driving to avoid being bored, and who should have had poise by this time, was now rattled. She was rattled because first of all she believed that this Russian was a little more lovable than any other man she had ever known. He might not suit others but he suited her. He took life so casually! He was so good-naturedly considerate without being formal!

He was a relief from the pattern man. He might, it is true, yawn in her face, but it never appeared rude in him. It was excusable. He was a genius. He was a boy!

She feared his boyishness, and this rattled her. She thought that she was on the eve of a thrilling love adventure, and this rattled her also. But there was a great new joy in being rattled.

"It is so dark," she whispered. "You have blown out the candle."

In truth this extinguishing of one candle among the five that fluttered on the dirty little bare tables made it but little darker, but Viola called attention to the darkness.

"Come with me," said Ivan in his deep commanding voice. "Out under the cold sky and the stars!"

"No," said Viola.

"I say to you—come!"

Ivan growled after his words so that Viola hoped that he was about to pick her up and put her weight under his arm.

She was not to be humored in the fantastic desire; Maricoff merely seized her wrists and dragged her after him, out of the door, up the crazy little steps and along the side streets until they had come to a block occupied by a dark deserted warehouse.

"Look up at the stars," commanded the Russian. "Take the universe into our confidence! The universe belongs to us."

Viola wondered how she had become joint owner of the universe but she obeyed and looked up at the stars. While she was looking she felt his lips close to hers. She had been waiting for that.

"So we are united," said Ivan solemnly, "forever."

"For what?" asked Viola.

"Forever."

"Oh—of course."

"When shall we be married?" he asked.

"Married?" asked Viola. She remembered how often he had told her that the Bolshevist doctrinaires were trying to rid the world of this troublesome institution of marriage.

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes—marriage," said Ivan.

"But your belief?"

"I compromise my beliefs," said he. "Sometimes it is wise to compromise. Life itself is a compromise."

Viola, however, had not weighed carefully the matter of marriage. She had liked the kiss as she had long anticipated while the moment for it had been ripening; but she had not thought very analytically beyond this kiss—this victorious kiss which had not yet grown cold. She wanted time.

(Concluded on Page 100)

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(Concluded from Page 98)

So she said: "When I accepted so much of your doctrine, dear one, I listened to all you said about the new commonwealth. You said idealism would abolish marriage, Ivan."

The air was cold, and a policeman was sauntering toward them in the careless manner of one who wishes to see what is going on but to have none of the appearance of curiosity.

"For us, I think, marriage is good," the young Russian said.

"Why?" asked Viola. "Why for us?"

She was trying to gain time. She was going through Ivan's record as a possible husband. He was poor but well born, and the good blood could be made to appear almost noble or royal blood now that the revolution had blown the face of yesterday off Russia. He was so well! And strong! He was not a great painter of course, and not a great man of any kind. But who could prove that he was not; he came from so far away. She had plenty of evidence that he was truthful as to his own past. The only lie he had told was when he said he had never been in love, but she had told him the same thing about herself. Besides he was so young and boyish and simple and yet so powerful and magnetic and complicated.

She Was as Fascinated as if She Had Been a Sparrow Charmed by a Snake, or a Dryad Bewitched by a Faun

"I asked why," she repeated.

"You mean marriage?" inquired Ivan, running his finger between his neck and the soft collar.

"Why, yes."

"It is legal—and, well ——"

"But it is a part of the system of the old reactionary world. It is not a part of the new world—not a part of the great vision of the proletariat."

"Isn't it?" stammered Ivan.

"Why, no; you have often said so yourself."

"I know," said the Russian. "But I love you. There are some things you cannot understand. I think we must be married."

"But why?"

"Well, I think it may give a kind of permanence," Ivan said. "It is too cold to argue about it now. I am cold and I love you madly like a wolf and tenderly as new birch buds in the spring. Say you will marry me legal and all. It is better so. Otherwise I shall kill myself."

"You can save yourself that trouble," said Viola. "I will marry you. But what will Trotzky say?"

One of the several things, other than the many dollars, which Viola's father had mentioned as legacies for his daughter was a country house called Oversight. It was so situated upon a high spot up the Hudson River that one could see many miles of sparkling waters when the sun shone, and wide sweeps of misty romantic expanses when the white moonlight filled the valleys underneath the black sky. A long tile-floored terrace, where in summer wicker chairs with cushions offered a good place to catch the breeze, extended along the hundred-foot front of this little villa, and the rather conspicuous Italian architecture was put against a background of old evergreen trees.

Though the weather was still cold Viola thought this would be a good place for a widow's wedding since one could invite all the guests one ought to invite without telling them how to get there and have only acceptances from those who, because their presence was really desired, were invited to come up on a steam yacht engaged for the occasion.

Viola had her own idea of a wedding. She thought a run up the river in the morning would not be unpleasant for the party, and so that the affair would take on a casual, carefree and unconventional air she thought of having a nice luncheon prepared by the servants, who were to be sent up two or three days in advance to wake up the caretaker and to have things warm, ready and livable. After the luncheon when the guests were about to leave would be the time for the short and simple marriage ceremony. This would be rather original, Viola believed, and there would be no reporters.

It was carried out exactly in this way. For reasons which she could not analyze the guests assembled on the yacht were rather queer on the average.

"I think it is rather complimentary to us," said Viola to Ivan.

"What?"

Viola indicated the guests in the cabin of the yacht. They were a mixed lot. Many of them, women as well as men, wore shell-rimmed spectacles. There was a good deal of bobbed hair among the women, an odor of perfume and several weak chins on male faces. The conversation ran clever and smart.

The editor and the literary reviewer of the Young Opinion were both present. So were Miss Dorothy Walsetter, the attorney for the conscientious objectors; Joseph Alden Bale, the writer of free verse, who was talking with both fair hands to Terence McIth, who incites home-rulers to riot but rioteth not with his own slender arms; Mary Vander, the professor of eugenics at the Stork School of Social Reform; Coleman Cosby Smith, writer of plays with a purpose; and Dr. Madden Lever, who for years has been a high salaried exclusive physician for an aged widow of a financier who wearies her old bones with eternal search for a climate to renew her youth. All these were there, and others.

So when Ivan said "What?" Viola replied: "I think it is complimentary to us that almost every one of them has something to accomplish for humanity, just as you have, dear. And as I have."

Ivan, however, at the moment was thinking that Viola was beautiful after all. More noon and less night, more air and less sweet food would take from her that faint suggestion of heaviness which had touched her under the eyes and round the corners of the mouth and on her fingers. She was still a girl. Her lips were still capable of tender expressions, and her eyes still kind.

"I see they enjoy the punch," said Ivan dreamily.

Dr. Madden Lever enjoyed the punch most of all. At the wedding luncheon he endeavored to make a speech to express something so complicated that it was a strain upon the usual facilities of human beings for the transfer of thought. He was superseded by Miss Walsetter, the attorney, a little, intense personality, who spoke well and clearly as a volunteer, and whose manner carried conviction that the world had come to a crisis in which she and her sincere, earnest friends were indispensable.

"I am impressed and deeply impressed," she said among other remarks. "I see the daughter of one of America's great bankers and I see the emissary of a new prophet of freedom for mankind joining their hands in a life of eternal labor and purpose. They dedicate themselves to hours of blessed companionship; they dedicate themselves, their lives, their wealth, their all to the struggle of a distant people for a new world. Together they will give their aid to break the ancient order. And we who have in our turn dedicated ourselves to the great causes of liberalism—we bid them Godspeed."

She sat down, noting with satisfaction that in Joseph Bale's pale blue eyes there were tears of emotion. She could not understand the look in Ivan Maricoff's face.

Late in the afternoon this intense little woman stood at the stern of the steam yacht which slid down the river with most of the wedding guests in the cabin. Upon the terrace of Oversight side by side stood Ivan, tall, stalwart, resplendent in a new suit of fashionable clothes, and Viola, who waved her hand.

"Well, we are married," said Ivan with a yawn.

"I want to be alone for a few minutes, dear," replied Viola. "I want to think."

The Russian looked after her affectionately as she went into the house, and following her slowly he entered the great living room, found a cigarette in a silver-bound ebony box, and having looked about with satisfaction at the French brocades on the walls and the Jacobean furniture he sat down at the piano and in a cloud of smoke played softly several passages of Chopin.

When he looked up Viola was standing in the wide doorway between the dark-blue hangings.

"Ivan," said she solemnly.

"Yes, dear one," he replied.

"I have been thinking, Ivan," she said. "My father left me a great deal of money, dear. Did you know?"

"Yes, I knew."

"Shall we send much of it to Trotzky? For you I would do anything. Would that please you?"

"Not particularly," replied the Russian. "No, I would not say I would be pleased—particularly."

"Not pleased?"

"No," said Ivan, looking about at the comfortable interior. "To tell you the truth I suspect that I do not naturally and sincerely belong to the Bolshevists. I was hard pressed when I joined them; I was carried away by surrounding circumstances. I had only one suit of clothes. It appeared to be wise not to oppose. I do not believe that it is wise to swim against a flood. But now I am somewhat out of it—in quieter waters."

He looked about the room.

"Ivan!" exclaimed Viola.

"Yes, I know, dear," he said; "I know you ought to protest. A new light has come to me."

"Suddenly?" asked Viola. "Where did it come from?"

"I hate to tell you, but it came from your friends. I must say I have become most bored by so many Americans who never made anything useful in their lives and dedicate themselves so eagerly to rearranging the world. Perhaps you will be angry, but as you say in America these intellectuals make me a little sick."

"Oh, Ivan! You say that!"

"I know, Viola. But one cannot help having feelings, can one? I must say that now I am entering into a new life when my financial resources—well, I can try to paint a picture or two or do something. I can't join the rest of the crowd who are trying to stir up the poor. I could do it when I was the poor, but not now."

Viola sighed.

"So I'm not a Bolshevik any more. I feel that I have been trying to make a world which was like a bank upon which drafts could always be drawn but into which deposits never need be made."

Two tears started down Viola's cheeks.

"Oh, I know I am a brute," said Ivan impulsively. "I should have told you more easily—or before—or something."

Viola sneezed.

"Well," said he. "Now tell me what you think of me."

"I think you are always right," said Viola. "To be truthful with you, I never heard anything which relieved me so. I never saw anything so absurd as the way everybody these days wants to put his hands on the world's head. I want to go back to being a sculptor or something. I want you to paint a picture even if it isn't any better than you can do. I'd be glad to take my hand off the world's head and I'll bet a lot of people would. I'll bet their arms are aching already. I'll bet it will be a relief to go back to their own jobs and let other people's jobs alone."

Ivan took her into his strong arms, but she was not quite through with her eagerness to express something long held in.

"Why, Ivan," she exclaimed, "do you know what Cain said? He said, 'I'm not my brother's keeper,' or something like that. It certainly was a nasty mean remark, but it would have sounded worse to me if he had said, 'I am my brother's keeper.'" Ivan laughed.

They sat down on the seat before the open fire. It grew dark. They turned on no lights because the dancing shadows from the flames were pleasant to see.

Later on, a piece of paper thrown on the logs burst into a flame bright and yellow as they watched it, and then curled up into black ashes. It was the letter from Trotzky.

The Color of Soil

THE color of soil is mostly of mineral origin. But black soil commonly owes its dye to vegetable coloring matter contributed by decaying plants, and soil may be colored by the many-tinted autumn leaves, and may be stained even with butterfly wings and other organic matter that has gone back to dust. Life falls away to dust and ultimately is deposited in a stratum of stone. This stone will sometime be transposed by the elements and become soil and life once more.

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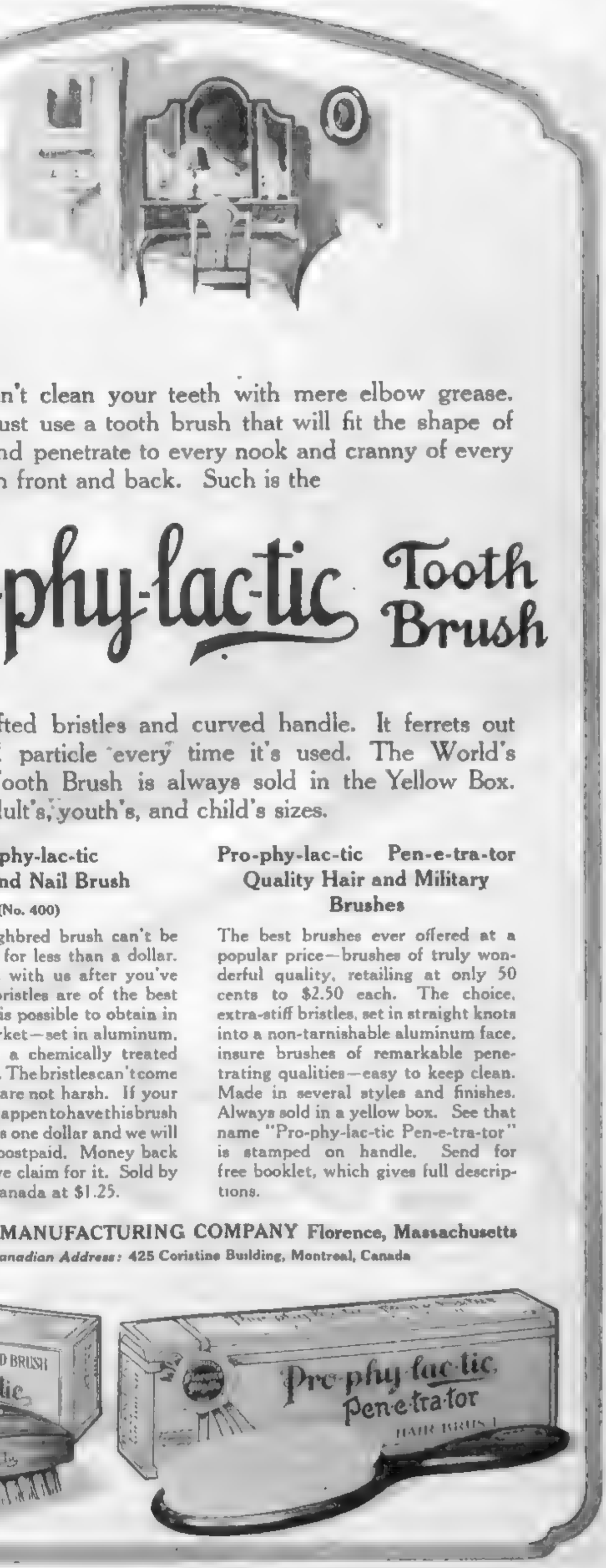

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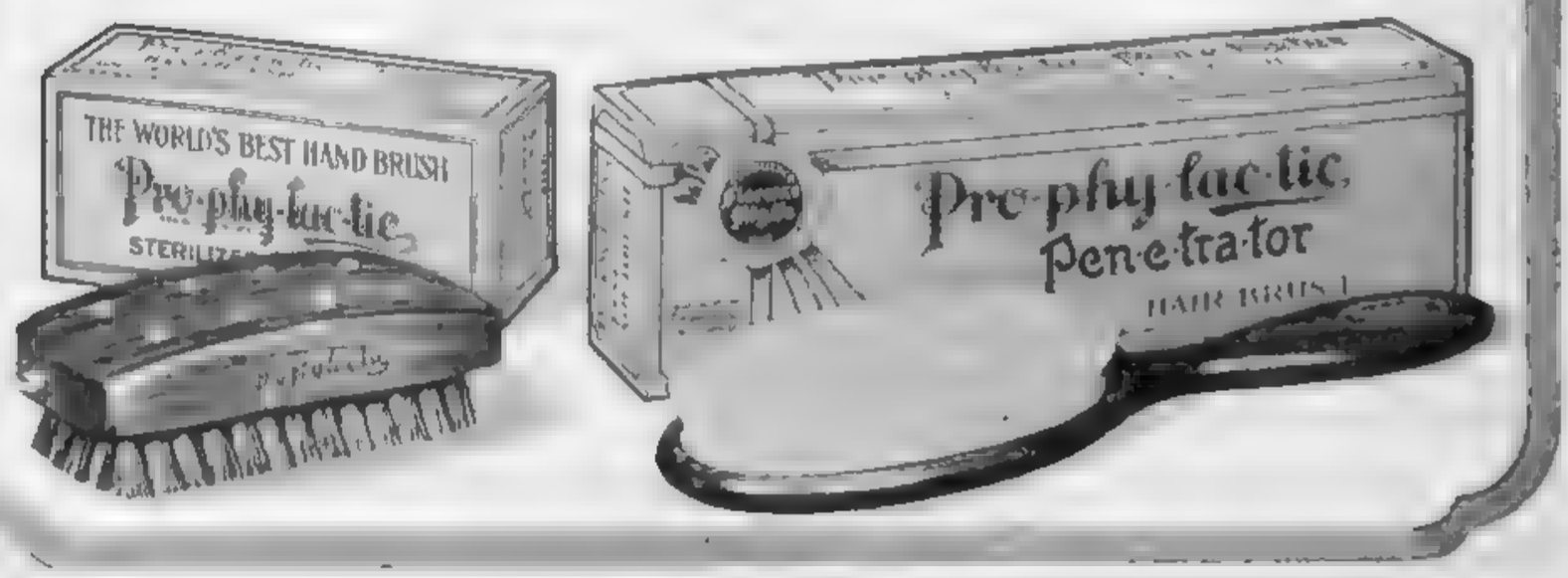

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RED FRIDAY

(Continued from Page 19)

those latest airs which were being pounded out upon the motion-picture-show pianos; that one universal language of joy in cosmopolitan New York. And as they came along I saw the woman stop their leader and ask, strangely enough, for the location of the United States sub-treasury building. I stopped myself to get some understanding of the queer scene.

They were almost as unfamiliar as she was with the district, but with the avidity of young city dwellers at once perceived an opportunity for sport, with one whose actions so clearly promised it.

"What do you want it for?" asked the black-haired leader.

"I went and bought this bond from off the Government," she answered with a slight Irish accent. "They sold it to me. I am going in now and make them pay for it, so I am."

A howl of laughter greeted this—soon hushed by the leader.

"Why wouldn't they pay me then?" she asked. "Don't they owe it to me?"

"Sure. Sure they will," said one, "if you only ask them." And gathering the necessary information from me, they led her the short way to the iron fence at the rear of the old gray building.

"There it is, mother," they told her. "Go right in. Call them out." And they started urging her as she fumbled at the iron inclosure.

"Call a policeman," advised one of them. "They owe you money. They lock you out. Call a cop. He'll make them let you in."

"Sure. That's right," said a second man with glasses and thick lips.

And seeing me following and threatening to end their enjoyment of this grotesque by-play, they left her throwing herself against the fence with hysterical exclamations, and went on whistling that most recent song from the motion-picture piano, seeking some new excitement.

It was with great difficulty that finally, with the aid of a policeman, I convinced the woman of the futility of her actions. And when I had, exhausted and disgusted, I gave up my wandering like a futile disembodied spirit about the place and decided to start up toward my own dwelling, buying the black-faced evening papers as I went.

I could see from their headlines what they recognized to have happened. In spite of the studied attempt of the more conservative journals to disguise it, the nation was paralyzed. There was not a bank in the country that was really solvent, and it was clear that the morning was expected to witness scenes much worse than those of that first day. The beginning of the end was at hand; the savage impulse of hunger but a few days off, and the prompt opening of that endless reign of terror, which I knew all too well that Plangonev, smiling in his lodging, would now be calculating upon and in every way promoting.

I could see, too—or thought I could—that his newspapers of the proletariat were not unprepared for some change. "Shall there be civil war?" inquired the leading editorial of one—prepared, no doubt, days before—in which the writer, with his usual adroitness, gave solemn warning to the farmers of the Anti-Confiscation League against initiating violence in the United States.

"Violence. No," he concluded; "if anyone should tell you this, be sure he is an emissary of Capital and an enemy of the people. There will be no violence—unless the farmers force it. And this, of course, our American farmers will not do. They are far too wise, too sympathetic with the people."

Here was clearly someone who was forewarned of coming events, I thought, and, smiling to himself, with his tongue in his cheek, already starting to shift away from himself the blame for an event not yet transpired, but which he expected as certainly as the next sunrise.

In the news columns there was most evident reason for his expectations. "Universal Bankruptcy!" shrieked the headlines. The more radical heads of the labor world and the Farmers' League were out at once with fiery interviews. And already in Hell's Kitchen—the West Side tenement section of the rougher and more belligerent laboring population of New York—there were starting up disturbances against the police. Plangonev's plans were, as usual, coming at just the proper time to fruitage. The formula of Marx had come to its inevitable conclusion in America; and now, as well, the end of Capitalism was to pass at once into an equally inevitable violence. And here in the press we heard the preliminary outcries, like the chitterings of chimney swifts in the blue-black calm preceding a great thunderstorm.

I gave a groan of helplessness and fear and guilt when I beheld our handiwork, the sinister success of our cherished plot of debt.

I was pushing away the journal that I was reading when by chance a page was turned, and I saw, buried in other news and as yet without details, the first story of the death of Plangonev at the hands of Charlotte Black.

XVIII

I CAN reconstruct it almost exactly, from the testimony of the trial and my knowledge of the actors and the scene—that terrible, fortunate and never-to-be-forgotten termination of that conflict, that duel between two utterly hostile creatures, that final stalking down of the strong by the weak.

At the end of the afternoon Plangonev, buoyant with the utter success of Red Friday, turned his mind, not unnaturally, with anticipation and relief to that most beautiful woman, to whom he had promised himself he would repair, gratifying himself by the sight at least of one of the immediate, tangible, personal fruits of his victory. Satisfaction in living, as he often had said to me, cannot be entirely mental, even to a thinker; nor can we expect it to be in a normal human life.

So then, leaving the slums and passing alone on foot through the desolate street of the great bourgeois, he stood at the front entrance of the house of Stephen Black. He rang the bell, and the dour-faced doorman, with a hesitation which Plangonev himself must have noted, let him in—let him in, and announced his coming to Miss Black.

The young woman came out then through the silent house, so the doorman testified, white as a statue and just as calm.

"My father," she announced, standing in the doorway, "you may be surprised to know, died this morning."

It was indeed a surprise to Plangonev. To my knowledge he had expected Stephen Black to live longer—until he could force the residue of his property from him for his freedom fund, by the power, that unpleasant power given him by Black's disease of fear. He stood, uncertain, gazing at her and at her hard calmness.

"Yes," she repeated; "he died at ten o'clock."

And at that, she testified at her hearing, he looked round apparently to assure himself they were alone.

"Oh, no," she said—purposely, of course, misinterpreting his movement—"please! I cannot have you go now. We have too much to say to each other—now. Now, especially, I must know where I stand!"

He watched her, she said, puzzled apparently by her hardness and self-interest—which yet, of course, as she knew, fitted in so exactly with his theory of her motives, and those of bourgeois women as a class.

And then she asked him about Wall Street—for even into that house and on that day the noise of Red Friday had penetrated. She had heard the hoarse-voiced cries of the sellers of the extras calling in the side streets since quite early in the morning—before her father died and even while he lay dying.

"It has come," she said, "at last, as you expected, your day of Marx?"

And he told her of his triumph.

"You were wise then," she said, "were you not, to rid yourself of the bonds and retain so much of the money for us?" And at that apparently naïve identification of herself with him Plangonev gave a cynic's smile—more at ease as, of course, she intended.

"But come," she said in apparent haste, like a woman fleeing a physical disaster, "I have a number of questions I must ask you. Let us go where we will be away from the servants. Though," she added, "nearly everyone, after this morning, is now asleep—even the doctor."

He watched her, still studying her, but now evidently sure. What else could he gather from that but complete surrender, especially with his premises, his estimate of women?

"We will best go up," she said, "I think, into the museum." And she led the way through the muted corridor, over the almost uncanny silence of the deep-piled carpet on the floors, past the dark tapestries, the great vases in the dusky corners and the great and gloomy paintings on the wall.

She went ahead of him, dressed in black, it seems, but her wonderful face and hands the whiter for it—a beauty which made a festival of mourning. And in the black lace at her throat one great rose-flashing diamond. And always with the clumsy automatic revolver dragging on the lace at the side of her skirt.

And so they went without speaking, up the side stairway of the dark house, and came at last into the high, carved-ceilinged museum, that priceless room of cadaverous Italian figure paintings; of carved fauns and satyrs upon stone pedestals; of costly, faded, rose-pink textures against dark woods—the rug of the Six Hunters on the floor, and on the wall the great Brilliaux hawking tapestry of the killing of the white heron by the falcon, set in studied contrast against the dark carved walls.

"Sit down," she said, seating herself in one of the great black chairs below the tapestry, and indicating to him another a little way across, half facing her, against the adjoining wall.

And he, thinking naturally—according to his estimate of her class—that she wished to complete her bargain for herself, sat down lighting his gaze upon her beauty, waiting philosophically for her to begin.

After all, even with Stephen Black dead, his position was not bad, as he must have seen it, from the financial angle: If she had the right of refusal of that remaining wealth of her father to him, he had the same right against her. She could not use that fortune if he saw fit to bring about its confiscation by the state, according to already existing law. So they were in the position, in a way, of two suspicious heirs, each with one key required for the full combination for opening a safe-deposit box. And so he might feel reasonably sure, according to his interpretation of her psychology, that both she and the remaining money would eventually be his.

He sat down, watching and appraising her. She might be moved, he assumed, by the double disaster of the day and by thoughts of her future. But underneath, he saw, she was as hard and resistant as she was beautiful.

It was hot—close, after the continued hot weather, even in that great protected room. The windows were open upon the street. And across from Central Park they heard the raucous cries of the extra newsboys—as all could through the whole city that day—calling out the end of the world. Charlotte Black shuddered—no mere acting, after that morning!

"Tell me," she said quickly, and there was real poignancy in her voice, "what has happened. What you did to-day upon the Street."

And, smiling, thinking perhaps how many times she might have asked the same question of her father in days gone by, he brought out the points of attack and collapse in Red Friday. Exultant, urged on as well by the not unhuman stimulus of the excitement and deep attention of a beautiful woman—for whom he would eventually reach out his hand—he went, under her skilled guidance, into every detail; she, of course—as we saw later—storing it away in that remarkable memory of hers, an inheritance no doubt from her father.

"You were wise," she said with her flattering appeal to him again, "to sell, and hold what you did for us. I do not believe my father himself could have done better."

"It was nothing," said Plangonev, touched no doubt by the flattery, but not showing it. "I followed merely a necessary law."

He sat now, sure of her, more at ease and less upon his guard, a figure rough, uncouth, coarsely dressed, a spectacle not unlike a stained and muddy officer of an invading force taking his sprawling ease in a house—the palace of some highbred woman of the enemy. She, white in her black dress, sat underneath the great hawking tapestry; he in his dingy clothes, beneath and a little to one side of the meager, crooked figures of a crucifixion in a black frame, painted in the early Italian style. And then once more from outside the woman heard the cries of the hoarse newsboys in the distance—and went on.

"But now," she asked quickly, "now that your day has come—what next?"

"Who can say?" returned Plangonev, at his smiling ease. "Who is there that should know?"

And she waited, knowing now from his whole attitude that he would talk—as men will, at their ease, after a victory, to a woman; talk to themselves, purge their souls of pride and vanity to a listening woman.

"Who can say?" said Plangonev. "It is chemistry, that is all!"

"Chemistry!" she repeated.

"Why not?" he said. "That is the foundation, is it not? All we know of ourselves, of life—you—I—all men!" And he went on, outlining again that fundamental fatalistic faith of his.

"What is human life? A few plain, basic chemical impulses. Hunger. The attraction between you and me—the sexes!" he said, and smiled a smile of most unpleasing significance at her, while she sat still, only that her right hand moved involuntarily the slight fraction of an inch toward her pocket beneath the lace at her right side.

"That," he said, drawn on and away from considering her, she saw, by his theory and his desire of self-explanation—"that is simple and well known. What is organic life, either as it comes rising first from the sea water, or yet as it flows to-day through cities and societies? A few simple chemical and electrical impulses with known laws!

"But beyond this," he continued, "society at large is yet too complex for our present knowledge to be foreseen exactly in all details. A complicated series of reactions in a great organic compound, millions of possible combinations as in—let us say—a modern high explosive.

"Some general rules, certainly, we know," he stated, "as in the law of Marx—some general, unavoidable laws in the chemistry of nations—that is all!"

"But you know—you must know—something of the future now," she insisted.

"Some general reactions, yes, which we must provoke as we can—as we have in this already. As we have known, for instance, what would happen here in the past under the law of Marx, so now we know somewhat at least of what shall happen next, by experiments, by watching what occurs in Russia, in Germany, in the old and new revolutions in France."

"Violence!" exclaimed the woman. "Anarchy!"

"Why not?" he said. "For a time. It has always come. It is inevitable. Meanwhile, we make the new foundations. We sweep away the rubbish."

"The rubbish!" she cried out.

"We recognize at last what we are—the real rules of living, the chemistry of human life and motive," he cried, his eyes sparkling again at his old theory. "We see what it is. The rest we sweep away. Your so-called spiritual life. Your bourgeois superstitions, that smear and cloud the human intellect. Your bourgeois family that preys upon the worker for its young and its captive women; your bourgeois state that kills the worker for new markets; your bourgeois priest who calls to the worker to be peacefully killed for the God of the holy ten per cent."

And at that, partly no doubt to cover up her real emotions, the woman gave a little laugh.

"You laugh," he said quickly with an almost threatening look.

"Yes," she answered, "at myself! At women and your bourgeois emotions—your amusing emotions of property, which you now dismiss entirely. What will become of us when they have gone?" she asked lightly, mocking him, with lips that were very dry, she testified.

"You will get used to it, my dear," he answered, smiling now.

"No superstitions," she said. "No God, no country, no family," she went on, rallying him. "Merely internationalism and a general state of chemistry. It sounds amusing—exciting even. But it will be a new place for mere woman, this new world of yours, without the old emotions."

"We shall see," he answered, smiling in return. "They will no longer need them, perhaps, under the new freedom. They can get along without the sweet stickiness of their old emotional surroundings."

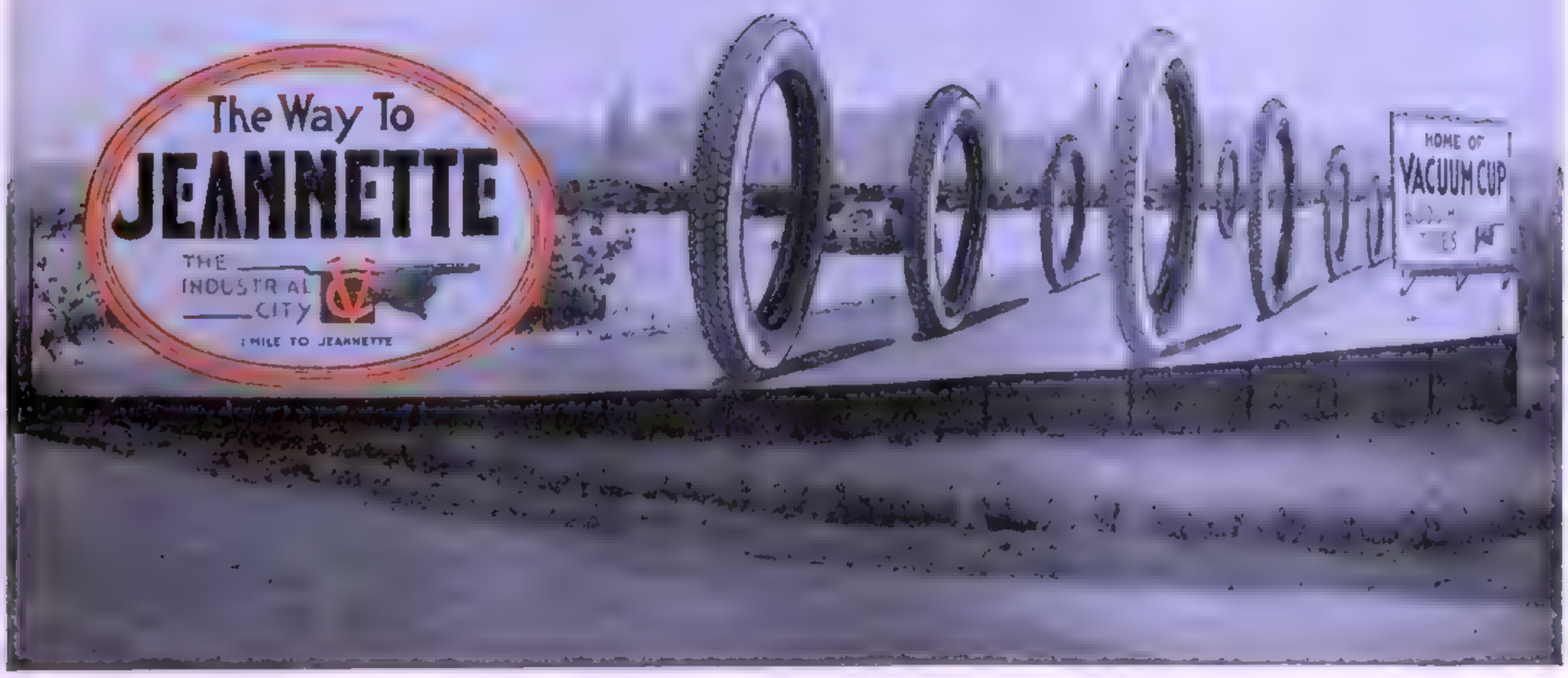
"No family," she said, challenging him now, "and no marriage?"

"For the present, yes," he said, shifting his ground a little; "if they wish it!" And he

(Continued on Page 107)

Pennsylvania

VACUUM



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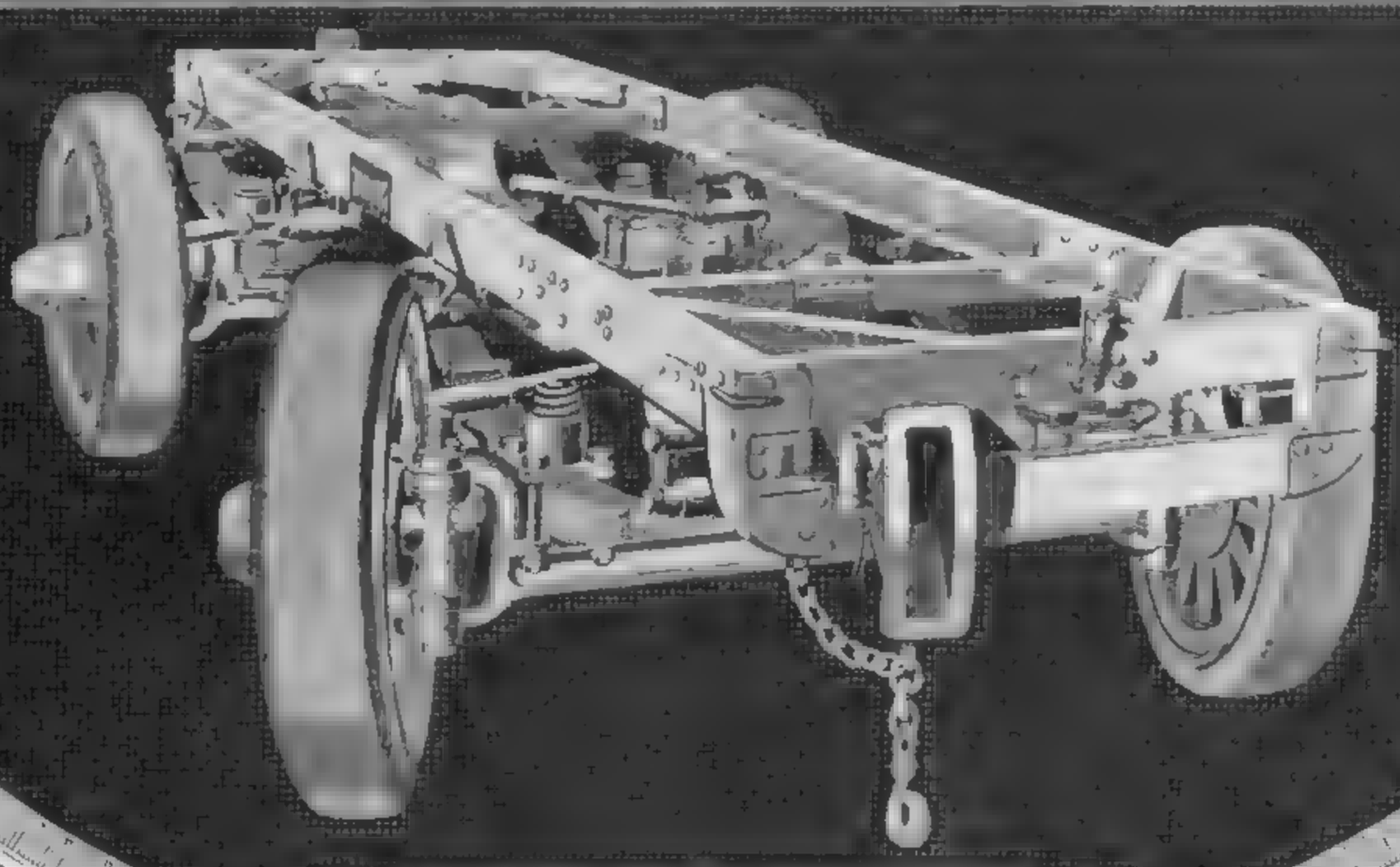

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(Continued from Page 103)

smiled a smile, she said, more unpleasant than his frowning.

"And yet," she went on, avoiding his glance again, apparently thinking, "this is not Russia. This is the United States."

"Have I said otherwise?" he asked her, amused.

"How can you be sure," she persisted, "that your chemistry—your expectation of violence and anarchy—must come here?"

"It will be the same," he said with confident amusement—"the same, only much more!"

"Why?" she asked directly.

"It all depends—this violence—upon the bourgeois, their resistance of us. The bourgeois, they will wish, certainly, some violence at least!" he said and laughed. "As in Russia. The capitalistic system is much deeper rooted here and the emotions of property. So much more then they will resist. The agrarians—this Anti-Confiscation League of the agrarians and their friends—what were the Russian peasants to these? Bah! Driven cattle. No," he said with triumphant cruelty, "the chemicals here are stronger and newer. The reaction will be more. Very soon we shall hear the machine guns pop here also. And the looters of the bourgeois stealings! It is inevitable."

"Of itself?" she cried. "Will it come by nothing but its own force?"

For she was now, of course, close to what she must know.

"It should be assisted now, no doubt—the natural course of events—by the mixing of the chemicals, let us say," he told her, "as it has been in the past."

And she led him by her skillful flattery through the whole tale which she had only dimly guessed when he had talked before.

"A few *agents provocateurs* here and there, no doubt," he said, "as in the past." And he named them, with place and time: the past agents and those for the future. "A few of these conscious," he said, "but mostly blundering fools, who acted for us without knowledge!" And he told her, laughing, also of these. And she saw now—she thought she saw, as she had hoped—that there were documents, incriminating documents, which he might have with him.

And then for the third time she heard from the outside that hoarse cry again, louder still in that silent room—that cry of some other newsboy, passing for some unknown reason of his own down or across the desolate street of the great bourgeois. And again she shuddered. For it reminded her once more, of course, of the same cries through the window in the death room that morning—those cries of the end of the world which had come into the last restless, fearful dreams of Stephen Black, helping, no doubt, to hurry him to death.

She shuddered, for she saw the scene again. But then, too, she heard again the promise she had made herself articulately then—that this man, this murderer of her father, should not go on his triumphant way forever! And so now she started on that final inquiry of hers.

"You can say this," facing him, "to a woman!"

"What?"

"About the future. What you and these others, with your fund of freedom, are about to do."

"No doubt," said Plangonev, studying her

"But would you say it to a man who knows about such things? How could you prove it? How can you show it—to convince me? Or do you dare?" she cried, and sat waiting now—her very heartbeat waiting for his answer.

"Why not?" said Plangonev imperturbably. "Why not now?" And he took from a soiled and greasy leather pocket portfolio that first paper—that Document No. 1 of the trial, that list of the fellow conspirators. "Why not now?" he said, and reaching forward held it toward her.

"May I see it?" she asked, and took it daintily, deftly avoiding the touch of Plangonev's fingers. She read it carefully and laid it on her lap. "Is that all?" she asked.

Then, one by one, he passed the others over—the list of larger payments from the freedom fund, the help in election districts, the advertising in certain papers. She read them and let them lie upon her lap. But now, when she had them all, her right hand stole and lay continuously in that pocket, within the lace of her skirt.

She had now all she could have hoped for, all she had thought to get in past weeks. And even now it might not be too late—though her father was now dead—to help the country as a whole. There must be some authority somewhere still, she assumed, where the presentation of such proof as she could now give might arrest the general disaster which was now so imminent. But the question for her at the minute was how to keep what she had now acquired; to bring away those papers—and herself! She had deliberately lured him here for this—using what powers of attraction she had for him, as she testified later. Now she must extricate herself, by guile if possible, by violence if necessary; though, so she always protested, she hoped to do this without killing him.

He may have sensed something of this in her manner, for now he looked at her, reaching out his hand.

"Now having read them," he said, "you will return them, please!"

"Not yet," she answered him at once. "Not till you and I have talked."

"Talked!" he said more loudly. "Upon what?"

"Upon ourselves," she answered. "Our plans for what must come!"

Then he sat back smiling, but watching her now narrowly.

"Very good," he said; "concerning what?"

"I must have some rights, some powers, myself," she said, "in this, if everything, as it seems to me, if the world is to become a matter of chemistry from now on."

"Have you not enough power now?" he asked, watching.

"What?"

"You have still," he argued, "the control of the money we shall have—the fund of your father's," he said, changing suddenly the ending of his speech.

"How much control," she returned, "when you once take it in your hands?"

"But this," he said, shifting ground, "which you now have, what use would these papers be in the new conditions? What use in any conditions," he said, now rising—"except to do me damage—now?

"Give them to me!" he demanded sharply, and moved toward her.

"No!" she said, and rose herself, stepping backward, holding the papers with one hand behind her; and with the other bringing out at last the hidden pistol.

"So," said Plangonev, speaking slowly, eying her; "that is it!"

"That is it," she said after him, and started back another step, holding her weapon somewhat awkwardly before her.

And at that, seeing her, Plangonev laughed and jumped, not toward her or away from her, but to one side; to the corner of the room near where she had first placed herself, the corner where the electric call bells were set into the wall.

She had made in her excitement a false move, she saw. She had not planned for outside aid. It was scarcely an enterprise to be trusted to the chatter of servants. She had taken the chance deliberately, with her eyes open, reflecting naturally on the conditions of the time which made such a step necessary for a woman, but still, with her native independence and a woman's natural reticence concerning her action, deciding to go her own way and keep her own counsel. And now she wondered when she saw him between her and outside assistance—when she stood alone with him on that empty floor, in that great high silent room, full of the inanimate carved and painted witnesses upon the standards and on the walls—now indeed the question came sharply to her whether she had not been overconfident in herself.

"So!" said Plangonev, watching her narrowly from across the room. "Treachery!" And he laughed.

He would not kill her, of course, she told herself. But that, of course, was not now—seeing his face—what she feared. She was not a woman to him now, she saw; she was an enemy. Or rather—much worse—she was both a woman and an enemy.

She stood facing him with her unaccustomed weapon; still, except for her obvious awkwardness, outwardly calm and confident of herself.

"No," she said, and smiled back. "Not treachery! The era of chemistry when each one fights for himself."

And again the Russian laughed.

"An apt pupil," he said. "But what," he asked, "what do you fight for? To what end?"

"Against you," she said, "and your inevitable laws of society. Your new chemical freedom."

"Against the laws of Nature, no doubt," he said. "The certainty of the time."

"Possibly," she answered.

"You do not care then," he returned, smiling still, "for our new freedom?"

"No," she answered him sharply, "not so far as I have seen it. The new freedom, the scientific freedom, is too free for me, I fear. And not particularly attractive," she said with light scorn—"this natural freedom of the laws of chemistry working in men like you."

"It amuses you, it would seem," said Plangonev briefly—"my definition."

"Why not?" she returned, mocking him. "According to your theory, I myself am that amusing thing, a woman, a compound," she proceeded, paraphrasing him, "of the bourgeois emotions, of the emotions of property, of the exploded beliefs in home and country and religion."

"So it seems," he said, now in his turn probably stimulating her to talk.

"Yes," she said, facing him, remembering all the happenings of that day, "I am all that—all you have described me. I had no idea before what I actually was."

He let down his hands now, leaning against the wall, apparently in surrender, as a stimulus to her rising confidence.

"Yes," she said with bitter voice and spirit; "it would have amused you greatly to see it, I know, my emotion for my father when he died this morning. A hard man, I know, to many people, but still to me my father. Curious, was it not, and most illogical, my plan to defend him from you—by what powers of interesting you I had—until finally he could die, at least, in peace from you? Yet I did it finally," she cried with bitter triumph, "what I first planned to do."

Plangonev stood silent, passive, only hoping for her to go on.

"His death," she said harshly again, "hurried by you, and my watching it helpless, are all most amusing examples of a woman's feelings. But after that, still more amusing—I would not have believed it of myself—I felt again that last extreme bourgeois emotion, that love of country that you social chemists all so logically detest. Yes, there was even some traditional religion in it, I think, in my plan to best you. I would not have believed it of myself.

"I mean it," she said briefly; "I am not jesting. I would not have believed it of myself three years ago. I would have laughed as heartily as you—as I did laugh often when you told me—at the thought that I myself was such a creature as you described, a compound of your exploded bourgeois emotions, or that I could have done what I have done to you, used—what shall we say?—my more primitive powers of attraction, till I have finally trapped and captured you!"

It must have been at that time, she thinks, when she grew most confident and most excited, that he must in some way have taken from that small standard beside him that weapon, that ancient missal with metal edges, and put it behind his back.

"And now," he said, still keeping her talking—"now that you have me as you wish, what next?"

"What do you mean by that?" she returned quickly.

"What have I done? To what authority will you take me?"

That question puzzled her and dispirited her and set her thinking, as he expected. Her knowledge of what she could do with her evidence was limited at best, and now, after the great change of that day, she was less confident.

"I can take it to any of the authorities, of course," she answered vaguely, but in a sure and steady voice.

And he laughed.

"On what ground? To what authorities?"

"To the next police station, if necessary," she answered him at random.

And at that he laughed louder than ever, and as he laughed he threw the little metal-edged book at her, and as it struck her, throwing down her arm and knocking out of her hand the weapon, he hurled himself after it.

He was slower, of course, than a younger man. That was what probably saved her—that and the rug of the Six Hunters. She stooped, a little dazed, to catch up her weapon, and as she did so his foot caught upon the edge of the rug, and she saw his face, as he came falling toward her in an unclean agony of haste—the face of a man in absolute savagery and hate, falling forward and clutching her about the knees.

She had now regained her weapon, her papers flying from her other hand. But she must still turn it toward him. This she managed to do—in time. And it was then that the first shot was fired, piercing the Russian's right arm.

This, of course, made them more equal in strength for the continuing struggle. For it must continue, naturally, by the necessity of either side. He fell, she said—went down with the impact of the shot—but with the endurance of his kind was on his knees again, his strength not yet much impaired. And she herself, sickened, revolted, in a numbness of excitement and fear, recoiled, but still fortunately held her weapon, which now he was struggling to take from her.

And so mutely the two struggled—those two most opposite creatures, those two personifications of different ideals and civilizations, a woman of our time and a Bolshevist—struggled on in that great dark room with the strangely mingled symbols of past civilizations and ideals round them, the fauns and satyrs on the standards; the Christs and saints and pain-crooked martyrs upon the wall; and overshadowing all the huge tapestry of the hunting nobles.

She gave herself up almost for lost. She could not free her elbow from his grasp; but then by a great final effort she transferred her weapon to her other hand. And then at last the second shot was fired, and Plangonev sank finally before her, a dingy figure, stretched out at last, face downward, upon the new and brighter stain, which grew against the old and faded pink of the priceless rug of the Six Hunters.

She stood panting and listening. No one had heard them apparently, the sound of the shots dying within that isolated room and floor. She stood there for a moment, gathering back her strength; and then dragged herself, in her torn clothing, to the hallway—to the nearest telephone in the house shutting shudderingly behind her as she went the great door into that high room with that course dead figure upon its floor, and the congregations of silent witnesses upon its standards and its walls.

She took the telephone in her shaking hands, and gave—half automatically in her weakness—the call for the police.

"I must report to you," the officer at the police desk heard, listening, "I have killed a man—a robber. A robber of the world!" he thought he heard her say, her voice rising. "The man who has destroyed the United States."

And following that he heard a heavy fall, and then silence over the wire.

There behind her, in that house of fear, by a strange irony of fate, the two prime movers in the plot of debt lay dead together under the same roof, each from the unseen powers that he himself had evoked.

XIX

IT HAS been deemed strange, this sharp final turning in the plot of debt. The trap was set, the secret pitfall dug, the game all driven: there seemed no reasonable possibility of escape, when suddenly, on the verge of their destruction, a nation and a civilization were released by the weak hand of a woman.

All this seems strange. And yet, what other impulse, I ask, could possibly have accomplished it? There was but one thing concededly that did or could release the nation from its danger—a sudden general emotional impulse; a great appeal to the traditional emotions of the people, driving them to action. For every one well knows to-day it was just this outburst of Plangonev's detested and, I believe, always feared emotions of property—the emotions of family and nation and religion—which finally overthrew the Russian and his plans. And where, may I ask, do these emotions center if not on woman?

To be explicit and particular, what other story but that of Charlotte Black's action would have arrested the attention of the American press on a day like Red Friday; and carried across the country on even terms with the story of the disaster, at one and the same time, an explanation, a warning and an emotional impulse to opposition. An American woman, rich, beautiful, finely reared, had killed an anarchist, a secret Russian agent, in her home, defending at once her dying father, her person and her country. And this story, we may be sure, lost nothing in the hands of the American journalist, trained through his lifetime for just such a story's telling.

A general shudder passed across the country. Man and wife and family grew

(Concluded on Page 110)

"Bone-Dry" Means Willard

When I say a Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation is "bone dry," I don't mean that the acid solution has been emptied out of it.

I mean that it has never had any solution *put into it*—which is a very different thing. *Any* storage battery can be emptied and shipped empty provided it is filled again at an early date, which is necessary when plates and insulation are not bone dry, but wet.

With a Bone-Dry Willard Battery, there is not a bit of moisture in *plates or insulation* from the time the battery is completed at the factory until it is made ready for use on your car. You can get this absolute bone dryness only in the Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

To you as a car owner, Bone-Dry means two things, both extremely important:

First—that you can be much more certain of getting a battery without waiting for a factory shipment, because dealers can keep complete stocks of bone dry batteries brand new on their shelves for an indefinite period without deterioration.

Second—that you can be absolutely sure of brand-new conditions of the battery, whether on a new car, or bought to replace the one you are now using.

Hasn't had a drop of acid solution or any moisture in either plates or insulation—

Threaded Rubber Insulation

After I fill the battery, chemical action goes on just as in any other battery, and ordinary battery care is needed. Pure water should be put in to keep the solution always above the top of the plates. A hydrometer test should be taken every week or two. The battery must not be allowed to suffer from neglect, thirst, starvation, overheating, or any of the things that might shorten its life.

Any battery will serve better if it gets proper care, but other things being equal the battery with the insulation that is longest lived and best protects the plates will serve the longest.

There's plenty of proof of this in the record made by Threaded Rubber Insulation.

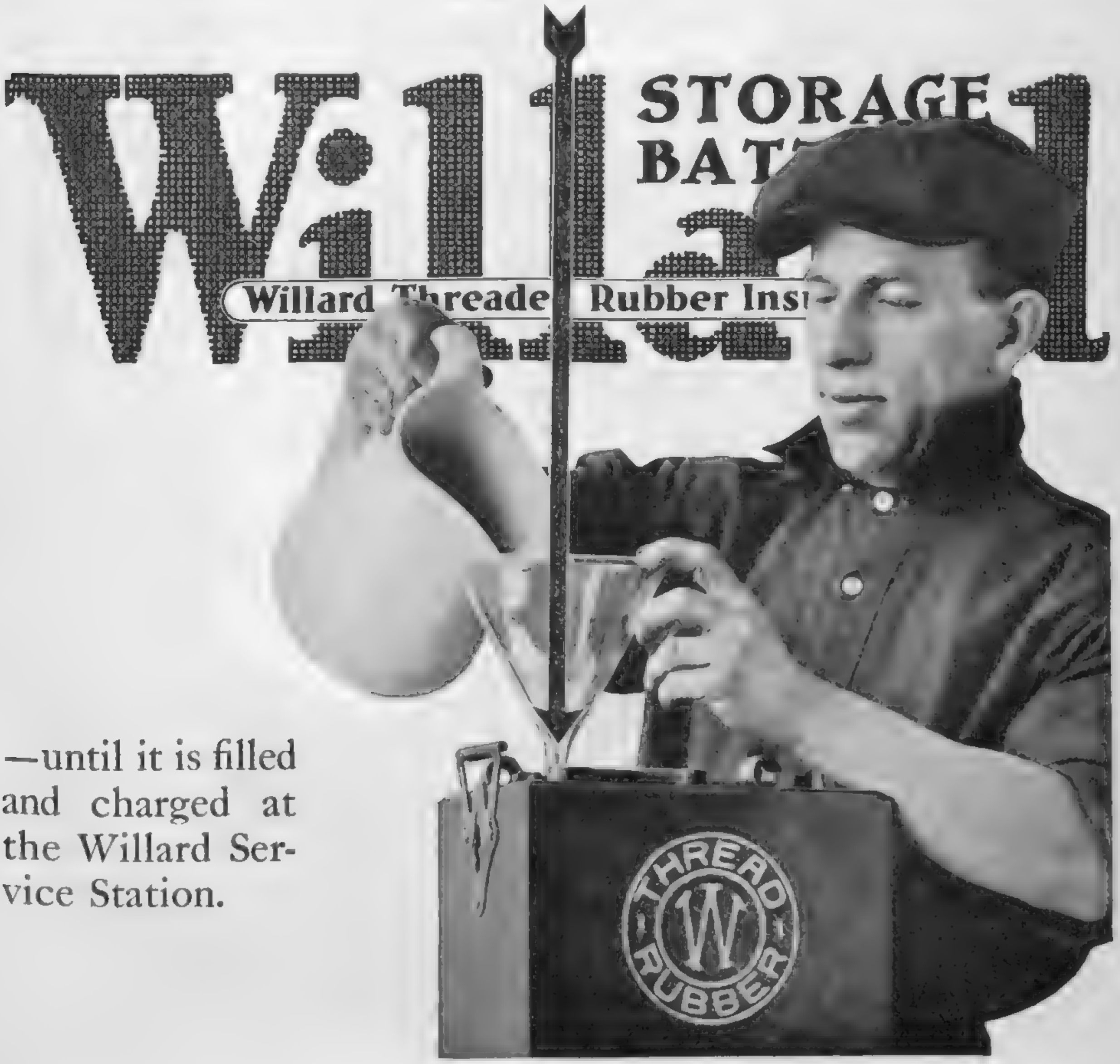
Three years ago you had not even heard of Threaded Rubber Insulation, yet in that year 35,000 Willard Batteries protected by it, went into new cars.

A large percentage of those three-year-old batteries are in use today.

There's the evidence—not what engineers say Threaded Rubber Insulation ought to do, or what it could do in a well-cared-for battery, but what it actually has done. It is evidence that is worth a good deal of careful thought when you are buying a new car, or a battery to replace the one you now have.

Ask us to tell you more about Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, also for a copy of the booklet "The Wick of the Willard."

Willard Service.



—until it is filled and charged at the Willard Service Station.

(Concluded from Page 107)

closer to one, on farm and in city, as they locked the doors upon their homes that night; the politicians gave out oratorical interviews; ministers preached warnings; and the very newspapers upon which Plangonev most depended for his change—the press of the proletariat—ran up the national flag at the head of their columns and kept it there for days and days. The whole country was swept, in fact, by a wildfire of old racial, tribal, national emotions. It was the desire of all to get together in any way possible and avoid the threatened chaos—the certain anarchy that had ruled in Russia.

What other agency, I ask, could have at once awakened the necessary impetus through such action but the story of an American woman attacked and defending herself in her own home? And when there was added to this the documents secured by Charlotte Black, proving the secret conspiracy of this foreigner, a Russian Bolshevik—hated and feared as this very name had grown to be by any property holder or individualist across the world—the reaction to old conditions in the supremely individualistic United States, no matter what sacrifices must now be made to resecure them, was certain. The country threw itself at once into the arms of the farmers of the Anti-Confiscation League, who took on, considering the circumstances of the past, almost too stern a power. The labor leaders, even the most extreme, counseled now the greatest moderation and conciliation; the most rigid bureaucrats at Washington were willing to concede possible faults in governmental operation; and by a general consent and applause the present universal moratorium and state of concessions on all sides were established, which are now expected to bring about before long a modified return to old conditions in the United States. And, of course, all this has been greatly aided by the scurrying and scuttling back, and eager assistance in reëstablishing old conditions, of those who have reason to fear that they will be implicated directly or indirectly with the plot of debt, the trials for which are now following the merely formal trial and triumphant acquittal of Charlotte Black.

She, of course, has become now almost a national heroine, with a general idealization of her character and motives, to which, however much I may subscribe as being typical of the value of woman's deepest instincts, I still must somewhat qualify in regard to her personally. However, I will concede my motives are perhaps mixed, and I should not say this. It was Charlotte Black's testimony indeed that absolved and released me personally from the charge of conspiracy in the plot of debt, yet on grounds most unflattering to me.

"The Reverend Mr. Todd was a poor dupe of Plangonev's," she testified, "emotionally misled. Merely a poor pacifist. He would have willingly assisted me in my last fight against the Russian, I know—if I had wanted him. But what woman would go for aid to a pacifist, after their pronouncements on the women of Belgium?"

It has seemed to me, personally, that this was unnecessarily severe. Yet because of it, and from entire lack of evidence of any overt practical act of mine in the matter, I was at last released, while others, far less at the center of the movement, have been condemned, or are still in the hazard of their life or liberty, for treason.

I am away from it all, of course, to a very large extent now. But occasionally I drop in on my friends the amateur saviors and discuss the affairs of the day. Poor people! The changes that have come upon them—on both sides, as it were, from the loss of their incomes, and from the reluctance of the time longer to hear them—have thrown them more and more in upon themselves. They sit quite often now all day, and talk and talk in the now somewhat shabby room of the Man With the Spats.

I was in there no later than this afternoon; and by chance I found again the young observer with horn glasses, who had visited Russia, talking of the Russian mir.

"There will be a revolt," he said, "before many years; a revolt from this wild ridiculous recrudescence of the bourgeois emotions we see all round us now. And when that time comes we must not forget the fellowship, the mutual aid, the germs of a new communism contained for us in the mir of Russia."

And at that I sprang up.

"The mir!" I almost shouted. "The mir!" I confess I was very nervous and overwrought. "Communism—socialism—common property new! I am sick to death of hearing it. New," I said; "yes, to the college sophomore in his winter term—new by right of prior discovery; new to the dilettante mind, permanently arrested in a sophomoric stage of growth; new to the newly read laboring man! And historically the oldest thing on man's earth!

"New!" I said, growing more and more excited. "No; older than Stonehenge, older than the kitchen middens of Europe, when savage men lived in level equality with their dogs; old as the beginnings of the race!"

No one, strangely enough, seemed to wish to interrupt me as I talked, all being perhaps surprised at my sudden and long-pent outburst. The man with the longish hair looked up at me merely and rolled his head upon his hands—evidently that day with one of his severe headaches. The man with the military beard sat staring in gloomy resolution at the wall. But the plump wife—once so wealthy—of the man with the longish hair looked up at me from her sewing for the first time that I remembered with approval, her eyes inciting me to go on.

I did so.

"Common property!" I cried. "It was once all common property. Common property in women, common property in children in a general howling tribal pack; common property in a cave dwelling. Common property in herds and crops and lands. Were they any better for it—the women or the children or the crops or the cattle? Or did Western Europe discard this herd life and leave it to Eastern Europe and the Amazon Valley and the Congo?"

And I saw the Man With the Spats nodding gravely to himself.

"Did or did not man gradually and painfully build up," I demanded, "the other thing—the individualist and the individual property? Is it something to be ashamed of or rejoice in that gradually, in the slow process of time, man required and secured property in the faith of one woman of his own; and by this acquired and insured a property in children of his own; and for these that he held and defended a home of his own, and a tribe, and a nation—yes, and even a belief!"

The young student of the mir stood looking at me wide-eyed, as one hearing blasphemy. But I was excited; I drove right on.

"The emotions of property—the bourgeois standards and impulses!" I cried, warming to my theme. "They are ridiculous, are they not? The self-centered bourgeois home, the Fourth of July orator, the evangelistic howler! They are absurd—yes!" I said. "But when these are gone," I demanded—"what? What then? A general riot of organic chemistry, with Plangonevs leading? Do you like that more?

"No," I said. "Laugh if you wish to. These much-flouted impulses, these old emotions of ours, are founded on something deep—the traditions and stimuli of the life history of a civilization. They constitute a real impulse at least, a constant, common call to work for and fight for and improve something of your own, and yourself! Something less grandiose, less pretty in the statement, perhaps, but more genuine and driving—much—than the worship of mathematics or chemistry or sociology or the Milky Way, or some one of the ten thousand easy, high-sounding cults of evolution of the late nineteenth century."

And now the wife of the man with the long hair nodded decidedly.

"Oh, evolution," I almost shouted now. "Evolution, what theories have not been committed in your name! By Germans since 1860—Nietzsche, Haeckel, Marx—a host of secondhand prophets, of mad tailors, strutting and mouthing in coats made over from the stolen mantle of a giant. Evolution," I said scornfully, "the inevitable law of Marx!

"Inevitable—the law of Marx? Inevitable, yes," I said. For I had thought deeply on the subject those past few months. "Inevitable for a people who did not value their liberties sufficiently to guard them. Inevitable as the laws of chemistry, working on a costly book, dropped from the hands of a careless servant into a fire; as the laws of gravity dragging at an automobile left standing with brakes unset upon a slope! Inevitable, yes, as all degradation to those who do not care to guard their possessions, as individual liberty always must be guarded. Inevitable, no doubt, to us, in the state of fat and reckless abandon into which this nation came before and after the Great War. Every man for himself, grabbing from the other. Every laborer clutching all he could take and giving back as little as he could. And on the other side, worst of all, the great bourgeois and their fat lawyers, sucking the corporations at every pore; set thick on every great growing business enterprise as plant lice upon a green garden shrub in a rainy June!

"But for that reason," I inquired, "shall we tear up the garden? Shall we destroy a civilization when all its roots are sound, and all it really needs is more care and pruning and spraying?

"But no!" I said bitterly. "We had to come to this, to the sheer abyss, to the edge of a backward fall of forty centuries before we stopped. If we have stopped!" I said, and checked myself and got up.

I saw I had evoked unexpected emotions among my friends, the emotionally unemployed. The Man With the Spats sighed softly and inserted another Russian cigarette in his long holder. The man with the military beard sat silent, staring at the wall, not a word of argument out of him. The young student of the mir still stood staring at me, surprised at my harangue, a singularly innocent milk-fed look upon his face, I thought, watching him, with his mouth as round as his horn glasses. The man with the longish hair sat upon the lounge, still rolling his head in his long cold hands. But his wife, formerly so unresponsive to me, when I was done suddenly laid down her sewing, and getting up without a word shook me warmly by the hand.

I was abashed, ashamed. After all, who was I, after what I had done, to come here endeavoring to take away from these poor folks that last bare comfort of their theories?

But then, while I stood embarrassed as if upon a hinge, the young observer in horn glasses turned and with a sudden straightening of the shoulders faced me.

"You—are—a—renegade—socialist!" he said slowly, as one pronouncing anathema.

"No," I replied; "I am an individualist. I did not know it, but I am. I am an American—the most extreme individualist of all. For the individualists came West, conquering the world. And here we are! The communists remained always in the rear—in the East. If you like them why not go back there—to Russia?"

And with that, ashamed again of my excess of feeling, I turned abruptly and went out during the general silence. And from there passed home thoughtfully to my lodgings.

"But what a pity it all is," I said to myself. "The difficulty we have all got ourselves into by our pure carelessness and lack of appreciation and care and willingness to build up our liberties when we had them! What a long and tedious burden was laid upon us by this government waste and debt; and the quarreling and blundering and misunderstandings of different factions—between capital and labor, farm and city! What a pity we could not have foreseen and started to prevent this situation in which we now find ourselves when we might so easily have done so three or four short years ago!"

(THE END)

The Deeper Meaning of Memorial Day

WHILE primarily a nation's tribute to its heroic dead, Memorial Day affords opportunity for the expression of tender sentiments in both a private and a public manner.

On this day the thoughts of all Americans turn to the departed, no matter what the place or cause of death. Wreaths are placed on graves, new memorials are erected, plans for new memorials are made. And either of the three privileges is as sacred as the others.

Memorial Day is the most fitting time for dedicating such memorials. Why not consult your dealer now and start your plans so that the new memorial may be dedicated on or near this national day of tribute?

Ask him to tell you about the merits and advantages of Dark Barre Granite—The Rock of Ages.

In beauty, in adaptability to perfect polishing or any treatment, and in sturdiness of texture that gives it the character of real *permanence*, The Rock of Ages represents all that a material for memorials, public or private, pretentious or inexpensive, should be.

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The Granite Center of the World

ROCK OF AGES
TRADE MARK

THE GIRL WITH HENNA HAIR

(Concluded from Page 34)

To reassure himself he took her well-worn picture from his pocket and smiled at it fondly as he remembered a certain dangerous night when after three sleepless days he had gone to sleep in the midst of giving an order, and in that brief moment had dreamed, with delicious irrelevance, of holding Miss Edythe Cholmondley tight in his arms and of kissing her wealth of yellow hair. And he had heard her say as she lay against his shoulder:

"This is really home, Henry. This is what I always thought and meant when I said 'Home, Henry!'"

And now he was afraid to go and see her! Perhaps when he got there it would be all right. Perhaps he ought to give back the four-leaf clover, now that he was through with it. For doubtless she had given it to him for the duration of the war. He would never be through with her picture, however, even if he was at the moment a little out of humor with it.

Fortunately he was unaware that he had been a bone of contention with the Channing-Cholmondleys. He little thought that when Mr. Cholmondley had read aloud of his promotion and Miss Edythe Cholmondley had said at once that she would ask him to call if he came home alive chaotic language had rent the atmosphere of a family who prided themselves on never interrupting each other. This episode had naturally whetted Edythe's desire to have him call.

Not daring to be a single second late Henry Binks mounted the Channing-Cholmondley's well-known steps at exactly one minute of the zero hour, and pressed the button. It was something of a relief to be admitted by an unfamiliar maid instead of the hated Joseph.

"Folks home?" inquired Henry, knowing at once by the maid's rapid shift of manner that he had made his first blunder.

"Captain Binks? Yes; Miss Cholmondley expects you," said the maid, forgiving Henry because he was so handsome.

She showed him upstairs into a huge and cavernous drawing-room, in which there were at least twenty-five different places to sit, comfortably or uncomfortably, as you chose. Disdaining chairs and sofas Henry stood and waited. And waited. And waited. The maid, of course, had evaporated noiselessly, and almost immediately materialized again to say that Miss Cholmondley would soon be down. Outside, somewhere in the vast halls, a pompous clock ticked pompously, and chimed with startling sweetness, once, at a quarter past the hour. Otherwise the house was as a tomb. Henry grew more and more apprehensive and seriously meditated making a quick get-away. Did they always keep men waiting like this? His putties creaked louder and louder; it seemed to him that the very sound of his breathing was uncouth. Well, in a few hours it would all be over.

In his subconscious mind curiously enough he realized all the time that if she ever came down he could take Miss Edythe Cholmondley in his arms, make love to her and carry her off—if he only knew how to begin. But he didn't know how; and there was no way of finding out. Moreover, he wouldn't have the slightest idea what to do with her when he had carried her off. Really that was the whole trouble, when he thought of it.

At last she came in on him suddenly, and caught him wiping damp beads from his forehead on his clean pocket handkerchief. She walked straight up to him, not afraid at all, took his hand by way of greeting, dropped it at once, walked two miles to the nearest uncomfortable chair, and waited for him to catch up. Then as Henry had foreseen they sat and faced each other.

"What kind of clothes have you got on?" he blurted.

He was used to seeing women in uniform overseas, but he had never pictured Miss Edythe in a uniform. Hers was most businesslike and unfeminine, and she wore sensible shoes, like the ones Matilda had thrust before him so offensively in the old days. Under her coat, judging from the visible collar and cuffs, she must be wearing a mannish shirt waist. Ugh! Worst of all, her boyish little hat concealed every strand of the dear yellow hair.

"This is my regular uniform," she said. "I've been working at home here, day and night." And then by way of a starter she asked: "What does it feel like to be in a real battle?"

"It can't be described," he said heavily. Her eyes weren't so very pretty after all, when you had time to look at them carefully.

In came the maid with the dreaded tea wagon.

"How many lumps?"

"A couple."

"Lemon?"

"No; milk."

Miss Cholmondley poured out the cream, and then passed him the cup. Before he had decided which hand to hold it in the maid passed him a huge silver dish divided into compartments, in each of which were dainties that went delectably with tea. Henry surveyed the food exhibition carefully.

"No," he said at last. "No, thanks."

"Captain Binks, one of your ancestors was a governor of Vermont, wasn't he?" she asked tirelessly after he had parried her every question about war, and she hadn't seemed in the least interested in his new engine. He had counted on that engine too!

"So they say."

He had been holding his cup as if it was a game to see how long you could balance a full cup of liquid in a trembling hand without spilling a drop in your saucer.

"I don't believe you like tea," she said at last, after she herself had encouragingly sipped two cups.

"Tea's all right," he remarked as he put down the untasted cup with relief.

It was the queerest thing, but he felt like being twice as boorish as he really was. The situation was so unnatural that he couldn't help behaving much worse than he felt. Give her back that four-leaf clover? Bosh! Why be so sentimental over a piece of hay? Distance certainly had lent enchantment! Now that he had her here all to himself so romantically, now that he was her returned hero, now that he had risen from the place of her footman to a seat in her proud drawing-room and all that sort of thing—he felt as if he had had a surfeit; yes, an overdose of Miss Edythe Cholmondley. The girl gave him one last generous chance.

"Do you remember that long-ago afternoon when we talked about apple b'ossoms?" she urged. Obstinately she hated to relinquish her romantic dream.

"Yes, I do; and my folks wrote me that a blight had passed over that orchard and the trees I told you about are all dead."

"But there are other trees, I hope? I'm sure I have seen apples on the market."

"I don't know."

Perhaps if she had been wearing her chiffons he would not have felt so completely disenchanted.

"Did Matilda Fiske die?" he asked suddenly.

"No indeedy! Matilda went overseas and worked in hospitals under fire until she was wounded and had to be sent home. Fiske said to-day that she is better than she ever was. She goes round talking to clubs. She told about her experiences at that club where mother gave the Roman Revel just before the war. Matilda's quite eloquent, they say. I've almost been jealous of her."

"You're a crackajack—compared to Matilda," he said enthusiastically. He might just as well have said: "Bad as you are you might be a little worse!"

"Well, I must be skipping along," he announced suddenly.

And then, just to show that he could, he stood up very straight and smiled down at her, looking so like her old dream days of him that she caught her breath in rapture.

"It's too bad," he said with quick self-possession. "It's awfully too bad, Miss Cholmondley."

"Yes, Henry, it is too bad."

"And yet, though it's mighty disappointing it's a whole lot better than as if we found we did care. That would have been complicated and unpleasant."

"Oh, Henry, you are nice after all!" she cried delightedly.

She threw her unbecoming cap down on a chair, and then her yellow hair crowned her in the usual upsettingly pleasant way.

"I've certainly had a lot of fun thinking I was in love with you," he admitted gratefully.

"And I suppose I'd better hand back your picture and your luck."

"It always is done, Henry."

He handed them to her with something of the grace with which he formerly wrapped her in the sable robe, and looked at her quizzically when she dropped them in the fire.

"You really are a gentleman, Captain Binks," she sighed. "I shall always thank heaven for that."

"I've been rude—ever since I came," he said. He strode to the tea wagon, and drank the cold tea as if it was delicious. Then composedly he helped himself to a rolled sandwich and ate it with relish, even with a gay abandon, as if he had eaten hundreds of her sandwiches.

"Yes, it was a very nice dream," he agreed. "It is too bad that we both realize it is time to wake up."

"It's all right!" she affirmed stoutly. "I like happy endings, and this really is one, because, whereas before I was in love with you, and half ashamed of it, now I am proud that I simply—like you. You must come again to tea," she added cordially when the maid came to show him out.

"I shall come again very soon," he assured her; though they both knew that he wouldn't.

His train for Vermont left at midnight, but before he went home to be lionized and to pooh-pooh lionizing he knew that he ought to call on Matilda Fiske. Of course Matilda would tell him didactically about the war. She would know all about the war; she would know more than Foch, and she would outline what Foch should have done. Probably she was at work writing a book of advice to the Allies. And her hair would be worse than ever.

Matilda, who answered the telephone herself, commanded him to come right up and stay to dinner; and he accepted in the tone he had used in France when replying to his superior officer.

Despite the scarcity of maids a chic and obsequious one admitted Henry and ushered him into the living room, which looked less crowded with mission furniture than he had remembered it. There was a real wood fire instead of a gas log, and a pot of real live primroses on one of the tables. When Matilda came in, which she did at once, she wore a gown of ravishing peacock blue, half low in the neck, with floating sleeves; and she wore peacock-blue silk stockings, and shining black slippers with frivolous heels and huge buckles. The green eyes, which you would have thought would have sworn at the dress, harmonized with it, like strange unusual music. But queerest of all, that discordant hair had turned beautiful. That hair was simply gorgeous!

"Matilda!" he gasped. "What have you done to yourself?"

"I haven't done anything except leave off my glasses, and try to get away from anything that savors of a uniform."

"But you—your hair! It's so different."

"Didn't you know that henna hair had come into fashion? Sit down, Henry, and talk, but don't talk war. Anything but war! I want to forget about that war—for an hour or two. What have you been doing since you landed?"

"Besides getting lost in the Subway I've been to Edythe Cholmondley's to tea. In fact I just came from there."

She looked at him intently.

"Dad always said that you were in love with Edythe Cholmondley," she remarked with a peculiar quality in her voice.

"I thought I loved her myself, until this afternoon."

Yes, the war certainly had changed the world. Here he sat talking about love with Matilda!

"I always knew she wasn't suited to you," said Matilda judicially. "Though you need a wife to look after your interests more than anyone I know, Henry, you don't want a little nestling chickadee that's all fluffy feathers and sentiment. You need someone to help you push yourself, and pummel some ambition into you, regularly. You could get anywhere at all, Henry dear, if you only had the right girl to make you believe in your own importance. You want cheering from the side lines, dear, and a trainer who believes in you."

Right then and there, with no warning at all and without knowing at all how it happened, he was holding Matilda in his arms and kissing her hungrily.

"Why—I didn't know I cared anything about you," he stammered, later. "I thought you irritated me."

"It's about the same thing," she said comfortingly. "But I've been in love with you since the first minute I saw you. Dad knew that too. In fact the only thing dad doesn't seem to know is that I'm sorry he insists on driving the Cholmondleys—when it isn't necessary for him to do anything."

"That means nothing to me," said Captain Binks hilariously. "Matilda, I've got the greatest little old idea for an engine, and ——"

"Sit down and tell me all about it," she invited him.

Three hours later she murmured as they watched the dying fire:

"I've got the greatest little old ideas about furnishing a home. Just think of our having a home, Henry!"

Strong, reinforcing threads, extra-knitted into heel, sole, toe and top, give these stockings amazing wear resistance. Yet they have the even-texture, smooth-fitting appearance you always expect in

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"Won its favor through its flavor"

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OUT of our great ovens pours a never-ending stream of Kellogg's—each flake rich with the *flavor* which made and holds the fame of Kellogg's.

Many things have been done to create their perfection for you—they have been cooked and baked and flaked and toasted—and you must have Kellogg's just as they are, fresh from the oven.

So the great current of flakes flows swiftly on, scenting the air with its tempting aroma, to be quickly packed and sealed airtight in our wax-tite package. The flavor and freshness and taste are as unchanged as though you filled your dish from the tossing current of flakes at our great oven doors.

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W. K. Kellogg

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF VIRGIE

(Continued from Page 30)

her forlorn figure sitting patiently in the colored waiting room tore at his heartstrings.

Twice he turned lagging steps toward the Terminal Station, which bulked in the gloom at the end of the avenue. Twice a fifty-fifty split of nice discretion and besetting fear turned him back. He wanted to go to Virgie and he wanted to remain away. If only he hadn't lost all of the five hundred! If only he had retained a tithe of the dowry!

Ten o'clock. He started grimly toward the depot, determined to face the thing through at whatever cost. Professor Alec Champagne's string-and-reed orchestra, holding an impromptu concert in a Fifth Avenue drug store, lured him to a not unwilling pause. The longer he could conscientiously avert his personal millennium the happier he felt.

He stood on the curb, listening sadly to the raggy music and staring nervously at the lights of the Terminal Station, three blocks away. Two glaring headlights split the gloom of the avenue. Idly Lazarus raised his eyes to inspect the automobile. It shot under the corner arc.

Lazarus' little body grew rigid. His eyes dilated. His fishy hands clenched with magnificent anger. He recognized the occupants of the car. One was his bride! The other was Dolphus McQuarter, her one-time fiancé!

"Oh, Lawdy!" he moaned as the car dislimned in the smoky night. "I shuah knowed all the time why she puck out Bummin'ham fo' her honeymoon!"

Lawyer Evans Chew—slender, immaculate, creamy-brown, possessed of a vast dignity and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles—tapped importantly on his desk while he gave ear to the tale of Virgie's blasted honeymoon.

The sun of midmorning shone brightly through the windows of the private sanctum of the town's leading legal light. It played across his near-mahogany desk and was reflected with interest by the enormous diamond that reposed magnificently against a background of cerise scarf.

Finally the large woman finished her story. Lawyer Chew cleared his throat portentously.

"What do you wish me to do, Mis' Posey?"

"Fust off, I want that wuthless li'l' runt 'rested; an' then I wants a d'vohce mighty quick."

"Er—ah—this heah case is a open-an'-shut breach of trus'."

"Ain't no britches of trus' 'bout'n this, Lawyer Chew. He done stold my money."

"Practically so; we is agreed 'pon that. But the law gives an' impahts a diff'ent interprumtation to such cases as made an' pervided by the statutes of this heah sov'-eign State of Alabama. Bein' as he come into possession of that money of yo' own free will an' acco'd, his offense is breach of trus', 'stead of larceny. Understan'?"

"No. What I wan's to know is, c'n I have him 'rested?"

Lawyer Chew rose importantly and consulted the Alabama Code before delivering his opinion.

"The dicta an' decision of this heah great state says you can."

Virgie was a person of action.

"Do it!"

The attorney cleared his throat.

"You say he got away with five hund'ed dollars of your'n?"

"Ev'y red cent! An' if'n that ain't stealin'——"

"Leavin' you without nothin'?" he probed.

"Not hahdly! I is got 'bout th'ee hund'ed dollars lef'."

The counselor smiled blandly. No need to collect an insignificant fee in advance when by biding his time he could levy a worth-while assessment against the three hundred. "My fee will be reasomble."

"W'en you gits him in jail an' d'livers me a fust-class d'vohce I ain't keer what yo' fee is."

"Good enough! You say Dolphus McQuarter directed you to me?"

"He sent me to you—yassuh."

"Very well." He pressed a button on his desk and a stenographer entered. "I will draw the papers in the case, Mis' Posey. If yo'll kindly wait in the anteroom——"

Three-quarters of an hour later Mrs. Virgie Goree Posey departed from the office building and returned to her comfortable room in Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, bearing in mind an appointment with the attorney for nine o'clock, Monday morning.

"T'morrow is Sunday," he explained, "an' they ain't nothin' I c'n do then, 'ceptin' on'y to locate yo' husban'. If'n they is any developmen's I'll git prompt in touch with you th'ough Miss Crouch."

The day had started off auspiciously for the lawyer. He had more than a suspicion that the defaulting bridegroom was still in Birmingham, and he intended to bring matters to the crisis point and then collect a sizable fee from his client. He believed in showing his goods before pricing them. He leaned back in his swivel chair and lighted a fragrant Turkish cigarette.

Five minutes later there came a rap on the door and his stenographer entered.

"Gen'lman to see you, Lawyer Chew."

"Client?"

"Looks that way."

"Ushah him in."

The lawyer grabbed for a dusty volume—Jones on Evidence was nearest—and was absorbed in its pages when the visitor entered.

He was a little man, with large rolling eyes, a diffident manner, a sparrow frame and enormous feet. He stood just inside the doorframe, twirling a gray felt hat with trembly fingers.

"Is you the lawyer?" he faltered.

Chew paid him no heed. He mumbled studiously:

"The exceptions to the heahsay-evidence rule——"

"Is you Lawyer Evans Chew?" repeated the newcomer a bit more loudly.

Chew looked up suddenly.

"Oh!" He rose. "Yes; I is Lawyer Chew. Have a seat. What c'n I do fo' you?"

The little man crawfished across the room.

"Feller at the boa'din' house sent me to you—said you was the bes' nigger lawyer in town."

"He was imminently correct—puffec'ly so. An' what might yo' business be?"

"I ain't hahdly know," faltered the other. "My name is Posey—Lazarus Posey."

Jones on Evidence dropped from the suddenly nerveless fingers of Lawyer Evans Chew. His eyes narrowed.

"Repeat that over again, please."

"Lazarus Posey. I comes from Opelika."

"Oh!" Chew seated himself hastily. Things were decidedly coming his way. "Have a cigar, Mistuh Posey. Have two of 'em—put t'other in yo' pocket."

The heavy Havana smoke restored a semblance of mental equilibrium to Lazarus. And thereupon he detailed to the lawyer the story of his matrimonial troubles up to the time he left the Terminal Station in search of a bridal suite.

"An' then?" prompted Chew.

The truth trembled on the tip of Lazarus' tongue. Inspiration gave him pause. His worldly assets at the moment consisted of fourteen dollars. Obviously if the lawyer knew he was fortuneless he would be forced to take his case elsewhere. And he had a vague and popular idea that costs included the attorney's fees. He determined to pass the buck to Virgie; to trick Chew into taking the case and putting it through to a successful conclusion, at which time Virgie could reimburse him for his professional trouble. Thereupon he revised the facts to suit himself.

"I got los'," he lied cheerfully, "an' di'n't on'y fin' my way back at ha'f pas' ten o'clock; which is why I come to see you on account of what I seen then."

"Meanin' which?"

Tirelessly Lazarus harked back to the girlhood of his thoroughly adult wife and her nipped-in-the-bud romance with Dolphus McQuarter, with its sequel of her joy ride with that gentleman the previous night.

"'Tain't that Ise jealous," he wound up; "but it's a sort of mean trick fo' a man's bride to spen' her honeymoon with another man. Ain't it, now?"

The lawyer readily agreed that it was.

"An' what you want is——"

"D'vohce—right away."

"D'vohces takes time—an' money."

"Never you min' 'bout'n the money paht of it," proclaimed Lazarus grandly.

"That don't make no diff'ence with a man like what I is. How soon c'n I git a d'vohce from that woman?"

Chew shook his head.

"Time, as I remahked a few minutes sence, Brother Posey, is of the essence of all matters legal, an' it will be a wital element in this case now befo' me an' under due an' careful c'nsideration. Of co'se the first thing to do is to draw up a petition."

Thirty minutes later Chew lay back in his chair, the necessary data voluminously dictated to his stenographer.

"Anythin' else I c'n do fo' you at the presint moment, Brother Posey?"

"Ye-e-e-s."

"Which?"

"Does you know Dolphus McQuarter?"

"Yes."

"What does he do an' what soht of man is he?"

Chew talked slowly, never for a second dropping his mantle of pomposity.

"Brother McQuarter has always been regahded an' looked upon heahabouts as an expremely respectable member of Bummin'ham's colored community. He is Pas' Gran' Worshipful Inner Warden of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise an' a ardent member of the Primitive Baptis' Chu'ch. Fu'thermo', he moves in our bes' social circles, with the eklat of one to the habit bohn, as the saying is; in fac', he is at the presint moment engage' to one of the season's most radiantes' debutaunts. He is——"

Lazarus extended a restraining hand.

"Wait a minute, Lawyer Chew—wait jes' a li'l' minute. What that you say 'bout'n his bein' engage'?"

"Yes, he is engage' to be ma'ied—publicly engage'."

"Dawg-gawn his hide! An' him spendin' my wife's honeymoon with her. That makes it even worse'n I thought. Who is he engage' to?"

"Miss Elnora Phœnix, a young lady of mos' estimable wo'th an' of a fine ol' fambly."

"Where this Elnora Phœnix gal live at?"

Chew gave the address.

"'Tain't on'y 'bout th'ee blocks from heah. Why?"

"Nothin'," retorted Lazarus, with a sudden accession of discretion. "Ise jes' on'y cu'ious."

He bade the attorney good day and promised to return to the office on Monday at noon. And after he had gone Lawyer Chew gave vent to a deep satisfied sigh

"Tha's what comes," he mused, "of bein' knowed as the bes' colored lawyer what is."

Things were emphatically drifting Chewward, and the horn-rim-spectacled attorney was not one to fail to grab Opportunity's forelock, once it was within reach.

The situation was as clear as crystal to him: Lazarus lost in the great Southern city; the bride waiting impatiently; Lazarus' glimpse of the innocent Virgie and Dolphus as they rode down Fifth Avenue in the car that afforded Dolphus an excellent and easy livelihood; the bride's belief that the groom had eloped with her money; and the man's conviction that she had eloped with her own ex-fiancé.

Already Chew's plans for a transcendent campaign of reconciliation were crystallizing. He cast himself in the rôle of good Samaritan, not forgetting that the 1919 model of that famed gentleman demanded reward in cash.

Virgie and Lazarus, he judged, were really in love with each other; and he postulated they would pay more for knowledge that they had wrongly convicted each other on circumstantial evidence—with a sequel of belated and doubly saccharine connubial bliss—than for a mere bitter-sweet divorce.

And so he planned to put each in the frame of mind for forgiveness; to tell each most of the rosy truth; and to collect—while the collecting iron was sizzling white with heat—a sizable fee from the parties of the first and second parts.

It was truly an ideal arrangement; one that would bring unalloyed happiness to bride and groom and a large portion of gratitude and cash to the attorney. He felt ethically secure; for what more, he reasoned, can be asked of a lawyer than that he rescue bliss from a labyrinth of unhappiness and misunderstanding? He gazed blandly upon results rather than upon the methods of attaining them; and the sensation was one of infinite soul satisfaction accompanied by a symphony of clinking, well-earned dollars. Large slices of Virgie's three hundred and of Lazarus' five hundred, fancied Chew, were destined to bloat his considerable bank account.

"She give him the money in trus'," he mused legally; "an', that bein' the case, I reckon I is the *cestui que trus'*, sho' 'nuff!"

From Chew's office Lazarus Posey made his way to the cottage occupied by the socially eminent Phœnix family. He inquired timidly for Miss Elnora and was informed that she was spending the afternoon and night with a friend in Bessemer.

"She'll be back at noon t'morrow. Any message?"

There was no message, save that Mr. Posey would be on deck promptly at noon. And he was. But Elnora wasn't. She did not show up until after one o'clock. At sight of her Lazarus gasped.

"My Gawd!" communed he. "Think of a man bein' engage' to a gal like that an' elopin' with a woman what looks like Virgie!"

There was basis aplenty for comparison between the women—comparison in which Virgie came off sadly second best. Everything that Virgie wasn't this girl was, and vice versa, plus. Elnora Phœnix was small and rounded and soft-eyed and quiet-voiced, and neatly though loudly dressed; urban from the top of her marcelled hair to the toes of her polished high laced boots. And Elnora was fascinatingly young.

"Mistuh Posey?"

It was plain from Elnora's manner that she did not recall the gentleman and accounted herself fortunate in the lapse of memory. Lazarus bobbed his head eagerly.

"Yassum. Tha's I'm. This Miss Phœnix?"

"Uh-huh! What c'n I do fo' you?"

"I wan's to make talk with you a minute."

Elnora hesitated with maidenly propriety.

"Is I ever been formerly interduce' to you?"

"No-o," answered the honest Opelikan; "but—er—ah—I reckon we is soht of related."

"Related?" Elnora's eyebrows arched "On'y soht of, that is."

"How come?"

"Well, you see, it's thisaway: Yo' fiansay is takin' a honeymoon with my wife!"

"Eh?" Miss Phœnix seated herself abruptly.

"Tha's jes' it, Miss Phœnix—jes' like what I says. Yo' fiansay done run off with my bride, which useter be his fiansay."

Elnora went through the facial contortions of a fish recently separated from its natural element.

"Splain yo' meanin', Mistuh Posey—an' splain it tho'ough!"

Mr. Posey splained tho'ough, refraining mercifully from a too honest description of his wife's lack of pulchritude. By the time he finished Elnora had run the emotional gamut of betrayed love. She had heated from shocked surprise to horror, and from horror to hurt pride; then chilled to merciless fury—cold, calculating, vengeful.

"You is plumb sho' they ain't no mistake?" she queried.

"Reckon if'n a man wa'n't sho' he woul'n't go makin' no such scusations like what I is. Ain't it the truth?"

Elnora rose abruptly.

"What you gwine do?" asked Lazarus.

"Fin' Dolphus an' cumfront him with proof of his infunny."

Five minutes later she rejoined the brideless bridegroom.

"What you is doin' this afternoon, Mistuh Posey?"

"Nothin'. Why?"

"I jes' been an' phoned the taxicab company Dolphus works with, an' they says he took his car an' went to Blue Lake Pahk with a lady. Ise goin' out there an' fin' him. Is you comin'?"

Lazarus experienced a heavy apprehensive chill at thought of the course conventionally pursued by outraged husbands. He did not adjudge himself adequate to the rôle. There was entirely too much of Dolphus from the standpoint of brawn. And yet he wished to meet Virgie; to meet her while he was bulwarked by the injustice of his own position as a set-off against

(Continued on Page 119)

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

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the loss of her five hundred dollars. She had lost considerable cash and he had lost considerable wife. He was magnanimously prepared to call it square.

Besides, he fancied that—in the company of the white-hot Elnora—Dolphus would prove meek and mild, so that he—Lazarus—could assume the attitude of one whose wrongs had reached the colossal proportions which demand icy dignity rather than red gore.

He went. They walked to the corner of Second Avenue and Nineteenth Street, where they boarded a trolley for Blue Lake Park, the colored amusement resort, which was the Sunday Mecca of all of African descent who resided in Birmingham.

Blue Lake Park was closing a signally successful season in a blaze of glory. The crowd was unusually dense, even for Sunday, and the snap of early fall in the air lent zest to the earnestness with which the press of colored humanity sought to divert itself.

Society was out en masse, mingling democratically with the colored proletariat; laborers rubbing elbows with aristocratic butlers, elevator boys with chauffeurs, shoeshine men with janitors. High and low mixed in a glorious casteless revelry.

The concessions were doing a land-office business. The battered two-car trains of the rickety roller coaster dipped and rose and skidded, while eager crowds surged about the ticket window, dripping dimes. The blatant carrousel shrieked its siren song into the air. Popcorn and soft-drink venders disposed of their wares as fast as they could change money. The Midway was blocked with a grinning, pushing crowd.

And in the crowd, arm in arm, were Dolphus McQuarter and Virgie Posey. They, alone of the throng, were unsmiling; on the face of each was an expression of grim determination. They were there with a purpose, and the purpose was small and skinny and richly brown. It bore the name of Lazarus Posey, and Opelika was the town of its nativity.

Dolphus had figured it all out by a process of inductive reasoning that left him with a headache. He had a besetting hunch that Lazarus had not departed from Birmingham, and he knew that by this time he must have made the acquaintance of at least one friend congenial with his five hundred dollars. And two happy carefree negroes, Sunday and five hundred dollars could mean only one thing—Blue Lake Park.

And so Dolphus and Virgie fought through the crowd in search of Lazarus at the very moment when Lazarus and Elnora Phœnix alighted from the street car and entered the park, searching for the searchers.

For two hours they managed to miss connection. Virgie grew tired and Dolphus vastly bored. The fugiting of tempus served only to awaken within him a keen and uncomfortable consciousness of Virgie's hopelessly provincial homeliness. He felt that he was injuring his social prestige by the earnestness of his cavalier efforts. And the search was deadly dull, unpunctuated as it was by diversion on any of the amusement devices.

He had suggested the trip because he was a gentleman of sporting instincts. He relished a good scrap whether or not there was great physical discrepancy between the combatants, and he fancied that considerable fur would fly should Virgie meet her supposedly larcenous husband.

But the chase palled. The lack of action was depressing to one of Dolphus' virile nature. He suggested that they should return to the city, and Virgie, footsore and weary, nodded affirmatively.

They retraced their steps up the Midway. They heard a wild scream from a car in process of plumbing the prize dip on the roller coaster. The crowd surged about them and they stopped. To their ears came the hoarse voice of the starter:

"Stan' back there, colored folks! On'y fo' in each car heah. A'right, you li'l' feller—you'n yo' gal git in."

Virgie raised her eyes languidly. Then her figure stiffened and she grabbed Dolphus' arm in a grip of steel and fairly hurled him through the crowd.

"Yonder they is! Yonder! Ketch 'em!"

Dolphus didn't know what it was all about, but he was a bull for strength and he put his head down and plowed through, with Virgie shrilling in his wake. He bought two tickets and came out on the platform in time to see ——

He saw a two-car train slowly mounting the long grade that preceded the initial dip. And in the rear seat were Lazarus Posey and Elnora Phœnix.

Dolphus' jaw dropped. Then it clicked shut. Of a sudden his personal interest in the pursuit had been revived. Cornering Lazarus was one thing; discovering the whys and wherefores of this joy expedition with his very own fiancée was something else yet again.

A pair of empties rolled up, and the dazed fiancé of Elnora and the wrathy bride of Lazarus piled into the front seat just as a tremolo scream in Lazarus' thin voice announced his unmistakable lack of enthusiasm for the thrills of the roller coaster. The pursuers never paused to consider that their own car could never catch that in which the offending couple rode; they only knew they had discovered considerable more than they had bargained for, and that immediate action had become a shibboleth.

As the car dragged slowly up the long hill on its cable Dolphus explained briefly and angrily the new and startling development of affairs. For a few seconds Virgie gave ear to his words; but as the car reached the crest of the rise, and she gazed into the depths of the pit into which they were about to descend, she forgot Dolphus, she forgot Lazarus—she forgot everything save the fact that she was about to be suddenly and informally introduced to her Maker. She emitted a bloodcurdling yowl and threw strong arms about the neck of Dolphus McQuarter.

The ensuing five minutes marked an unforgettable period in the life of Virgie Posey. The ground dropped from under her, then caught and threw her high in the air again. She shot across breath-taking chasms and mounted to the heavens. She sirened in an agony of terror and nearly choked the struggling Dolphus. And when finally the little cars rolled under the shed that housed the disembarking platform the limp figure of Virgie was dragged out and stretched on the boards.

Fifteen minutes later she rose, bleary-eyed and with the ebony of her complexion underlaid by a greenish hue. She was oblivious to the grins of the multitude. Terror incarnate had confronted her and left an ineradicable mark. But the hoarse voice of the intolerant Dolphus beat insistently through the babel that surrounded her and brought her back to the realities of the moment.

"Now you done done it, sho' 'nuff!"

"I—I done which?"

"Los' 'em!"

"Los'! Who I los', Dolphus?"

"Yo' husban' an' my gal."

"O-o-oh! Lawsy! Ain't it the truth?"

And there was no gainsaying the fact that they were lost. Dolphus and Virgie, the latter shaking at the knees and still acutely conscious of an embarrassing feeling in the region of the solar plexus, circulated industriously through the throng, but without result. It was dark when they departed, tired and miserable.

As for Lazarus and Elnora, they had left the park blithely innocent of the fact that they had been compromised immediately following their single excursion on the roller coaster. That trip had been inspired by the one spark of adventure extant in the puny chest of Lazarus. Its termination found the spark effectually and permanently extinguished.

The somber mantle of night had descended over Birmingham when Dolphus parked his car before Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and assisted the still shaky Virgie up the stairs. He repaired to the headquarters of the garage company and reported to Acey Upshaw, the executive on duty. Acey immediately dispatched Dolphus on a call. When he returned there was a joy-seeking couple waiting to be ridden in Dolphus' big seven-passenger chariot.

Dolphus kept them waiting for a few minutes while he rushed to the telephone and called Elnora's number—"Main 1732, please!" He was frigidly informed by an outraged father that Elnora had gone to church with a gen'leman frien'. Was the gentleman, by any chance, named Posey? Yassuh, the gen'leman was! Dolphus groaned and took small interest in the hectic journey of his fares. When he returned to the city the midnight hour had struck.

Ensued a night of horror for the quartet. Virgie, hopelessly a victim to insomnia—thanks to the roller coaster—found Ossa piled on Pelion in the fact that her bridegroom had undertaken to entertain a younger and fairer damsel with the money he had taken from her. Lazarus mourned the loss of his bride's five hundred dollars and bemoaned the readiness with which she had returned to the love of bygone days. Elnora philosophized bitterly upon the perfidy of men in general and of her adored Dolphus in particular. And Dolphus paced the narrow confines of his room and swore mighty oaths which had to do specifically with the prompt and complete extermination of one Lazarus Posey.

Eventually they dozed away in nightmarish, fitful slumber, while, over on the South Side, Lawyer Evans Chew dreamed noble dreams of the fees becoming immediately due and payable from the estranged couple.

Lazarus rose late and dressed slowly. The future looked impenetrably dark and hopelessly gloomy. Return to Opelika he could not, for sooner or later Virgie would follow suit, and he fancied that little municipality boasted far too few square miles to contain the pair of them. But he didn't want to remain in Birmingham and he knew nowhere else to go. If only he hadn't lost that money!

Thus far he had made for himself two friends—Lawyer Evans Chew and Elnora Phœnix. Elnora he didn't particularly care about. She was nothing but the fiancée of his bride's gentleman friend. She had a crow to pick; hence her interest. Chew now—Lazarus glanced at his watch. It indicated twenty-five minutes before nine o'clock.

Lazarus' appointment with the attorney was for high noon, but he was lonely and in need of counsel. He dragged hopeless feet to a malodorous restaurant, where he inhaled two venerable eggs and a cup of coffee. Then, principally because he had nothing else to do, he walked toward the Penny Prudential Bank Building, which housed Evans Chew's suite of offices.

He strolled sadly into the lobby. Then he ducked—ducked swiftly and efficiently; for, standing at the elevator, he glimpsed Virgie and Dolphus, and he had no hankering after a meeting with them unreënforced by Elnora. He had implicit confidence in the girl so far as curbing any manifestation of belligerence on the part of Dolphus was concerned. She had virtually promised him immunity. To his ears came the harsh voice of his bride:

"Is you the janitor?" A profusely overalled individual replied that he was. Virgie fired another question: "Does you know is Lawyer Evans Chew in yet?"

Lazarus eased off down the street. He turned the corner on high and three minutes later brought up panting at the Phœnix front door.

"Miss Phœnix! Miss Phœnix!"

Miss Phœnix came, resplendent in a bungalow apron. In two minutes she was in possession of the facts; three minutes more and she was dressed for the street and dragging Lazarus in a bee line toward the Penny Prudential. He remonstrated mildly.

"That they Dolphus—ain't he li'ble to staht sumthin'?"

"Humph!" Elnora's pearly teeth clicked. "If'n he does I reckon I'll finish it."

Lazarus proceeded with much of the reluctance a bird exhibits in introducing itself to the gaping jaws of a snake. He was terrified both of Dolphus and of Virgie, but the prospect of a show-down drew him inevitably toward the office of the negro lawyer.

Outside the door of Chew's suite he paused and would have fled, but Elnora turned the knob and stepped within. The stenographer was not there. More, the door separating the outer and inner sanctums was open. Lazarus caught a glimpse of his bride and his convoy's fiancé.

Evans Chew was the first to see the visitors. He rose, with a display of greater haste than dignity, and made a wild dash for the door. But Virgie beat him to it. She had recognized her husband!

A wild yell of triumph pealed from her throat. She was through the doorway in two strides and only the strong arm of the lawyer saved Lazarus from instant annihilation.

"Jes' a minute, Mis' Posey; jes' one li'l' minute—please! Does you want to lan' up in jail?"

The word jail acted like magic. Instinctively Virgie gave pause to her major offensive and Lazarus' life was saved. Meantime the virtuously indignant Elnora took the center of the stage. With the regal air of a tragedy queen she sailed across the room and poked her engagement ring forcibly into Dolphus' midriff.

"You low-down, wuthless, prospectin' nigger!"

Dolphus grunted. The ring clinked to the floor. Up to that moment Dolphus had fancied that the only grievance in which he was personally interested was his own against Elnora. And now she was flaring at him with a tirade under which he withered like a dead tree in a forest fire.

"B-b-but," he stammered eventually, "I ain't on'y jes' ——"

The wits of Lawyer Evans Chew had been made nimble by much court work, and the diversion afforded by Elnora and Dolphus had given him time for some quick intensive thought.

Things were at sixes and sevens. According to his engagement book Virgie should have departed long before the hour of Lazarus' arrival. This was the gala morning he was to have collected two sizable fees and arranged for the staging of a reconciliation in the afternoon. He was considerably perturbed at the idea that either Virgie or Lazarus would suspect he had been playing both ends against the middle in the hope of double fees.

So he made the best of a mighty bad bargain. He rubbed the palms of his hands together unctuously and insinuated himself between the glaring wife and cowering husband, fully costumed in the rôle of peacemaker.

"I jes' do declare!" he intoned. "If'n this heah ain't the mos' fortunate thing ——"

"Which?" snarled Virgie, repossessed of her voice.

"That the bride an' groom should meet thus rimantically in my ve'y own office. Mere quincidence!"

The petrified Lazarus proceeded promptly to spill all of the beans.

"I 'membered our 'gagement was fo' twelve o'clock; but I was thinkin' that if'n I come a li'l' early ——"

"Tha's all right, all right," interrupted Chew hastily; but not so hastily that Virgie, her heart considerably softer now that she was in the vicinity of her dearly beloved though erring spouse, failed to see that all was not as it should be. She swung on Chew:

"You knows Lazarus?"

"Why—er—that is ——"

"Lazarus Posey, is you been heah in this office befo'?"

Lazarus bobbed his head in energetic affirmation.

"Uh-huh! I sho' Lawd is."

"When?"—incisively

Lawyer Chew interrupted;

"S'posin' you let me straighten this out, Mis' Posey."

"You keep yo' han's outen this, Lawyer Chew! Seems like you is had 'em in too deep a'ready. W'en was you up heah, Lazarus?"

Lazarus was elated over the fact that by some miracle the anger of his magnificently militant wife had shifted to the head of the lawyer. He didn't understand it, but welcomed the diversion.

"Sat'dy," he replied.

"Sat'dy, huh?" Again Virgie transfixed Chew. "Befo' or after I been heah?"

"Er—after," groaned Chew.

"Lazarus, did he tell you he had done saw me a'ready?"

"He ain't mention yo' name," returned Lazarus stoutly. The direction of the good wind was becoming plainer to him.

Virgie got into action. She seized the attorney by both shoulders and shook him violently.

"They's sumthin' wrong," she declared; "an' you knows all 'bout it. Whyn't you tell Lazarus I been in heah to see you Sat'dy?"

"Ethics," defended Chew weakly. "On'y jes' 'cause ——"

"'Cause which?"

"I knew it was all a misundumstandin'," quavered Chew, "an' I was prospectin' to effect a recumciliation this mawnin'."

Virgie seized avidly upon a single word.

"Misundumstandin'?"

"Yeh."

"How come?"

"I—er —— Y' see, Mis' Posey, if'n I'd of tol' you right offen the bat you would of been so mad you woul'n't of lis'ened. It's thisaway. Brother Posey di'n't run off with yo' five hund'ed dollars a-tall."

Lazarus quaked. He had almost forgotten the sinister rôle of the five hundred. And now ——

"What you mean?" persisted Virgie.

"He's got it ontil yet," explained Chew. "Ain't you, Brother Posey?"

(Concluded on Page 123)

The Success of the Templar

The Superfine Small Car

THE moderation of size is desirable in a motor car—for convenience and economy of operation.

Superfine quality is desirable—for economy of up-keep—and to perpetuate economy of operation.

Templar success is due to the tremendous and growing appreciation of these virtues in motor cars, to the skill with which the car was designed and is produced.

—and to the enthusiasm of Templar dealers aroused by the volume of sales which greeted the first car to fully measure up to such exacting ideals.

Production is steadily increasing to meet the requirements of success.

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Five Passenger Tourer $2185
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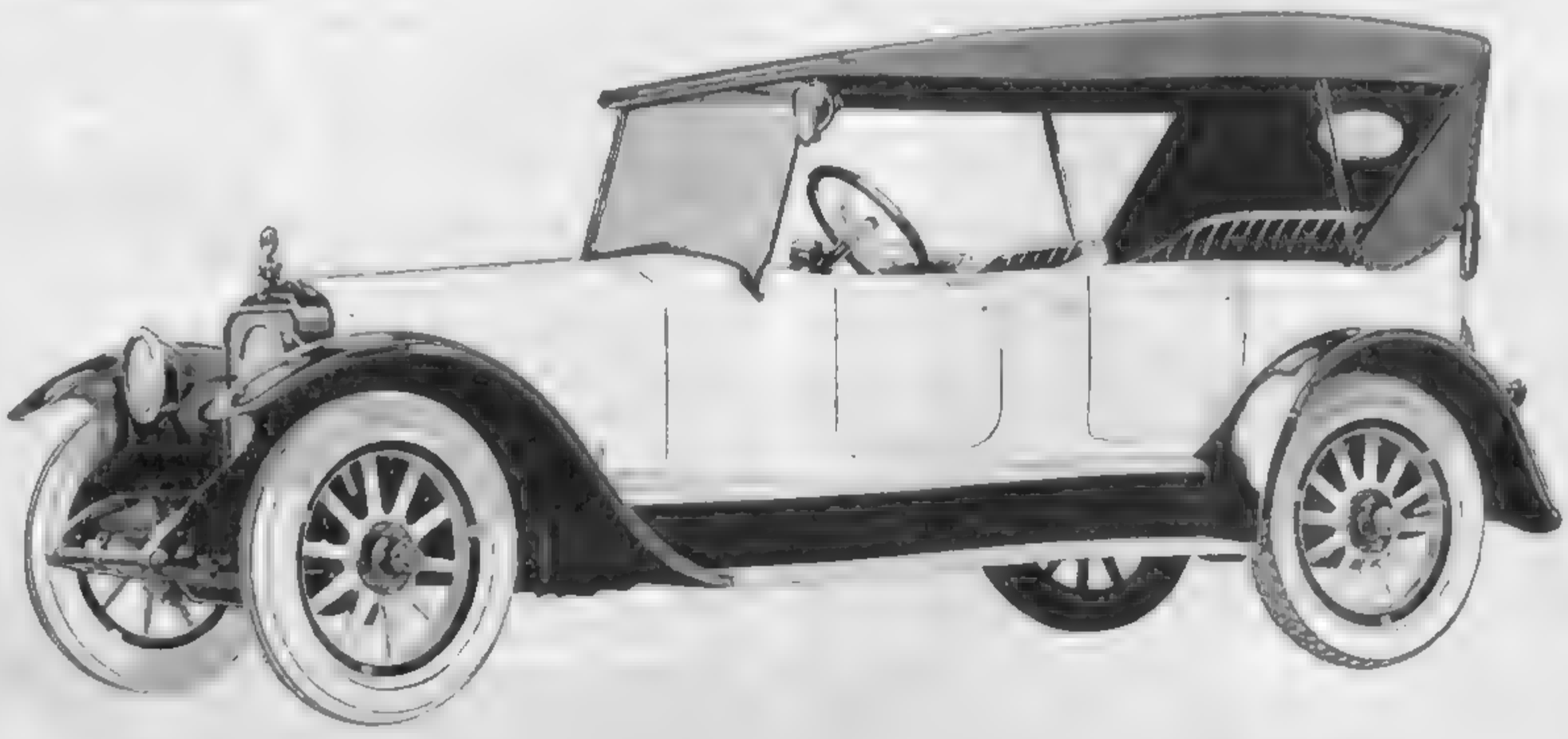

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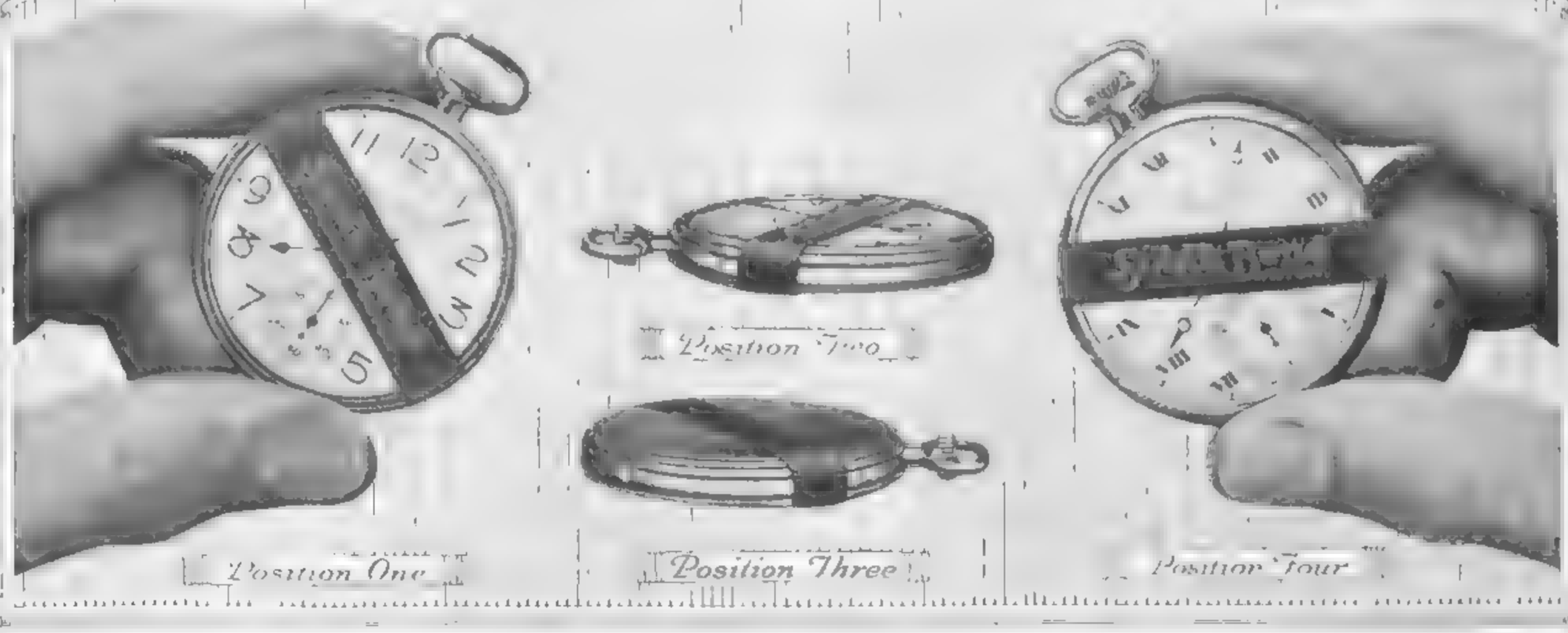

This 19 Jewel, 4 position Watch acknowledges no equal at $36.75

THREE years ago this watch was first put upon the market. Every feature was included that was necessary for good time-keeping. Only the unimportant frills of finish were sacrificed to bring down the price.

The idea won approval instantly. Never before had such a watch been offered except at a high price. No wonder it found a tremendous waiting market at $36.75.

To insure a very high degree of accuracy this watch is adjusted to temperature, isochronism and the four positions shown above—the four positions your watch assumes in daily use. It is a full bridge model—the most modern type of watch construction. It has 19 carefully selected jewels set in raised settings. All jewels used as bearings are high grade rubies and sapphires.

The same main spring is used as in watches selling for four times the price.

Other quality features which are practically identical with the highest priced watches are high grade steel escape wheel; finest grade Breguet hair spring; most modern type of compensating balance; convenient pendant setting device; visible winding wheels; balance staff, pinions and wheels of special heat treated hard-to-break steel; every moving part expertly buffed and polished to reduce friction to a minimum.

And all these high grade parts are assembled and adjusted with infinite skill and care by experienced watch makers who work on high grade watches only.

South Bend 19 Jewel, 4 position watches have proved so accurate in use that a truly remarkable demand has been created. Thousands upon thousands have been sold. In many big jewelry stores more of them are sold today than all other high grade watches combined. For accurate and dependable time-keeping service we do not believe there is a watch in the world to equal them at anywhere near the price. And they are trim and beautiful in appearance too.

Complete in high grade gold filled cases, 12 size, *Extra-Thin*, or standard 16 size. Wide variety of case and dial patterns. Furnished with our perfected *Da-Nite* luminous dial at a slight increase in price. See them at your jeweler's or write.

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY, 14 Studebaker Street, SOUTH BEND, IND.
For Years Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

Your day's work- and your need of sleep

WITH a good rest and sound sleep every night, the healthy man or woman ought to feel fresh, bright, ready for anything the next morning. If you feel "tired" any considerable part of the time, it may be the fault of your *bed*. Or you may have a sturdy, noiseless bed—but with a faulty *spring*.

A BED is bought to sleep in.

Yet you will go into store after store—inspect beds beyond number—be told everything about styles and prices, but never hear a word about *sleep*.

Sound sleep is a state of absolute repose.

The body is relaxed—digesting food, eliminating tissues used up during the day's work, rebuilding for tomorrow.

The nerves are composed—but always alert.

No matter how sound asleep you are, your nerves catch the slight rattle of your bed, the little squeak in the spring, or feel it tremble or give. They tense the muscles. And while you may not actually wake up, there is a feeling the next morning of being "all tired out."

❦ ❦ ❦

THERE is one organization in America that knows this subject from start to finish. For over two generations they have been thinking about sleep—producing beds that invite sleep.

Simmons Company, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, make metal beds—*good beds*—four-square, steady, with not the slightest rattle or squeak. Beds you can sleep on—soundly—all night.

Their beds and springs cost no more than the average.

❦ ❦ ❦

SIMMONS COMPANY are the inventors of the practical *corner lock* of the Simmons Bed. They are the inventors of the Slumber King Spring—the one spring that really *does* give freely to all the contours of the body, yet supports the spine in any sleeping position.

They are the inventors of the new *Three-piece Bed*—the spring combined with the side rails into one unit.

They are producers of beds and bed springs complete—not mere assemblers of commercial "parts."

They own and operate immense plants in Kenosha, Wisconsin; San Francisco, California; Newark, New Jersey; and Montreal, Canada.

They have given more thought than any other manufacturer to the *Twin Bed* idea, the principle of a separate bed for each sleeper—urged by physicians for years and welcomed by people of nice feeling everywhere.

The Twin Bed makes for deep repose and sound sleep. One sleeper does not disturb the other. Colds and other infections are not communicated. One sleeper does not draw on the vitality of the other. Twin Beds make for better health.

❦ ❦ ❦

SIMMONS Metal Beds and Slumber King Springs are known and sold from Coast to Coast and have been for more than forty years. Not by every dealer, certainly—but wherever there is a merchant who has given thought to *sleep* in choosing his beds and springs, you will find Simmons Beds.

The Simmons principle is that a bed is made to sleep in. This is worth remembering the next time you buy a bed or a spring.

SIMMONS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*

(Concluded from Page 119)

"Yes; sho' is!" lied the bewildered Lazarus.

"Y' see!" proclaimed the lawyer triumphantly. "An' I was on'y jes' fixin' to make yo'-all happy again."

The faint spark of manhood in Lazarus Posey flamed into a brief despairing life.

"You is a fine fixer! How 'bout'n Virgie goin' off an' spendin' her honeymoon with Dolphus McQuarter?"

Chew opened his lips in explanation, but Virgie beat him to it. By the time she finished the whole tangle had been unraveled and the loose ends knitted securely. Virgie was flooded with tears of self-pity and misunderstood virtue, and Dolphus and Elnora had glided into each other's arms.

"All a misundumstandin'," repeated Chew inanely. "Jes' on'y that."

He stood in the center of the floor. Dolphus had rescued the engagement ring and replaced it on the finger of his adored one. Virgie had collapsed in a chair and was weeping loudly and copiously. Lazarus teetered uncertainly on his immense feet until he intercepted a suggestive nod from Chew. Thereupon he timidly crossed the room and tentatively caressed the shoulder of his lachrymose bride—much after the manner of a six-year-old patting the trunk of his first elephant.

The result was startling! With a howl of delirious joy Virgie rose and smothered Lazarus in a crushingly ardent embrace.

And finally, when thorough happiness had been restored and Dolphus and Elnora had departed in blissful understanding, Lawyer Chew mentioned the business end of things.

"My fee?" he suggested mildly.

"My husban' atten's to them things." Virgie waved a limp and happy hand.

Lazarus slipped a hand into one of his pants pockets. The depressing jingle of two dollars and eighty-three cents—all his remaining capital—greeted the probe.

The moment was obviously ripe for a full and free confession; but it is a racial characteristic to postpone to the ultimate moment mention of anything likely to prove embarrassing or troublesome.

Of course Lazarus understood that Virgie would have to know the truth, and know it soon; but he was too thrilled with the rapture of the moment and too recent a survivor of domestic typhoon to risk it again. So he borrowed a leaf from Virgie's book and—secure in the power of her physical alliance—turned on the lawyer.

"I ain't see where you is got no money comin' to you," he announced with quavery boldness.

"Y'-all 'greed ——"

"You wa'n't playin' fair with us'n. You was knowin' all the time 'twa'n't nothin' on'y a misundumstandin'."

"But you owes me —— "

"Don't owe you nothin'; an' we ain't gwine pay it."

Lawyer Chew knew when he was beaten. And this was a situation from which he preferred to retire voluntarily. He waved his hand grandiloquently.

"Lawyer Chew ain't no dunner!" he announced ponderously. "W'en his clients ain't got the willin'ness to pay him a fee which he has earned he'd ruther lose the few paltry dollars than raise a row 'bout'n it. Co'se this is an unparalleled 'zample of ingratitude; but ——"

Virgie and Lazarus left the Penny Prudential without paying Lawyer Evans Chew. And Virgie beamed pridefully upon her husband. She had discovered in this spindle-shanked man of hers a new strength—a power of will hitherto unsuspected. He had bearded a legal lion in his den.

"You sho' is a clever man, Lazarus—honey!"

Lazarus puffed importantly.

"Reckon I is, aweetness. He was tryin' to do us both dirt." Lazarus didn't bother to explain that iron had been injected into his blood by grim necessity. "What we is gwine do now, Virgie?"

She dropped her eyes with maidenly shyness.

"Reckon we might's well git that bridal soot, da'lin'. Fust off, we'll git yo' suitcase an' ov'coat, which is in the check room at the depo'; an' then we'll fin' the hotel an' git a swell room."

"Uh!" The five hundred raised its spectral head. But there was nothing to be done, so Lazarus shrugged resignedly and let grim Fate take her course. Virgie was speaking:

"Fust off—to the Te'minal Station; an' then to the new hotel what I knows about. An' we'll staht all over."

During their walk to the Terminal Station Lazarus was silent, his only contributions to the conversation being in the form of monosyllabic answers to her constant flow of questions. He scarcely heard her rapid fire of self-denunciation for her misunderstanding of the bridegroom, or her manifold promises having to do with the future tranquillity of the Posey household. And even if he had heard he would have been skeptical.

He was keenly conscious of the fact that the worst was yet to come and that it was coming soon and hard. He had little relish for the task immediately before him—that of telling Virgie her five hundred hard-earned dollars had gone beyond hope of redemption.

The worst of it was, she had not the faintest suspicion of the facts. He had admitted in Lawyer Chew's office that the money was still in his possession. If it only was! If ——

And then an idea came to Lazarus Posey—a real honest-to-goodness idea that savored of inspiration. He chuckled softly. Virgie thought he had the money in his possession, did she? Very well, he had—theoretically.

He would get his overcoat and suitcase from the Terminal Station, go to the hotel and repeat his performance of three nights previous—engage the bridal suite, reach grandly for the pocketbook when the cash-in-advance hint was dropped, and then—and not until then—discover that the money was gone!

Excellent idea! Flawless! Virgie believed the wallet was still in his pocket. He had rehearsed the scene and felt that he was adequate to the rôle. And, once he could convince her that the loss was truly accidental and not solely the result of crass carelessness, the readjustment would certainly prove less sanguinary.

They secured the suitcase and overcoat from the check room, and at Virgie's suggestion he donned the heavy midwinter garment, completely losing himself in its luxurious folds. They boarded a Terminal Station car and went to Sally Crouch's hotel, where Virgie checked out, taking her own suitcase.

"Where we is gwine to now?" queried the bridegroom.

"The bestes' nigger hotel what they is in Bummin'ham," retorted Virgie—"ain't on'y jes' been built th'ee months. It's called the Happy Hotel, an' the name soht of appealed to me fo' a honeymoon couple."

Lazarus nodded dumbly. He didn't care particularly what the hotel was named and he fancied that the happy part of it was destined to prove a sad misnomer. He murmured ardent words of undying affection into the ears of his consort, working with might and main to put her in a forgiving mood.

He succeeded excellently—so long as there was nothing to forgive. But the five-hundred-dollar bomb had not yet exploded.

The blushing bride led the way into the hotel lobby by three lengths. It was an ornate affair, with walls and ceilings of pressed steel, painted pink. Lazarus, well-nigh invisible in his enormous overcoat, slouched along in her wake. The smiling clerk whirled the register and ingratiatingly extended a pen.

"Want a room?" he queried.

Lazarus tried to make his grin natural. "Sho' does—bridal soot."

"Ho! Jes' been ma'ied, huh?"

"Tha's it—jes' been ma'ied."

"The bridal soot," announced the clerk, "is the elegantes' of any colored hotel in the South—bedroom an' pa'lor an' bath. Price is two dollars an' a ha'f a day."

Lazarus didn't hesitate a split second. He didn't care if it was ten dollars a day.

"We'll take it."

He dared not glance toward his bride. He registered with painstaking deliberation. The clerk leaned forward.

"Cash in adwance," he announced.

"Huh! Don't make no diff'ence to a man like what I is 'bout'n cash in adwance. Ise a payin' man, I is."

The crisis had come to the agonized bridegroom. The muscles of his skinny frame grew taut and he prepared to get away to a flying start when hostilities commenced.

He threw back his overcoat and reached with well-simulated indifference for the inside pocket.

He prepared to summon to his face an expression of horrified surprise. His hand, unused to the overcoat, probed into the pocket of that garment instead of the sack coat he wore beneath it.

And then the face of Lazarus Posey underwent a change marvelous to behold! His knees trembled violently and the ready-made expression that had been awaiting its cue degenerated into an eye-popping jaw-dropping stare of sickly astonishment—for his fingers closed firmly over a fat wallet!

And not until he drew it forth and substantiated by visual inspection the evidence of his sense of feel did he understand—understand that the money had been in the pocket of his overcoat from the outset, and the overcoat safe in the check room at the Terminal Station.

The beat of his heart accelerated as he adjusted himself to the stunning windfall of luck. With the air of a millionaire he flipped the wallet open and extracted therefrom a twenty-dollar bill.

"Is you got change fo' that?"

Five minutes later the bride and groom faced each other in the sanctity of the bridal suite. Virgie smothered her husband in an avalanche of contrite kisses.

"An', on'y to think, honey, I done had the idee you either took that money from offen me or else that you went an' los' it!"

Lazarus bestowed upon her a reproving glance.

"Sho' now, Virgie," he replied pompously, "seems like you'd ought to know yo' own husban' better'n that!"

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

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MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
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This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

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Country Homes — Apartments
Office Buildings — Cottages
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Alabastine

For Walls—Instead of Kalsomine or Wallpaper

This spring, as for the past 37 years, in every city, town and hamlet, the interiors of homes, public buildings, great institutions will be made beautiful and sanitary with Alabastine.

This superior wall coating, so economical, so easy to apply, has become a national vogue, and this spring, as never before, is it mandatory that all interior walls be made sanitary, clean and beautiful. Soft coal, so generally used, has smudged interiors everywhere—disease and epidemic have left their taint behind.

Banish all of winter's traces with Alabastine. Its soft, velvety nature tones will give your interior a new charm—will make the walls as sanitary as they are beautiful. Alabastine kills disease, germs and vermin—no menace lurks behind Alabastined walls. Great hospitals have recognized the superior sanitary features of Alabastine and it is widely used in the most noted of these institutions. Alabastine comes in the form of a dry powder put up in full five pound packages with the "Red Cross and Circle" on each package. It is prepared in one minute by simply adding two quarts of warm or cold water to each five pound package. New and individual tones are obtained by inter-mixing Alabastine tints.

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Thirty thousand retail dealers are the representatives of Alabastine. To their loyalty in refusing to substitute—to their desire to serve their customers best by giving them Alabastine and nothing of a lesser quality—I attribute a generous share of the success of this business. The product of this institution will continue to be distributed through the regular retail channels.

The enterprise, the honesty and integrity [illegible] have been a [illegible] factor in the [illegible] every American community and [illegible] and maintaining of the great structure of American [illegible]

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D. L. Hamilton

President The Alabastine Co

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Better Tires Depend on Policies

"The name is its guarantee"

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Recognizing these facts, The Brunswick idea in tire making is to establish those same standards which have made other Brunswick products famous for nearly a century. Brunswick standards are known the world around. Every Brunswick product has won and held supremacy.

Now we ask you to believe that, staking our prestige in Tires and Tubes, we apply those same standards here.

Thousands of car owners already know that there will never be better tires of their type—never better tubes than Brunswicks.

Experience has proved it.

The Brunswick Tire combines, as never before, the acknowledged supremacies of tire building. That accounts for their rapidly gained prestige.

In tire making, there is vast room for skimping, for subtle economies, for hidden shortcomings.

Our experts have analyzed over 200 tires. We learned and compared every maker's formulas, his fabrics, his methods, his standards of construction.

We know every advantage and every shortcoming.

Thus equipped, it was possible to build a super-tire.

There is a certain formula, long in use, which makes the best tire tread that's known. In Brunswick Tires we use that formula.

There is a certain type of fabric which, by test, is stronger than all others. It is now in all Brunswicks.

There are certain reinforcements—certain extras—which add vastly to tire mileage. We have adopted all.

There is a certain construction which best combats the commonest tire troubles, and we use it.

The Brunswick is a tire which wins and holds every motorist who tries it. See what Brunswick standards mean to you, by testing a tire or two. Make comparisons.

No other tire which we have found gives you so much for your money.

Your experience with a Brunswick will be a revelation.

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There's a Brunswick Tire for Every Car—Cord, Fabric, Solid Truck

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(1478)

DEMOBILIZING THE AMERICAN WOMEN

(Continued from Page 9)

of which we experience very little in real life. The avis emblem of this country is the American eagle, a dangerous, baldheaded thing with talons and a hooked beak. That bird is the international relative of every man living. Can you imagine them exchanging him for the gentle dove? Never! They declare peace with the sword and they keep it with the sword. Justice, my dear, is a thing achieved by force, nothing else. That is why women do not get the ballot. Suffrage is an ideal of justice. And we have neither the arms nor the men to enforce it," she concluded with a short laugh, very old and wise.

She went on discussing this question, rounding out her periods like one accustomed to public speaking. She said everything that has already been said, taking it for granted that she had an audience. She hoped the Suffrage Amendment would pass the Senate next day, but she had her doubts.

"It is not the ballot we need so much as it is the broader sense of responsibility," she added shrewdly. "Women are the worst-governed class in this country—some of them slaves; some of them conscienceless rogues moving in the best society, who spend more than they earn and more than they can possibly be worth to anyone; and most of them drifting in and out of life according to—well, just circumstances."

My eyesight is not so good, but my hearing seems to improve with age. So I lay listening to that droning voice. If I had heard her in a public place making such a speech I should probably have been bored, but eavesdropping sharpened my attention, which is the usual effect of hearing what was not intended for your ears. I have sometimes thought the same explanation applies to an audience in a theater. They behold scenes and hear conversations supposed to portray the privacies and secrecies of life.

What I had heard informed me of the nature and mission of this delegation. I recalled what I had forgotten in the worry of my own affairs—that the Senate was to vote the next day on the Suffrage Amendment.

I was also going to Washington, but not in the interest of suffrage. I believe in it, but with that practical resignation one acquires believing in the remission of sins, as a sort of sublimated condition that must come. Meanwhile I was going up to have it out with Washington about another matter which would be settled one way or the other long before any of us would have the right to vote even if this amendment was passed. Washington is the place where this nation keeps her quorum. And I only wanted a quorum. I had the argument.

In a Gothic Bonnet

I planned to see one of my senators and start something through him. He was supposed to be a man of great influence in Washington, and I knew him to be amiable and accommodating when he was at home among his constituents. This is as quick a place as any, however, to set it down that you cannot tell what kind of man your senator is until you see him in action at Washington. He may be a dummy or he may be too busy to attend to his business.

When I emerged from my berth the next morning the other women were up and out of the way, some of them at breakfast in the dining car, two or three fussing about looking for things they had lost or mislaid; all save my neighbor across the aisle. The curtains of her berth were still drawn and her stately shoes still stood on guard.

But when I returned from the dressing room this berth had been converted into the usual double Pullman seat and a very large old woman with what may be described as a Ciceronian countenance occupied it. How she managed to achieve her toilet I do not know, but she was fully dressed. Her hair, consisting of the fewest possible strands, was twisted into a sort of silver disk high on the back of her head. Her skirt fitted, which was a good deal to do, considering her enormous size. She was buttoned up smartly in what resembled a Prince Albert coat, the tails of it neatly parted and spread on either side of her. She was considering her bonnet. This was a very feminine affair, black, with a Gothic arch in front and properly beaded. She held it up, dusted it delicately, smoothed the fold of white crêpe inside the brim, hoisted it and literally drew it on her head, which it fitted like a glove. The effect was startlingly frank, innocent and broad-minded.

She considered herself in the narrow mirror between the windows beside her, evidently with satisfaction, as if she had dotted the last "i" and crossed the last "t" of her personal appearance, and had that off her mind. At some time in her life she had been utterly feminine. Possibly she still was, but her vanities now were all primly honest, no deceits. She had a maternal expression which was too large to be anything but national, not the look of a personal, private mother. It was her brow which came up wide and kind like a woman's, and then sloped up farther and backward an astounding bare distance, which gave her a masculine, oratorical look at the top like that of a Roman senator.

I understood why she had not engaged in the conversational mêlée of the night before, but sent her thoughts stalking through that car in the quieter hour after the mere talking was over. This woman was somebody. She did not wear the coat tails of a man for nothing; nor that tall naked brow. She belonged to the presiding-officer class, in the chair at the top of the room and at the head of the table if a table should be present.

A Straw in a High Wind

"We are coming in at last," she said, staring through the window at the whiteness and greenness of Washington in the distance.

"Yes, two hours late," I answered, inferring that she addressed me since we were alone in the car.

Then she looked across at me, showing that she had not addressed me, but probably her familiar spirit of the night previous. But she agreed that I was there merely by going on with what she was about to say:

"We shall be rushed. The galleries open at eleven o'clock. You have a ticket?"

I did not have a ticket but I told her that I had wired my senator.

I decided not to put myself out of drawing with this situation by explaining that I had not intended to need a ticket or witness the passing or defeat of the Suffrage Amendment.

"Well, you must have one. There will be a crowd, and you will not be allowed to sit in the gallery without a ticket," she said.

The women were now streaming in from the dining car, hurriedly putting on their wraps, for the train was coming into the station. One of them took her place beside the old lady, evidently the companion to whom she had been talking when I was her only audience. But she was still seated when we left the car, placidly waiting to make her exit when she should have the whole aisle to herself.

Promptly at ten o'clock I was at the door of my senator's office in the Capitol.

When you are past the meridian of femininity and have arrived at the years of prominence and influence and have enjoyed the distinction of being recognized by your Government as a useful and competent aid in carrying on war work you acquire a certain sense of assurance, a personal conviction of dignity, not exalted, but earned and paid for. I was not therefore flustered by the business before me as a less experienced woman in large affairs might have been, only a trifle strung up and anxious to begin doing what I had come to do.

There were three clerks, all women, inside the office, but not the senator. The senator, I was informed, would not be down until half past ten o'clock. Very well then, I would wait. Oh, yes, certainly, but the senator had a committee meeting until twelve o'clock. Then perhaps I might see him in the afternoon. It was important. Yes, she understood so. The senator had received my telegram, but did not come down in the afternoon. Was there anything she could do for me? Well, not the great thing of course, but would she give me a ticket for a seat in the women's gallery? She would with pleasure. I took it and went upstairs, feeling like a straw in a high wind.

The corridors were singularly quiet and deserted, only a woman now and then wandering about in them with a lost-soul expression. But before each set of folding doors to the galleries upstairs there was a sort of congealed comet's tail of women waiting patiently for them to be opened.

I am a thrifty person when it is a matter of choosing a good seat in a public gathering. So I made a circuit of all those doors with the hope of finding one where fewer women waited in front of it. There was no such door. And so far as the eye could distinguish there was no difference in the quality and character of these women, except that in all except one group they wore their hats candidly on the backs of their heads. Even hats designed by fashion to be worn far forward with a coquettish droop merely clung, you may say, by the main strength of hatpins to their owners' heads, exposing anxious brows, and thoughtful brows, and brows determined to reveal nothing of what was going on behind. There was only one long iridescent strand of women who wore their headgear in the strictly feminine fashion, sidewise and forward.

I mention this because it turned out to be a psychic phenomenon, and because it was merely by accident that I did not join this line, which would have been a regrettable mistake.

I am not a fighting suffragist, nor a termagant suffragist, nor a gall-embittered one, but I am a suffragist. When the doors were finally opened and the women filed in we found that a portion of the gallery was roped off, quarantined. These seats were occupied by those women with their hats tilted to denote their gender. They were antisuffragists! I thanked my heavenly bodies for the instinct, whatever kind of instinct it was, that led me to avoid that group. It is indelicate, not to say immodest, at such a time for a woman to proclaim herself as merely the feminine of man. She may be loyal to her husband without making such cloying exhibition of her loyalty to all men. My impression is that the women in the suffrage end of the gallery sustained a far more private and discreet relation to their own sex, as those Christians show more reverence for spiritual values who are least inclined to discuss their souls in public places.

A Bird's-Eye View

Before noon the senators began to come in on the floor below, no two of them together. They appeared thus to be singularly innocent of one another. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. That was the impression conveyed. Whatever comradeship of interests they had in this business was no doubt practiced during the fruitful hours they had spent discussing it.

Viewed from above the Senate is not an imposing body of men. It is a humanly dilapidated, hair-worn-out and phenomenally homely group. One receives an idea of how trivial and transient the best of us must look when seen from the altitudes of Providence.

They began, as I suppose all public functioning bodies do, by transacting the business left over from the day before. But shortly after one o'clock I noticed a sort of dignified restlessness among them, and a corresponding tightening of nervous tension among the women in the galleries. Nothing was said. The proverbial pin might have been dropped with a clatter up there, the stillness was so silent and the silence so still. The woman next nudged me. It was the way she had of speaking with her elbow. As I did not know what she meant I nudged the woman on my left. This whisper of elbows went on with a kind of military precision.

Presently I understood the signal. The senators below were leaving their seats and disappearing under the gallery, where the eyes of no woman could follow them. They accomplished this gradual evacuation with masculine simplicity. One would rise and strut out, much in the manner of a pompous husband when he says to his wife: "Well, if you are going to make a scene I shall leave!" Another walked briskly, apologetically bent forward as if he would be absent only a moment. One senator made it like a run in a baseball game. He moved from one desk on this side to another desk farther to the rear, stopping each time to confer with this and that senator until the shadows of the gallery also infolded him. But the majority of them vanished as if by magic without being seen at all in transition.

This may be the custom of senators—to retire and stand like a bristling hedge in the background when they are about to vote. But no woman in those galleries believed it. Women have their amused secret conceits about the effect of their presence as an influence not upon the character but the conduct of men. And it is a fact that no sooner was the floor cleared of all save two or three of the boldest senators than the cat was out of the bag and we realized that they were hurrying the Suffrage Amendment.

It was the simplest kind of performance once they got going, the whole thing having been discussed and settled beforehand. I suppose even the senator who made a speech in favor of the amendment knew that. But he was a recent convert, and was allowed to prove it, as sometimes a lately redeemed man is called on to lead in prayer. He started off with a flare of sentiment characteristic of the Southern oratorical temperament, which is frequently afflicted with a fatal facility of expression. Then he settled down and made a really good argument.

Then they voted and defeated the amendment, all from under the gallery, where they remained in obscurity.

Then we filed out. I heard only one remark from a woman. Speaking in a matter-of-fact tone and without depression: "Well, it is all to be gone through with and done over again."

Workers and Shirkers

And they will keep up the struggle with the invincible force of pure helplessness and persistence, which is a quality of the feminine character. The men who voted against the amendment know this, and know that in the end they must yield. But they are suffering now from a sort of bull-headed hysteria which must run its course.

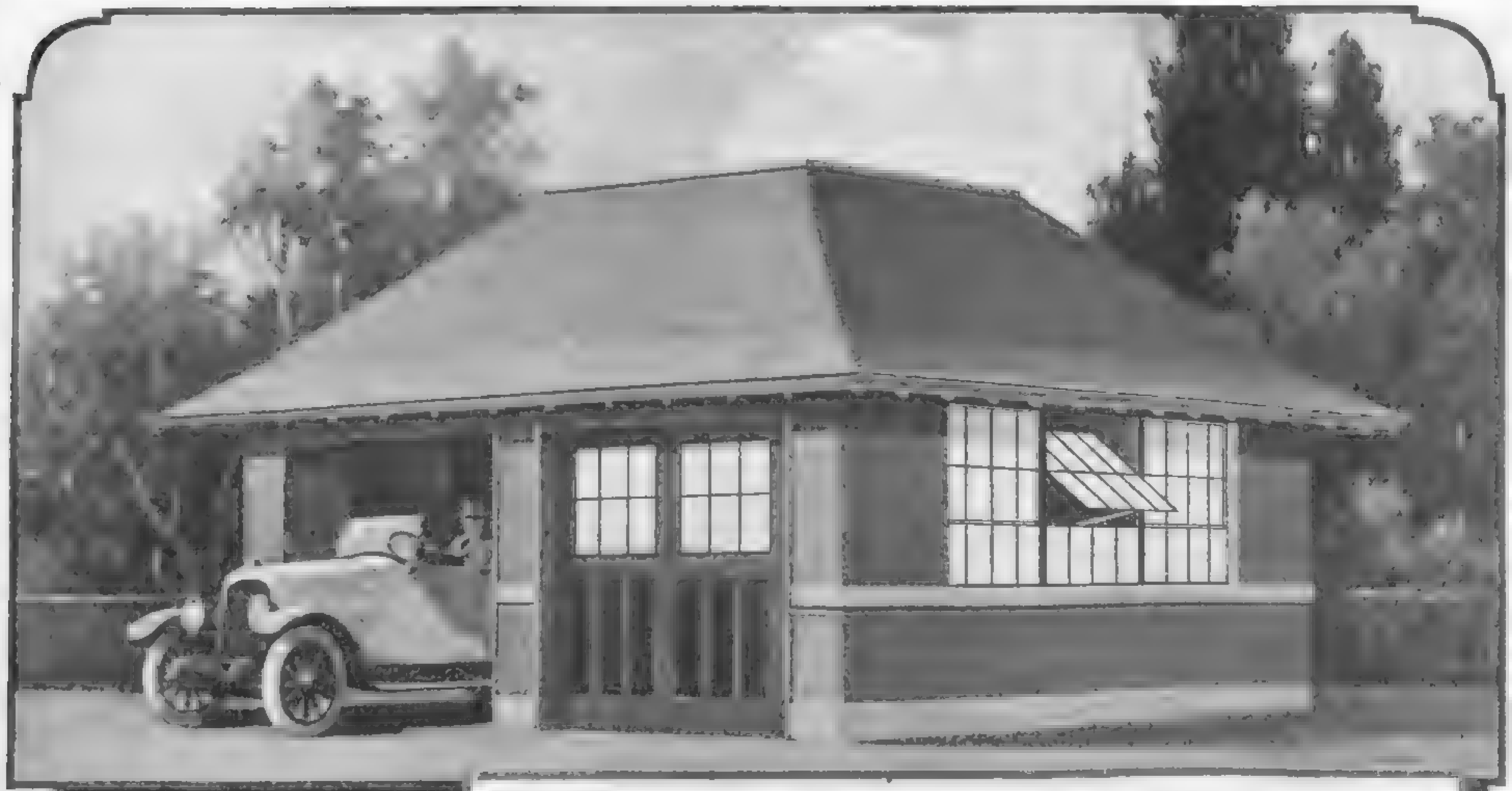
The next morning I went again to call on my senator.

Yes, the clerk told me, he had been in, but he had gone out, to attend a meeting of the Finance Committee. It was the very thing I should have liked to attend! My business in Washington was connected with the possible doings of that committee. And she could not say how long the meeting would last. There was so much to do. They were engaged in cutting down the war-emergency appropriations, she informed me, as if she thought this news should please one of the senator's constituents—watchdog of the treasury business, you understand. But I was not pleased. It depended altogether on which appropriation they were reducing. I could mention a few that were entirely too generous. For example, it seemed to me out of all reason that some civilians put on khaki and shoulder decorations, flopped down behind a desk in Washington and received the pay of captains, while other civilians put on khaki, without shoulder decorations, went into the trenches, endured all the vicissitudes of war, including wounds and death, for thirty dollars a month. There were women connected with the Red Cross headquarters in Washington who kept no office hours, and who boasted of their salaries; while the rank and file of women all over this country worked every day in shifts and often half the night to fill orders from Red Cross headquarters, services for which they neither expected nor received remuneration. I am not complaining of the Government, you understand. The emergency was great. There was no time to investigate the character of persons who applied for jobs. So, too, many of the useless, irresponsible class took advantage of the situation. But now that the war is over these born natives of the perpetually unemployed ought to be turned out.

I hoped the Committee on Finance was even at this moment reducing appropriations that had gone to pay them, but there were other funds, especially one other fund, for a great and loyal organization which was never needed more than at the present time. I was anxious to see my senator about that. I had some things to tell him, an argument to make that ought to convince any man.

But I was obliged to be content with the clerk's assurance that the senator was very

(Continued on Page 131)



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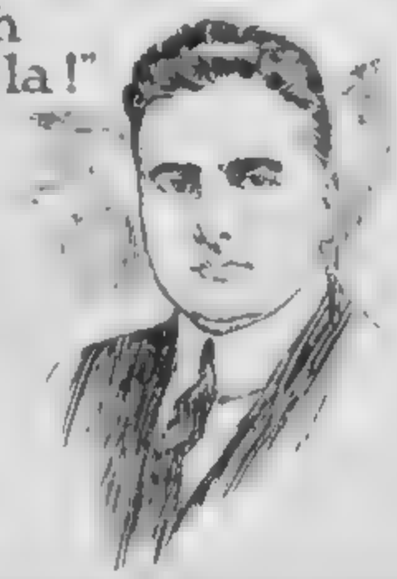

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Columbia Grafonola

(Continued from Page 127)

much interested in the matter I had mentioned in my telegram, and she was sure he wanted to talk it over with me. I had the feeling, however, that this was my first diplomatic error, being too explicit in that wire about what I wanted. You may say what you please about shirt-sleeve diplomacy, but there is no such thing, except defeated diplomacy. When a measure is settled and approved it may risk appearing on the shirt sleeves of politicians and statesmen, but not before. I had been too frank. Now I had a vague feeling that I was being gently dammed up. It is very hard on a woman to have something to say—and not be able to say it. Speech is a part of our nervous system. It was especially discouraging in my case, because I had learned, like most people, to trust Washington, of which my senator for the moment was the most important representative.

As chairman of the Wilson County Woman's Committee for War Service—not to be more specific about the real name of this organization—my relations with Washington for more than a year had been intimate and inspiring. Twelve hundred women, scattered from the Red Cross rooms in Wilsonville through every village and militia district in the county, had worked under my committee to carry out orders received from Washington. I had only to say that Washington wanted so many thousand bandages or so many hundred hospital shirts by a certain date in order to command their time and energies. Washington for us was no longer merely the seat of this Government, it was a name to conjure by; a powerful and exacting Providence that had called us into service and made us a unit of the national life.

Washington ordered us to conserve food, and we conserved it. Washington informed us that the safety of the country, the comfort of our soldiers depended upon our loyalty and diligence. We were without ceasing loyal and diligent. We experienced the terrifying honor conferred by Washington of being directed to lead this kind of drive or that kind of drive, and we went forth and led it. Washington required us to sell so many hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Loan bonds and we sold them, though we had literally no previous knowledge or experience in the bond business. We frequently received in return letters and telegrams from Washington congratulating us upon our success. These were as dear to us as the correspondence of a noble relative, they were that confidential and encouraging.

Then suddenly some time in December we became aware of a singular and penetrating silence. It was as if a clock that had marked the days and hours of our service had stopped ticking.

A Change of Tune

I wrote to know what Washington wanted us to do next. There was no reply. The armistice had been signed. Our troops were returning from France.

The women in Wilson County grew impatient. They had learned to accomplish things and they wanted something to accomplish. They had the same time to spare from their domestic affairs that they had given to war service, and they wanted Washington to take this time off their hands. It was diminishing to go back to afternoon teas and card parties by way of passing the time. And there was so much they wanted to do here at home.

Every morning since April of 1917 I had driven in from Red Acres to direct our work. But recently I remained at home. I dreaded the question every woman who met me asked: "Have you heard from Washington yet?"

They reminded me of those forlorn men and women one sees before employment agencies in large cities. They were smartly dressed, they still powdered their noses and wore their face veils and discussed large matters, but they had the defeated look people have who have lost a good job and have come down in the world.

We were still making garments for war sufferers in Europe, but this was only the remnants of a great industry.

Meanwhile other significant things transpired. The man appointed on our committee by the governor of the state dropped out. He did not resign, he quit as your handy man does sometimes without giving notice. Other prominent men who had leaned heavily upon the Woman's Committee for help and even advice about war work assumed a subtly different manner. In those splendid days of glorious sacrifice and service Mr. Hatcher, president of the Wilsonville National Bank, frequently stopped me on the street to know what I thought of his idea. And his idea would be that the women should undertake to placard every road in the country with patriotic posters by way of preparation for the next drive, whatever kind of drive it was. Now, so far from wishing to consult with me about anything, Hatcher invariably quickened his pace when he saw me coming, as if he were in a hurry about something which concerned men and business and great affairs, but not women.

This singular reversion to type on the part of the men extended even to the pulpit. On the first Sunday in February, when the rector of our church might reasonably have been expected to choose some Scripture that would have warranted a sermon bearing upon the League of Nations and the fruits of universal peace, he chose his text from the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and preached one of the most distasteful sermons I ever heard, on the admirable character of the famous "virtuous woman" described in Proverbs. She was no doubt an excellent type for Solomon's times, when a proper woman was the head slave of her husband's establishment, but scarcely a model to be recommended to us women who had worked together harmoniously and inharmoniously from one end of this country to the other, to save it, and who had proved their ability for larger enterprises than rising "while yet it is night" to cook breakfast for their households.

Letters From Missionaries

The women of Wilsonville had cherished this rector as a remarkably broad-minded man, but during this discourse we exchanged glances, eye messages of resentment, for it was perfectly apparent that he was letting us down easy, taking a mean advantage of us with the Scriptures to suggest that it was now time for us to retire from the world's great scene of action and take up the duties of that particularly satisfactory and virtuous woman, the only one known to man whose "price is above rubies."

And if we had any doubt of his meaning it was written large upon the faces of the men in the congregation. They neither exchanged glances nor moved restlessly in their pews as we were doing, but never have I seen them listen to the gospel with such noble repose and affirmative satisfaction.

It is queer how men separated by the longest possible distance, and by every other condition, with no concerted plan of agreement, can arrive simultaneously at the same conclusion about what to do with women if anything happens to change the order of our lives for a season. During the period of our patriotic service women all over this country experienced a grateful relief from the demands of foreign missionaries. But about this time I received a letter from one in China asking that we send him funds "at once" for his ragged school in Shanghai! It reached us promptly, showing that he had written shortly after the armistice was signed. We had in all a dozen such letters from Africa and India. They knew, those missionaries, that as soon as the emergency was over we should be sent back to our church work and to praising ourselves within the gates with only our domestic duties.

Very few people comprehend yet that so many women are diligent in their church societies, collecting millions of dollars every year for the support and education of the heathen, because the present form of this Government neither grants them the opportunity nor the authority to perform the same kind of service for the heathen at home. There are some millions of them connected with the Federation of Women's Clubs who are ready and anxious to devote themselves to very necessary social, educational and health reforms in their respective communities. But they have no authority with which to enforce these reforms.

A clubwoman may make her husband stand round in his own house, but no power she has could force him as the member of the board of education to remove the primary classes from the basement of the public-school building, where the light is poor, the walls are damp and the lavatories adjacent. I know that because we tried it in Wilsonville before this war began, when we were only clubwomen who had progressed beyond reading Parsifal and were developing what has been patented as the "social conscience."

Likewise there was a fearful scandal when a committee from the club visited the jail. This place was in an unspeakable condition, but the scandal was attached to the women who had visited it. Every man in town was indignant. Why should respectable women go into such a place! It was abominable, and must never happen again. And it never has happened, but the conditions in this prison remained the same. When eight persons at the paupers' farm died in ten days from cold and neglect, during the winter of 1917, the clubwomen raised such a disturbance that the commissioner responsible for this mistake was tried before a jury, cleared of all blame and his services retained. For every small success clubwomen have in effecting reforms there are a hundred such failures.

But we hoped things would be different now. We wanted to start educational campaigns, lead drives for better roads, motor-truck depots in rural districts for marketing country produce; and above all effect reforms in health conditions. We asked nothing better than to be allowed to exercise the same zeal and patriotism at home that had distinguished our service during the war. We belonged to an enormous organization, named and created by the Government. No more effective machine for service was ever created. We wished to keep this organization in all the states with headquarters at Washington. If Washington would preserve us and save us until we could get the necessary bills through the various legislatures confirming us as state units all would be well.

This was the plan, shared by thoughtful women everywhere, that I had come to lay before my senator. In these troublesome days of disorganization, of strikes and dangerous disturbances, why should the Government suppress a loyal and constructive force, demobilize a body of more than seven million women who would obey and serve it as good wives obey and serve their husbands, and without the everlasting agitation of suffrage? No definite appropriation had ever been made for us during the war. It had been doled out to us from the pockets of a larger but actually less effective organization. Now this was to be withdrawn to reduce the budget of national expense. It was like pouring out at the bunghole and saving at the spigot.

A Solemn Occasion

I was thinking these thoughts, feeling very sad about myself and women in general as I walked away from the Capitol. Presently I passed a window and saw perhaps fifty women inside, some seated about a long table, others like tired old wall flowers in the background. They wore their hats absentmindedly on the backs of their heads. Their expressions were very serious, no excitement, no animation. They were just sitting in there looking at each other as people do when mere language fails them.

I recognized my fellow passengers on the train to Washington. The fine old lady with the Ciceronian countenance presided at the top of the table. I went in, not because I belonged there or was very curious about what was going on but because I had a dim, feminine, tired-to-death, disappointed feeling of belonging to this company.

It was supposed to be an executive meeting of the State Chairmen of the Women's National Organization for War Service; in fact, it was a very grave and formal funeral that they were holding over the remains of this organization. The defeat of the Suffrage Amendment on the previous day was an incident. That was not a defeat, merely a postponement. The thing they were facing was the loss of a great opportunity for service now. Their appropriation was to be cut to the insignificant sum of fifty thousand dollars, not enough to pay the incidental expenses of the various state units during the coming Victory Loan drive in April, but enough to hold them together and insure their service, which was no doubt the purpose of the Senate's Finance Committee.

After April, demobilization, not by even the courtesy of formal orders. The whole organization was to be left to disintegrate from lack of nourishment, recognition and exercise. Reports from the various chairmen showed that the women were already losing interest, which was natural, and not a thing for which they should be blamed. The Senate counted on this process of disintegration as the easiest, least sensational method of being rid of an organization which had served its purpose in a great emergency, and which might now become a thorn in the side of the Government with meddlesome activities for reforms in health and education, and undoubtedly would become a shrill bureau of public information concerning graft and negligence and abuses long accepted as inevitable features incident to state, county and national governments. What with the labor disturbances and financial uncertainties and the fights on hand of private corporations to recover public utilities taken over by the Government for the duration of the war—there was no time and no money to spare for the kind of reforms women would demand if they were allowed to remain organized and recognized as servants of the Government.

Every woman in that room knew this, but not one of them mentioned it. They had progressed beyond the vituperative stage of vindictive helplessness, a significant advance if you know how to compute the powers of silence. It means simply that they were good losers, and could afford to bide their time. Only one of them let go in a tirade speech against all things, and men and women in particular. This was a woman of what will be the political-boss type when women get the ballot. Her tirade on this occasion was passed over as decent people cover a break in correct social life, without comment.

Defeat or Victory

The fine old superchairman at the top of the table began immediately to talk, spreading her remarks like a wide skirt over the embarrassment of this situation. What she said was not encouraging, but strongly constructive, like the forces of Nature. She had a mind that survived the inevitable. You were led to infer that the inevitable was only temporary. There was no doubt that the American women would be demobilized. It was a great misfortune, especially to the country. But they had proved their worth and loyalty. There were other emergencies besides war—the time would come when the Government would be forced to use them.

It was the best she could do under the circumstances, but too philosophical to be encouraging. Philosophy is the only known sedative for defeat. It was discovered by a man who had been whipped in the fight. It has been sedulously developed by men who fail in real achievements or who lack the courage and initiative to achieve.

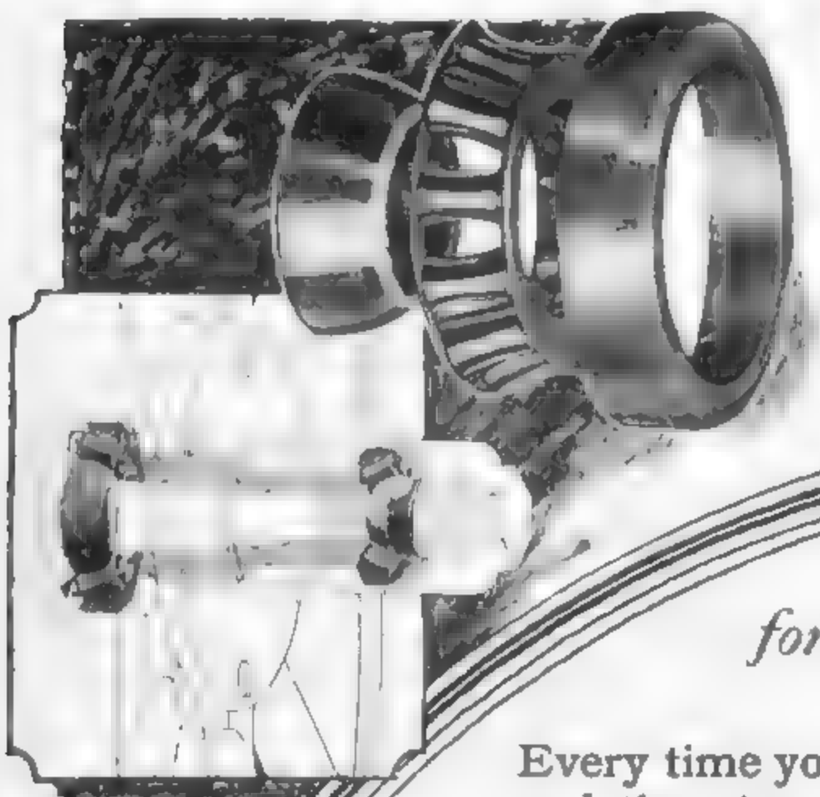
My impression is that women will always get what they want, however heavy the odds against them, because by nature they have not a trace of the philosophical intelligence. They only borrow enough of the stuff from men to tide them over a bad situation now and then, such as they have before them in this country to-day. But whoever mistakes the submission of a woman or of women for philosophical resignation is profoundly lacking in comprehension. They submit, and keep on thinking along the way they mean to go.

I witnessed a remarkable instance of patient shrewdness in them on the evening of the following day.

The Suffrage Amendment had been defeated on Monday. On Tuesday the state chairmen had met and admitted that their national organization was to be demobilized, a far more disastrous defeat than any other that American women have ever suffered, since it deprived them of such immediate opportunities for service and development as the ballot could not give them for years even if they had it. And on Wednesday seven hundred and fifty of them attended the Woman's Victory Dinner in Washington!

The feminine sense of things that can celebrate such defeats as these with a Victory Dinner is neither logical nor philosophical. In fact, it was no such thing. I suppose they used that tingling, stimulating noun "Victory," for an adjective as a pale woman sometimes rouges to counterfeit a better complexion than she really has. But this dinner was merely an occasion designed to give Secretary Baker an opportunity to expound the doctrines upon which the League of Nations is to be founded, so that these women might return to their respective communities and teach these doctrines to the people, who are not nearly so benighted on this subject as are a certain formidable number of United States senators. But Mr. Taft with his peripatetic

(Concluded on Page 134)



SHAFER
ROLLER BEARINGS

Concave Rollers—
Convex Cup and Cone

for Ford and Chevrolet 490 Front Wheels

Every time you turn a corner or hit a rut, an extremely heavy end thrust or side strain is exerted against the front wheel bearings of your car, and the ordinary "cup and cone" bearings are unable to continuously resist this destructive pressure.

They wear, causing wheel wobble, hence excessive tire scuffing and finally grind themselves to pieces—damaging the entire front axle spindle and creating a costly repair job.

Avoid this danger and expense by installing Shafer Roller Bearings. They are built to resist all destructive end thrusts as they take the pressure on the entire length of rollers. Therefore Shafer is the only front wheel bearing that has a capacity for end thrust loads equal to its downward load.

Then, too, Shafer Roller Bearings are ***self-aligning.*** They automatically adjust themselves to any deflection of axle spindle—no pinching or binding of rollers.

Shafer bearings are an exact replacement for "cup and cone" bearings—easily installed, adjustable for wear, made of the finest steel, heat treated and ground, and are guaranteed without reservation. Your dealer can supply you—if not, write us. $10.00 (2 wheel sets). Canada $12.50.

Replacements Later for Front Wheels of Other Cars

for Ford and Chevrolet 490 Rear Axles

Constantly rubbing two plain metal surfaces together creates friction and causes wear—but place steel balls between these surfaces and friction disappears.

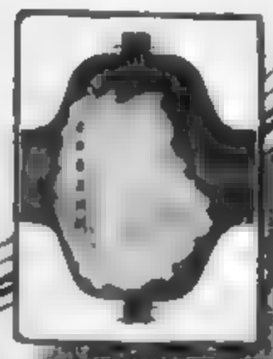
Plain flat washers used at left side of your Ford or Chevrolet 490 wear themselves thin on account of the heavy pressure of the driving mechanism of the rear axle, then gears shift away from each other and cause trouble.

Replace these friction producing washers with a Bailey Ball Thrust and wear is eliminated. Its 18 Hoover steel balls take the pressure on a rolling, frictionless surface. Gears are held in perfect mesh, run smoothly, silently, and without power wastage.

Reduce your repair bills—prevent axle noise and broken gear teeth by having your dealer install a Bailey Ball Thrust—no change in axle necessary—an exact replacement. More than 125,000 Ford and Chevrolet 490 owners have already found this especially constructed bearing a profitable investment. Price $3.75. Canada $5.00. See your dealer.

Without obligating yourself—a post-card request will bring further details on how to reduce up-keep cost in front wheels and rear axle —write while you think of it. (If a dealer please state so.)

BAILEY
BALL THRUST



From the Plant of

Geo. D. Bailey Co. 4500-10 Ravenswood Ave. - Chicago

The lightness of Dayton Steel Wheels is of interest to truck owners, for one pound of wheel weight costs as much in motor power, tires and fuel as ten pounds of payload.

Where 1 *lb.* Saved means 10 *lbs.* Gained

An Important Wheel Fact that few Truck Owners Know

A FIVE-TON coal truck, which had seen several months' service, was recently equipped with Dayton Steel Wheels. The owner was surprised to find that his truck weighed 100 pounds less than it formerly did.

That saving of 100 pounds in wheel weight relieved his motor of a load equal to 1000 pounds above the springs. For one pound of "dead," unsprung wheel weight costs as much in motor power, tires and fuel as ten pounds of payload. That interesting engineering fact is known to few truck users.

Dayton Steel Wheels are light. They rarely weigh more than other truck wheels—and usually less. That is true because their rims and spokes are hollow, and every pound that could be spared without sacrificing strength has been removed.

Yet their strength defies wear—and their resiliency protects axles and bearings and motor from extreme road shocks. Because they are always true round, and because they radiate the destructive heat of road and internal friction away from tires—they increase tire mileage.

Dayton Steel Wheels are logical truck equipment. Like every other truck part that bears the brunt of load and strain, they are steel. They eliminate wheel troubles, better truck performance and prolong truck life.

The name Dayton on the spoke identifies this unusual wheel.

We have a special folder of wheel facts for fleet owners, and another of interest to truck owners and prospective buyers. We will send both if you wish.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago

Dayton
Steel Truck Wheels
PATENTED

Cincinnati
New York

(Concluded from Page 131)

National Peace Congress will scarcely perform more effective service for the League to Enforce Peace than these seven hundred and fifty women whom Mr. Baker so deftly and informally commissioned for the same purpose at this Victory Dinner. There was a difference, of course, Mr. Taft is still so near to being the First Citizen of this country. He is so eminently the sane patriot and the leading statesman in private life that his spectacular support of the league lends a distinction that no other man could give. But the chief difference is the cost. His traveling peace congress costs the people more in one month than the Government has spent in two years to maintain the women's national organization.

I left Washington convinced that the Senate is not a representative body, nor even a body that represents the ordinary intelligence of this country, much less the enlightenment of mankind. The fact that they defeated the Suffrage Amendment and forced the demobilization of millions of women at the very time when the service of such a loyal and constructive element is most needed in national life may be passed over as a phase of purely masculine prejudice. But too many of them are opposed to the League of Nations, when too many far more eminent men whose intelligence and patriotism cannot be questioned are for the League of Nations.

We resent, too, the behavior of the Treasury Department. It is not the taxes that have been levied on the people—we expected enormous taxes and we have paid them—but it is the methods used. The blanks sent out this year for income-tax returns resemble questionnaires devised for catching criminals. They are too devious and complicated for any honest man to fill out. It will require a million dollars' worth of clerks to pass on them, and it will depend largely upon a long list of rulings by the Treasury Department whether or not your return is accepted.

This tax is well named the "Crucifixion tax"; not because it is heavy and hard to bear but because it is demanded in terms that are confusing when they are not grossly insulting. What is the good of it? An honest man will give in his taxes correctly without being insulted; and a dishonest one will not, no matter how much he is insulted. There is not a county chairman of a woman's committee in this state who could not devise a better, simpler and more effective form for income-tax returns.

SOLDIERS OF PEACE

(Continued from Page 15)

great European cities, with the wealth and beauty which they have been accumulating for two thousand years, stands well within the limits of possibility. In case of an armed peace, such as Europe had for forty years before this war, men might have to rebuild their cities with the valuable, the "living" part underground.

However, these speculations deal with the perfection of those means of killing and of destruction already tested. There are other methods possible—methods which will make explosives look primitive. Though nightmare fictionists have imagined killing by rays, science has never taken enough interest in destruction of life to find and apply the method. It holds great possibilities. Science has spent fifty years of research in fighting the killing power of bacilli. It has never studied to increase or to use that power. But now that whole populations, instead of mere armies, have become the legitimate objects of killing in war, someone doubtless will perfect that method. The conservative mind has raised certain practical objections, just as the conservative mind said that aircraft attack could not be made accurate, and that the shells falling into Paris could not possibly come from a gun. But only recently an authority on bacteriology expounded to me the horrible possibility of ravaging a whole population, military and civilian alike, with swiftly killing incurable diseases, while guarding your own army and your own population. I believe that with a little patient research it could be done. And given the perpetuation of war as an institution some race of Bernhardis is certain to arise which will justify this method—and use it.

Such, briefly, are some possibilities of the future if the new warfare follows the paths opened up by the struggle of 1914–18. In the long peace of Europe books were written to prove that actual warfare was impossible, because men would no longer face its horrors. We have learned now that men will face anything. This war uncovered reservoirs of human courage whose existence we never suspected. Whatever horrors the new warfare may bring, it will not fail because men and women are afraid. But what of armed peace?

New Wars, New Armaments

If the Peace Conference should effect the settlement on old principles, leaving the structure of international society exactly where it was, all the nations of the world would have for a time to limit the race of armaments. They need the money for restoring the processes of life. But in five, ten, fifteen years, danger would begin to grow again from some quarter; and again they would speed up munitions making, increase the active armies, multiply conscription.

Now the general tendency of this war was to more and more complex, cumbersome and expensive machinery. Artillery became the king of battles. Even the Germans, who entered this war better prepared than the others, had to multiply by ten or twenty times their equipment of heavy artillery. The British at the First Battle of Ypres had only one gun that could be listed in the catalogue of heavy artillery. By 1918 they had several thousand. Leaving the navies aside, it became necessary to equip the armies with great quantities of machines, each of which cost more than the equipment of an infantry battalion under the old warfare in which the rifle was king—tanks, for example, and aëroplanes. When the world works out of its bankruptcy and begins to accumulate a margin the weapons piled up for this war will be out of date, just as the weapons of the Franco-Prussian war could not be used in the Boer War, nor those of the Boer War in this war. Some nation or other will improve heavy artillery, the tank, the gas shell; the rest must follow. The civilian use of the aëroplane, just now beginning intensively, will improve that device so that just as we now laugh at the slow, weak old busses of 1914 we shall in 1928 laugh at the primitive machines of 1918.

For thirty years before 1914 Europe groaned and grubbed under the burden of armaments. The great prosperity of Belgium among the small nations and of the United States among the large ones was mainly due to the fact that they were not in the race for armaments. But now the pace will increase. Its tendency will be to increase to such a point that only the barest necessities of life will be left to the common people—of Europe at least, and eventually perhaps of all the world.

Complex Motives

This, mind you, is not the invention of a nightmare fictionist. It is a sober estimate of the future, based very largely on the opinions of hundreds of men who in civilian or military capacities have helped direct this war. The conclusion, of course, should be obvious to the single-track but all-daring American mind. It has got to be stopped. Even if we are no longer willing to take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of Europe it has got to be stopped for our own interests. We are rich, we are tempting; we were next after France and England on Germany's list. These modern devices are rendering distances as naught. Our isolation is no longer our protection. If it is not stopped we must ourselves take up a burden of armament such as even the last generation knew not; and when, as probably will always happen, defensive armament becomes useless to prevent war, we must kill and be killed with an intensity and with an incidental slaughter of the innocent which even the great war of 1914–18 knew not.

Just before the armistice I stood in the mess and wreckage of a town on the old Hindenburg Line with a European officer of family and cultivation. As far as we could see in any direction stretched a stinking desolation which involved not only the towns but even the fields. Suddenly he turned to me.

"How does this appeal to you? What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I think at this moment only of its folly," I replied.

"So do I," said he.

"It must be stopped," I said

He smiled on me as an indulgent adult smiles on a child.

"Oh, but it can't be," he said. "In my library I have a section for the Greek philosophers. I look them over often and reflect that man has not improved a bit morally in two thousand years."

Now in this little conversation the American mind met in square conflict the European. Single-track, all-daring, I have called our mind. From the Pacific Coast to the China Coast, the farther east one goes the more he finds the human intelligence complex, and hampered in undertaking new enterprises by its very complexities. In dealing with Europeans one learns in time that a single motive seldom governs them in any given act. They are subtle where we are simple, complex with a complexity which, like that of Hamlet, makes against action.

Stern as the lesson of this war has been, great as is the danger if war continues, it is unlikely that Europe alone would have acted in the Peace Conference to end war though she might, as at the Congress of Vienna, have spilled some pretty sentiments, made a few harmless gentlemen's agreements. The entrance of America into the war helped save real civilization for Europe. Perhaps it had an effect even more beneficent than that. It brought to the peace table, with a kind of dominating independence, that single-track American mind which dared attempt what most of Europe has called impossible—stopping war, as we have stopped crime, by the power of law.

"It can't be done?" says that direct, single track type of mind. "Why not?"

I have described war as a bad racial habit, I have shown how it runs parallel with the alcohol habit. We Americans laid down the principle many years ago that the drinking of alcohol could be stopped by law. At the same period there was a temperance movement in Europe, notably in England. But the European confined himself to technicalism—temperance in the individual. Elimination of the alcohol traffic—that couldn't be done. But the American teetotaler tried it and found that it could be done. From July first on, we shall be bone-dry; and no one doubts, the opponents of the measure least of all, that it is going to work. I who say this am not a passionate admirer of the National Prohibition Amendment either. But it proves that an antique race habit, probably nearly as old as war, nearly as widespread, until recently regarded fully as hopeless of correction, can be eliminated by law.

The Vision of David Lubin

How war could be eliminated by law—a working method—we were beginning to understand even before 1914. That same influenza epidemic which carried off Willard Straight took also David Lubin, of California, of Rome and of the world. He was an extraordinary man—a prophet, a dreamer who could make his dreams come true, a philosopher. When he founded the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome he was consciously taking a step toward bringing nations as well as individuals under the reign of law. He saw much farther than that. For ten years he had been expounding to whoever would listen his doctrine of a true Society of Nations. There was nothing original in the idea, though many of Lubin's ideas were original. But it all came through his clean-cutting Jewish mind crystal-clear.

"The police force came before morals," he said in effect. "In the beginning of society there were no rules of the game. I stole your cattle and wives, I killed you if I felt like it. That was all right, because the game of life had no rules. Then some savage stronger than the rest threatened to eliminate everyone and take all the cattle and wives. A lot of the rest of them got together. 'This won't do,' they said; 'if it keeps on we'll be exterminated.' So they made a few simple rules of the game, and agreed that whenever anyone broke them they'd get together and suppress him. The rules they drew up were the beginning of morals—but the police force came first.

"There has never been any morality between nations, really. Honorable dealing, golden-rule diplomacy—it all fell down when national interest became involved. That was because nations had never got together, established police power and drawn up the rules of conduct—which are morals."

As the war went on—horrible, dismal, continuous beyond all other wars in recorded history—a conviction that something of this kind must be done to control war grew up among the civilized peoples of the world. The politicians of Europe, in this as in many things behind the popular mind, took up the idea—if for no other reason—because it was good politics.

But Wilson in his famous Fourteen Points was the first to give it international expression. From that moment he became the hope of the common people of all Europe. For four years we watched the common people of Europe meekly, heroically enduring this thing, and wondered what they were thinking. I can see yet those partings at the Gare du Nord of Paris, the Charing Cross Station of London, the Terminus of Rome, when the soldier after his week's leave stood in his battered kit with his brood and his wife beside him—he back to misery, they back perhaps to widowhood and orphanage.

All Eyes on America

What they had been thinking was proved by their grasp of the idea of this man Wilson. The populace of France waited all night by the railroad tracks just to cheer his train as he came up from Brest.

To-day I talked with a man who has been sounding public opinion in neutral Spain. "The common people regard him at this moment as a messiah!" they said. They at least—the people—had led their thoughts out of the maze of European complexity and were thinking along a single track.

It was somewhat different with the governments. From the moment of the unexpected victory one could see the selfish elements of Europe, what the French as well as the Americans call "the interests," wake up and take heart. That, like some other things we blame in Europe, was only human. In similar circumstances it would have happened among us. Every Allied nation contains an imperialistic element—often small but always buttressed in financial and social power. They saw in victory only a chance for domination. Moreover, the negotiators sent to Paris by the Powers represented generally not men alive to the new spirit introduced by this war, but men trained in old-time diplomacy with its traditions of secrecy, of indirection and of jockeying for national advantage. There were exceptions, but the old-time diplomat was the rule.

Yet Wilson has so far dominated the conference. I may say without going into detail that it has not been easy sledding for him—it has been, in fact, a fight. But his idea prevailed in that first act whose curtain fell on the covenant of the League of Nations. To begin with, he had the will of the European peoples behind him; and the Chancelleries knew that. In the second place—I think—he had laid hold on an eternal truth, which must prevail. Probably no time was the will of the European statesmen so selfish as it has been made to appear in some sensational American newspapers. What they lacked was not so much good will as the ability to see past that era of balance of power and armed neutrality and national chicanery in which they had been trained to a new era. Wilson made them see. Before he finished, some of them saw so well that they wished to strengthen the League beyond anything which America would have accepted.

No one ever expected them wholly to reject the League of Nations; but two weeks before its consummation betting among the cynical was even that it would be a pretty shell, a mere restatement of the futilities of The Hague Convention. It came to signatory, as a matter of fact, a working constitution.

(Concluded on Page 137)

"Your car needs new piston rings."

Motor mechanics know that the most *essential* need of a car that has been run much is *new* piston rings.

They know that all piston rings must be renewed after a time—that there is a large loss of power, fuel and oil through leaky piston rings.

Inlands in your motor will mean much more power and mileage on less fuel and oil

and improved operation every way—less noise, less carbon. See your garage man about installing Inlands. Have him show you an Inland its advantages and superiority over other piston rings can be *seen*. You can see that the Inland Spiral Cut principle makes an absolutely gas-tight ring in *one-piece*—it eliminates the gap and also causes the ring to *uncoil* against the cylinder wall with perfectly even circular pressure all around, making complete gas-tight contact. You can see that the Inland has no weak or thin places—equal width and thickness all around—strongest and most durable.

3,000,000 Inlands are now in use.

Motor Mechanics the world over now recognize that the Inland is the most efficient piston ring in its principle of construction and the highest quality ring in material and workmanship. It is made with the care and precision of the finest tool product.

Inland sales are now on a basis of *millions per annum*—hundreds of thousands are ordered by foreign countries.

Send for booklet

INLAND

ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

Have your car overhauled now—ask your garage man about Inlands today. Send for free booklet.

Manufactured by Inland Machine Works, 1635 Locust St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

DEALERS: Jobbers everywhere now stock Inlands in all standard and over sizes. Ask your jobber now.

Prest-O-Lite Battery

A Correct Size For Every Car

An Incident in the Senator's Great Patriotic Speech

"Never let us forget, my friends, that the reason we were able to force Victory a year ahead of the Allies' schedule was because our men were fit, *and were kept fit* by regular inspection. *(Loud applause, prolonged cheering.)*

"The idea of regular inspection in order to keep fit contains a lesson we can each apply in our daily lives. A homely illustration just occurs to me—if you will pardon a moment's digression!

"Sometimes I have to make several speeches a day, going from town to town in my car.

"Two years ago I had a speaking trip completely spoiled for me by a trouble-making battery in this auto of mine. It was a specimen of a common trouble-making variety that kept a man busy wondering what it would do next.

"Perhaps some of the fault was mine. Like most of you who ride in cars, I never had the slightest taste for battery mechanics. I understand Champ Clark likes to putter around his, but mighty few of my friends among the Senators know the first thing about 'em.

"So it was a happy day for me when I learned I could get a battery built for folks who haven't the time nor inclination to study battery anatomy.

"Since then I have been riding in comfort with a husky, dependable, long-lived Prest-O-Lite spinning the engine and feeding the headlights. For the regular inspection which soldiers and batteries alike require to keep them 100 per cent efficient I fall back on the Service Station man. This is one way in which I have tried to apply the lesson to myself.

"And so never let us forget, my friends, The League

Look for the name Prest-O-Lite on Service Station signs everywhere

The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York

In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

(Concluded from Page 134)

Long before this is printed many wiser in politics and more learned in law than I will have thrashed out all the points pro and con. It is stronger than many would wish; it is weaker than many others would wish. But it is the beginning of a compact between nations based on the same principles as the first remote compact ages ago between individuals to make and enforce morals—which is law and the beginning of order. It is the first practical move which this world has ever known toward permanent peace. In the scheme of things it is not equivalent to our Constitution; no one could be so foolish as to expect that yet from twenty nations differing as widely in language, religion and customs as France and the Arab kingdom, in tradition and background as England and the Czecho-slovak republic, in mental outlook as the United States and China. It is to the final working code of the League of Nations what the Articles of Confederation were to the Constitution.

Two obstacles stand in the way of its acceptance by the Peace Commission. The first has been set up by the French. They want it strengthened—their adversaries say, somewhat to their own advantage. They still declare, as they have declared all along, that Germany will be for a long time the aggressor, that France is the frontier of the world against her attacks, and that some permanent guaranty should be given that the other nations will hold themselves ready for her defense in case of another assault by Germany. That point will settle itself in time; either it will be compromised or the French will yield.

The other is the Senate of the United States. If the reports which blow to us across the Atlantic be true there is a strong chance that the Senate may refuse to ratify. Part of the opposition is sincere, I suppose, and part of it merely politics. It is against the latter part that I direct these remarks.

On the grounds that we believed in peace we kept out of this war for two years and a half, though most of us were a little uneasy in our consciences. We entered it finally in a spirit of the purest idealism. We were going out as crusaders to conquer that devil nation which worshiped not true gods but the false gods of war. In the minds of half of us was the hope that this sacrifice of ours would mean the end of war—everlasting security to our sons and to the world.

For that our youth volunteered by hundreds of thousands, blithely accepted conscription by millions. For that, without a single compelling law, we sacrificed our daily food. For that we saved and lent and gave royally. No personal hardships, no endurance of pain and danger, was too great for us to face in the war against war. We turned the balance for the civilized nations of Western Europe and put a victorious finish to the great war. We were good soldiers of war, and every American was proud.

Can we be soldiers of peace? Are we willing to put a tenth part of this self-sacrifice, say, or a hundredth part, into making safe our victory? Or will we, because some outsiders want to become insiders, betray the dead of Château-Thierry, Soissons and the Argonne?

Echoes of what Wilson's opponents are saying blow to us across the Atlantic. "It is giving up part of our sovereignty." Surely it is—a little part. There is one place where we are called upon to be soldiers of peace. You cannot enter into any human agreement without giving up a piece of sovereignty. In this case we give but a very small fraction of what every state gave when it entered our union of states.

"America will be in a much stronger position if she keeps out." She will, perhaps. But without the United States, as everyone knows, the League of Nations cannot exist. And without the League of Nations we may keep that very strong position only at the expense of arming to the teeth, and of yielding that moral position which is our present strength among nations.

"It will hamper our growing foreign trade." Perhaps. There is a place where we soldiers of peace may be asked to give a little, as we gave much when we were soldiers of war—but a very little.

"It is an entangling foreign alliance." It is, in fact, the disentanglement of foreign alliances.

"It abolishes the Monroe Doctrine." It is in fact the extension of the Monroe Doctrine to the whole world.

"It can't be done." That is fine Americanism for you! The League of Nations has been read into the peace terms because a single-track, all-daring American mind believed that it could be done and was willing to try. We can do nothing unless we first believe that it can be done—that is elementary Sunday-school stuff.

"It won't work." Perhaps. But of all political movements since the world began this is about the best worth while trying. If it accomplishes nothing else it registers the birth of a world movement to cure the habit of war. And at this moment the political wisdom of twenty nations believes generally that it will work.

In short—are we going to be good soldiers of peace, as we were of war; or are we going to be quitters?

Like a ramble along country roads

USCO Rubber Heels put a pad of springy rubber between you and the unyielding surfaces over which you walk, giving to each step a buoyancy as free and easy as a ramble along country roads.

The lively, long-wearing rubber is a special quality produced by the world's largest rubber manufacturers—a guarantee in itself. And USCO Rubber Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels.

Made in black, white and tan of all kinds and sizes for men, women and children. You can tell the genuine by the name USCO and the U. S. seal.

United States Rubber Company

"Usco"
Rubber Heels
are Good Heels

Quaker Flour

'Twill Be a Revelation

There's a new-grade Flour, Mrs. Housewife, which will change your ideas about Flour.

It is made from the choicest inner part of the wheat — the best 50 per cent of the kernel.

It is milled by modern experts, in new-type mills. It is constantly watched by analyses, and by ceaseless baking tests.

Made to Delight

Most women first buy it because of the brand. They know Quaker cereals, and they love Quaker quality.

Quaker Flour is made to surprise and delight them — to give new prestige to our name.

And it does. It has won a million users already. Five mills are required to supply the demand, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

Let One Sack Tell

Let one sack tell the story. Note its fineness, note its whiteness, see what bread it makes.

See if your grocer has it. If not, ask him to get it. It is worth an effort to discover Flour like this.

Even children, who love Quaker cereals rejoice when they see Quaker Flour

* * * * *

Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour

Here also is a package Flour, self-raising. Made of a special wheat in a special way, for your finest foods. Use it in biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.

For such foods it is better Flour than bread Flour. The leavening mixture is exactly right. And the sealed, round package with a top keeps it ever-fresh.

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat. Just the part of the wheat—the choicest 50 per cent—which we use in Quaker Flour.

It is therefore a rare-grade Farina. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in frittera. — Use in puddings, griddle cakes, waffles, etc.—wherever granulations add delights. Sold in packages only.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio — Cedar Rapids, Iowa — (3886)

Peterborough, Ontario — Sudbury, Ontario — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

The Poets' Corner

The Glory of War

HOOF beat and trumpet blast
And banners in the dawn!
And what of the grain in the fallow field
When the husbandman has gone?

Sword song and battle roar
And the great grim fighting line!
And what of the woman in the door
And the blown grape on the vine?

Drum beat and drapèd flag
And he beneath his shield!
And what of the woman weeping low,
And the dead grain in the field?

—Ira South.

Trouble

I DON'T want to be a hero! Just because I crossed the sea
And trotted with the doughboys at the tough St.-Mihiel spree,
And caught a wandering bullet where the chicken got the ax—
What I'm tellin' you's not fiction, but the plain old solemn facts.

Don't you let the captain kid you into believin' all that stuff:
When we had the Fritzes goin'—and the goin' sure was rough—
How I crawled out on that wheat field after Private Pratt —— Aw, shucks!
Didn't want him blowed to glory while he owed me fifteen bucks!

Now I'm home, strung up with medals, and this hero stuff is pulled
Till I'm dizzy with explainin' how somebody has been gulled;
Sure, I'm proud as heck to wear 'em; but, say, it makes me sob,
For a dinky little slacker stayed at home and got my job!

I'd a place some fellows wanted, but I figured jobs could wait
While we tended to them hellhounds that were barkin' at our gate.
I'd a girl—oh, boy; the cutest!—but I thought she would be true,
With her soldier bound for Berlin with the old Red, White and Blue.

So I hit the trail for Pershing's grand old Army, and the First
Took this rookie on as luggage where the fightin' was the worst;
And at midnight in the trenches, waiting for the dawn to come,
The trench rats' merry patter seemed to echo: "Home! Sweet Home!"

Now I'm askin' you: Are medals and "My hero" bread and meat?
By and by they'll say: "There's Sergeant Jenkins goin' down the street;
Such a pity war has spoiled him; and he's gettin' seedy." . . . See?
That's the line of talk they'll hand you without once consultin' me.

"There'll be jobs for everybody after a while," they say—those chaps.
If a fellow keeps from starvin' in the meantime, well—perhaps.
But a job's my lightest worry in this poor old troubled worl',
For the same dinky little slacker got my job—and got my girl!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Wild Heart

I KNOW those Aprils passed as youth's day passes;
Sunlight and shadow, shower and sun again;
With myriad whispers in the waving grasses,
With wild sweet echoes in the gusty rain;
With blue deeps on the mountain in the high light,
With little runes that tell where roses are;
With weary wings of birds flown home at twilight
From lands beyond the farthest southern star.

Each year the dear things youth has just for loving
Came winging back as swallows to their nests;
Each year, it seemed, a little brighter proving
The brilliant russet on the robins' breasts.
Though winter whipped the world with bitter lashes
And sowed the earth with frozen death, I knew
As flame glows warm beneath the gray cold ashes
The spring would come again and bring me—you.

What need to grasp at youth with dolorous pleasure?
For life, in passing, takes too bitter toll;
In every year days dipped a deeper measure,
With poignant beauty for the eye and soul;
Are not all Aprils flecked with sun? Why treasure
The spring's young flowers in urns to hold them dear?
As Aprils come, keep with the glad earth leisure,
Nor hoard some faded flower from year to year!

Why hold the old love dearer than the newer
When lovers come as birds come in the spring?
Who said the old was fonder, aye, or truer?
Shall youth be bound so soon with book and ring?
"Some day," you'd say, "your Aprils may be changing,
Maybe your lovers—lives and lovers part."
I smiled to think your heart would go a-ranging,
So surely was it mine—your wild, wild heart!

And so came April of that year with nesting
Of happy birds and drone of bees and sweet
Wild winds a-wander on some joyous questing,
And yet the days seemed all too incomplete;
Oh, the waiting in the dusk, the foolish child heart!
And the calling to you through the twilight's rain—
But you'd gone from out my life that April, Wild Heart,
And you never came again.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Our Heroes

WHEN Colonel Weathersbee returned from serving over there
You might have thought that he had earned a golden Croix de Guerre.
A banquet every other night to fix the colonel's fame—
He had no part in any fight, but he was not to blame;
His job was purchasing the hay on which the mules were fed,
And thus he helped in his own way to fill the Hun with dread.
How proud we were to listen while he told his thrilling story;
He did it in heroic style and crowned himself with glory.

When Private Greene came back he brought
A sleeve he didn't use;
And no alert reporters sought
Him out for interviews;
No banquet was arranged for Greene;
They let him go his way.
For who cares what he may have seen
Or what he has to say?

When Major Arbuthnot came home we cheered him, old and young;
The local paper had a "pome" in which his praise was sung;
We hung up all the flags in town and packed the biggest hall
To hear how he had won renown and caused the Kaiser's fall.
The major had a major part in helping Pershing through;
He bought the tinware from the start, and sorted letters too;
A tower of strength indeed he was; among the heroes list him;
We gave him thunderous applause and thirty ladies kissed him.

Last week when Sergeant Tommy Glenn
Came limping back from France
He got a handshake now and then—
Perhaps a friendly glance;
But that was all! Who cares a rap
What he did overseas?
He wears no eagle on his cap,
And his are cloth puttees.

—S. E. Kiser.

屋蓋已知其寶貴中國日一物遠東人久
本重要樓宇皆用此二物遠東人久
等耐用物質為屋蓋

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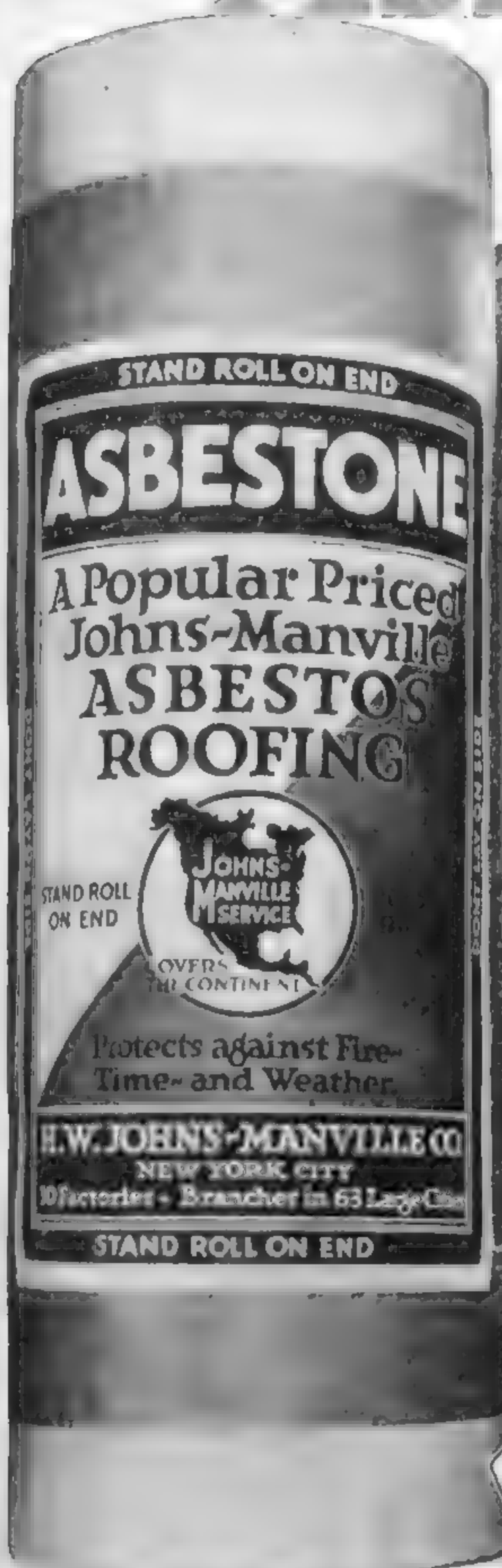

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SIMONETTA

(Continued from Page 17)

fourteenth century. Heads is yours, the flower mine. If it falls heads you pay me fifty thousand lire on one condition."

"What is the condition?"

"That you do not pay it all at once, but five thousand lire at a time as I may need it. In the event of my death before the payments are completed you may if you wish give the money to the poor. I shall try my best not to die for years and years."

Thurston was certain that the coin would show heads and also that the old man would find need for several payments every month. It was all unnecessary, since he wanted the portrait and was willing to pay for it.

"But if it falls flower," the old man continued, "then you will pay me twenty-five thousand lire, also on one condition."

"To wit?"

"That if I should miss Simonetta to the point of illness you would bring her to this house for a few days in case I were too feeble to visit her at your house. At my expense, understood."

America was a long way off, and at the old man's age anything might prove fatal. It was not such a bad risk, so Thurston answered: "I accept the condition."

"Here is the florin. It may be Sandro received this with others from Lorenzo de' Medici, nephew of the Magnificent, in payment for one of the paintings which you have so often admired at our galleries. Signore, be brave with your dollars, as is the habit of your nation. Payment is to begin only after the portrait is safely out of Italy; or whenever it is convenient for you to pay for it. Only do not take it away until I say take it. The good-by may require weeks, for I, too, love it. She has talked to me every day these many years, signore."

He turned his eyes from the portrait to Thurston and must have seen distrust on the American's face, for he finished very quietly: "Of course you are at liberty to mark this and make sure you do not receive a copy at the last moment."

"I thought no such thing," said Thurston with a frown.

"It is a natural suspicion in one who being very young and therefore very wise cannot understand the folly of one who is very old and therefore very foolish."

"However natural you may find the suspicion, I did not entertain it."

"No? Then you are even wiser than your years," retorted the old man tranquilly.

He turned toward the portrait and addressed it:

"Simonetta, choose now between the old lover and the new. After many years must I lose thee? Turn thou the coin in the air, for a token! Make it the flower, O Flower of Florence!"

He flung the coin in the air. It fell on the table.

"Which is it?" he asked Thurston.

"I prefer that you see it first," said Thurston, sure it would be heads, or ten thousand dollars.

Vespe looked.

"The flower! The flower!" he cried exultantly. His joy at selling the painting for five thousand dollars instead of ten thousand dollars—with always the possibility of its being a genuine Botticelli worth fifty thousand dollars—struck Thurston as so completely upsetting his suspicions that he laughed.

"You laugh?" asked Vespe with a quick frown.

"I am wondering whether I have won or lost. I laughed at the indecisiveness of my knowledge."

"I cannot help you, not being able to read your heart, signore. At all events, I pray you will not take her away for a few days. I never thought my Simonetta would leave me. Therefore though she has talked to me of many things she has never spoken of her absence from yonder spot on the wall. How long has she dwelt in this house? How long?"

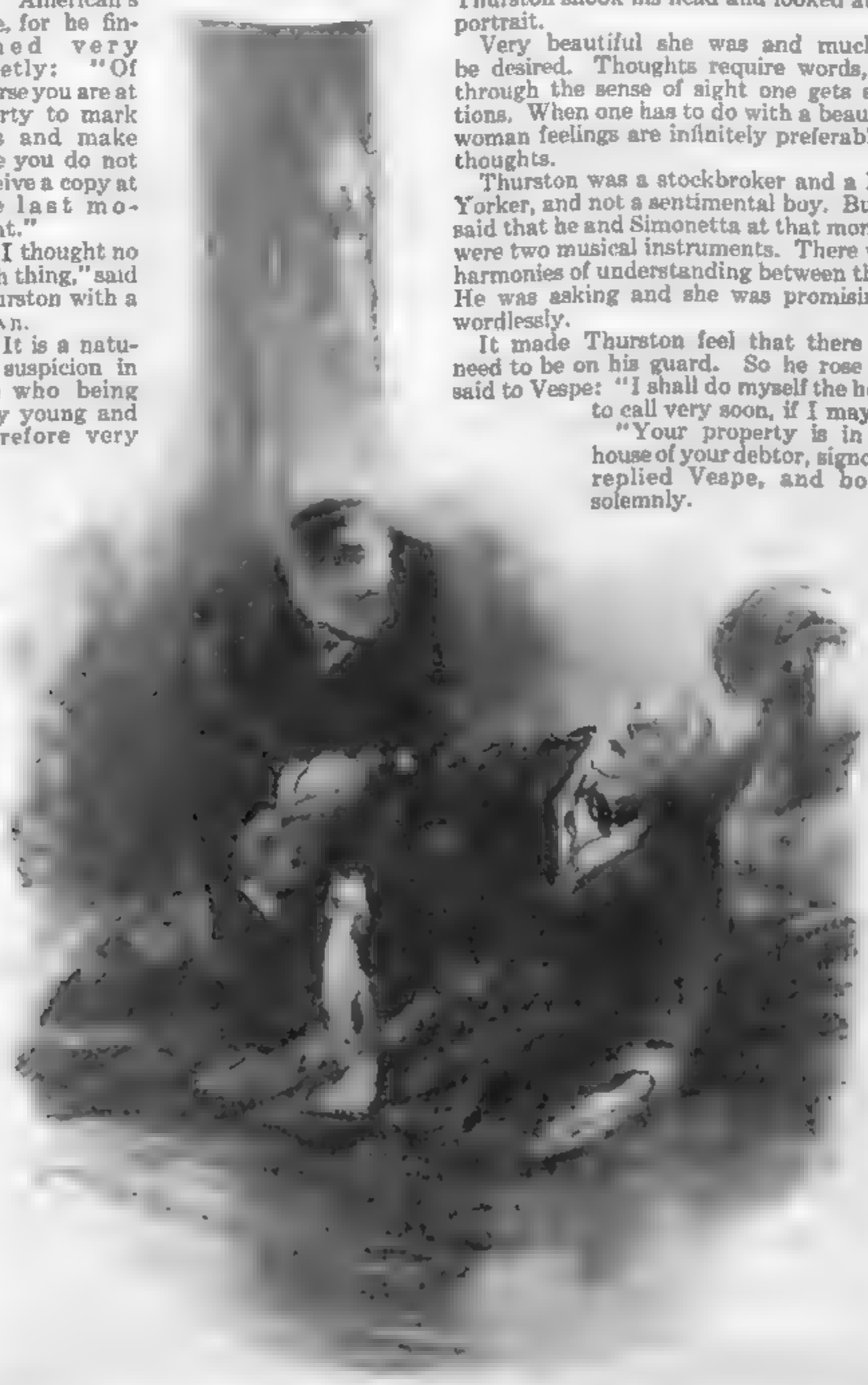
Vespe looked inquiringly at his visitor. Thurston shook his head and looked at the portrait.

Very beautiful she was and much to be desired. Thoughts require words, but through the sense of sight one gets emotions. When one has to do with a beautiful woman feelings are infinitely preferable to thoughts.

Thurston was a stockbroker and a New Yorker, and not a sentimental boy. But he said that he and Simonetta at that moment were two musical instruments. There were harmonies of understanding between them. He was asking and she was promising—wordlessly.

It made Thurston feel that there was need to be on his guard. So he rose and said to Vespe: "I shall do myself the honor to call very soon, if I may."

"Your property is in the house of your debtor, signore," replied Vespe, and bowed solemnly.



Thurston Knelt Beside Old Vespe and Poured Some of the Liquor Down His Throat

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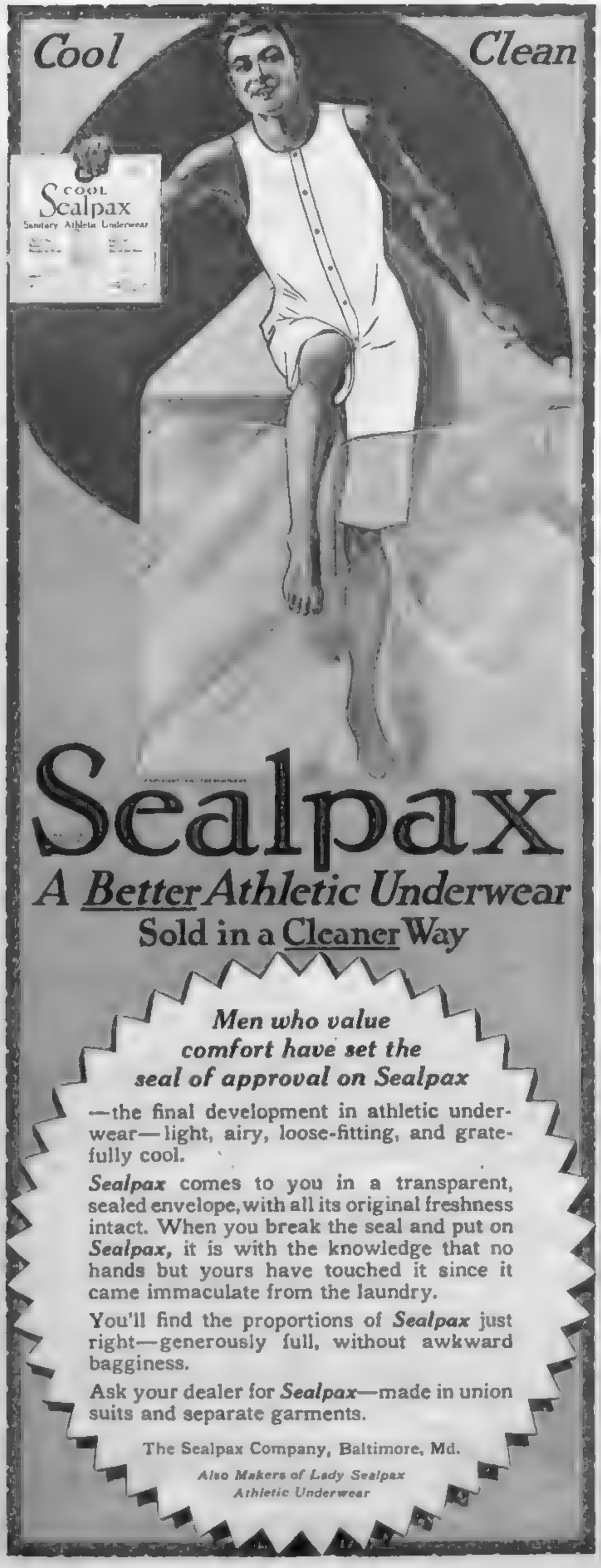
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Geoffrey Thurston, escorted to the street door by the master of the house, left without seeing the old servant, as he had hoped.

■

ONCE out of the medieval atmosphere of that old Florentine house Thurston was able to think more like a twentieth-century stockbroker. He knew a great deal about old paintings, and he knew that he knew. But he knew also how much there is to be known and how much experience can supplement appreciation. That the portrait was a remarkable piece of work was not to be denied. That five thousand dollars was too much for a fake was also true. That it was too little for a Botticelli was equally obvious. That old Vespe might be a dealer was not impossible. That it was difficult to reconcile some of Vespe's actions with a dealer's maneuvers was also true. Why his obviously sincere joy over receiving five thousand dollars instead of ten thousand?

Who and what was Vespe? He had spoken interestingly about Botticelli, but not as an expert; rather as a man of culture, as a lover who had found what he most loved in Filipepi.

He told a cabman to drive him to the Uffizi. He sent in his card to Professor Volterra, the greatest expert on Italian paintings since Morelli.

The professor himself came out of his office to meet his caller. He was a tall thin man with a sharp nose, sharp chin and particularly sharp brown eyes. He had a forehead that showed two incipient knobs just where the hair began. If his eyebrows had slanted upward the knobs would have seemed the beginnings of Mephistophelian horns. His hair was white and his clothes were not only old-fashioned but rather shabby. In the buttonhole of his lapel he had the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Thurston, who had done all his thinking while waiting for the professor, asked in Italian: "Have I the honor to address the eminent Carlo Volterra?"

The great expert bowed, looked keenly at Thurston and evidently saw both money and brains, for he bowed again as to a different man.

Thurston returned the bows with one of profound respect, and looking him straight in the eyes said impressively: "I have come from New York to pay my respects to the world-famous expert on Tuscan paintings of the Renaissance, to the distinguished author of the Life of Giotto. To possess knowledge is rare; but the power to impart it to less privileged minds is the attribute of genius!"

Volterra said: "You are more than kind." But one could see that he did not agree with his own assertion.

"I am from America. Would you mind shaking hands with me?" Thurston spoke with the requisite timidity.

The biographer of Giotto did so and assured him: "It gives me great pleasure. Will you not come into my poor office?"

"Your time belongs to the world that waits for your books, not to admiring tourists," said Thurston, respectfully following the professor.

"I pray you to have that chair. Ah—er—will you remain long in Florence, signore?"

"I think so. Of course I have been in Italy before."

"That is quite obvious from your perfect speech."

"Professor Volterra, I should like to ask you a few questions."

"If your pleasure in asking them will equal mine in answering them I shall be doubly happy, Signor—er —— Your name is pronounced?"

"Thurston."

"Ah, yes," said Volterra, not pronouncing it. He looked inquiringly at the owner of the name.

"Do you happen to know a man named Vespe?" asked Thurston.

"Giovanni Vespe?"

"Yes."

"Yes; I know him."

"He may be a friend of yours—I do not wish to offend, but—er—does he know much about paintings?" Thurston's voice was most respectful.

"He has made a specialty of the technic of the later quattrocentists," confessed Volterra.

"Is he competent to pass on the authenticity of their work?"

The only really competent person in the world smiled good-naturedly and replied: "He has all the defects of the specialist in general, and in particular of the specialist in technic. But—well, I admit he has found some very good paintings."

"Attributed by him to masters?"

"He has always given intelligent reasons for his attributions," reluctantly admitted Volterra. "In some instances we have accepted his opinions. I may as well tell you—in confidence ——"

He looked intently at Thurston, who looked back unblinkingly and murmured: "It is understood."

"We are not on good terms because we have refused to change our views of some of the attributions in this gallery to conform with his own. We merely say we think. But Vespe always says he knows."

"Ah!"

Thurston looked as if he understood several things, whereupon Volterra frowned and asked: "You consider this important?"

"Rather. You see, he has ——"

"Have you seen it?" interrupted Volterra.

"No."

"Ah! He merely told you that he had it!" And Volterra nodded with what seemed to be half smile, half sneer.

"Yes. He says he has a Madonna and Child by Botticelli beside which the Magnificat is pale and unimportant."

Volterra ceased to sneer and looked thoughtful. Then: "It is difficult to be an expert on eccentricities, signore. I have heard of this picture, and I know that Vespe has had many opportunities to sell it to foolish Amer—to rich foreigners. But so far as I can learn he has refused to show it to anyone. You know, it is against the law to allow a masterwork to leave Italy."

"I should like to ask you whether it is established beyond doubt that Botticelli painted the portrait of Simonetta Vespucci on an order from one of the Medici?"

"Of course he painted her portrait as Pallas on the banner that Giuliano de' Medici carried in the tournament given in her honor. There were undoubtedly other studies, possibly a finished portrait. But what if he did? It is gone."

Professor Volterra shrugged his shoulders to indicate the needlessness of further speech.

It nettled Thurston so that he blurted: "What would you say if I told you I had found it?"

Volterra looked sharply at the American. Then he said, much too politely: "Signore, I should say that you are to be congratulated. Is it in Florence?"

His voice warned Thurston. He answered quickly: "No; it is not in Italy at all. I found it in Triest."

"If you will tell me what you paid for it I will tell you whether it is authentic or not."

"Has the price anything to do with the authenticity?"

"Beyond peradventure. If you paid ten lire for it it may be genuine. If you paid ten thousand it certainly is not. If you paid more you are a very rich and hopeful man."

Volterra's voice was a masterpiece of refined irony, but Thurston was too concerned with his own doubts to admire delicate shades of unbelief.

He said: "I hope to hear your opinion of my portrait of Simonetta."

"It may be a variant of the profile in the Pitti, by a pupil. Or it may not be a quattrocentist panel at all, but a much later work."

Thurston smiled at the professor's hopeful pessimism and said: "It is in Triest."

"I am much occupied, signore. If you could bring it here it would be much better for me."

"Yes—and for the gallery; but not for me. Don't misunderstand me," went on Thurston, seeing a haughty frown on the expert's brow. "If I brought it here and you told me it was by Botticelli I could not take it away. I have spent many happy hours in this gallery. It is here that a great portrait by Filipepi should hang. No, Professor Volterra; it is Triest or nowhere."

"This mania for attributions, which denotes ——"

"Pardon me, sir, I do not seek a certificate of authenticity. I merely wished the verbal expression of your opinion. I do not need to be told that I have discovered a very remarkable work."

"Yes?"

It was the way he said it that made Thurston use the brutal frankness of barbarous Americans. "I will pay one thousand lire and all your traveling expenses

(Continued on Page 145)

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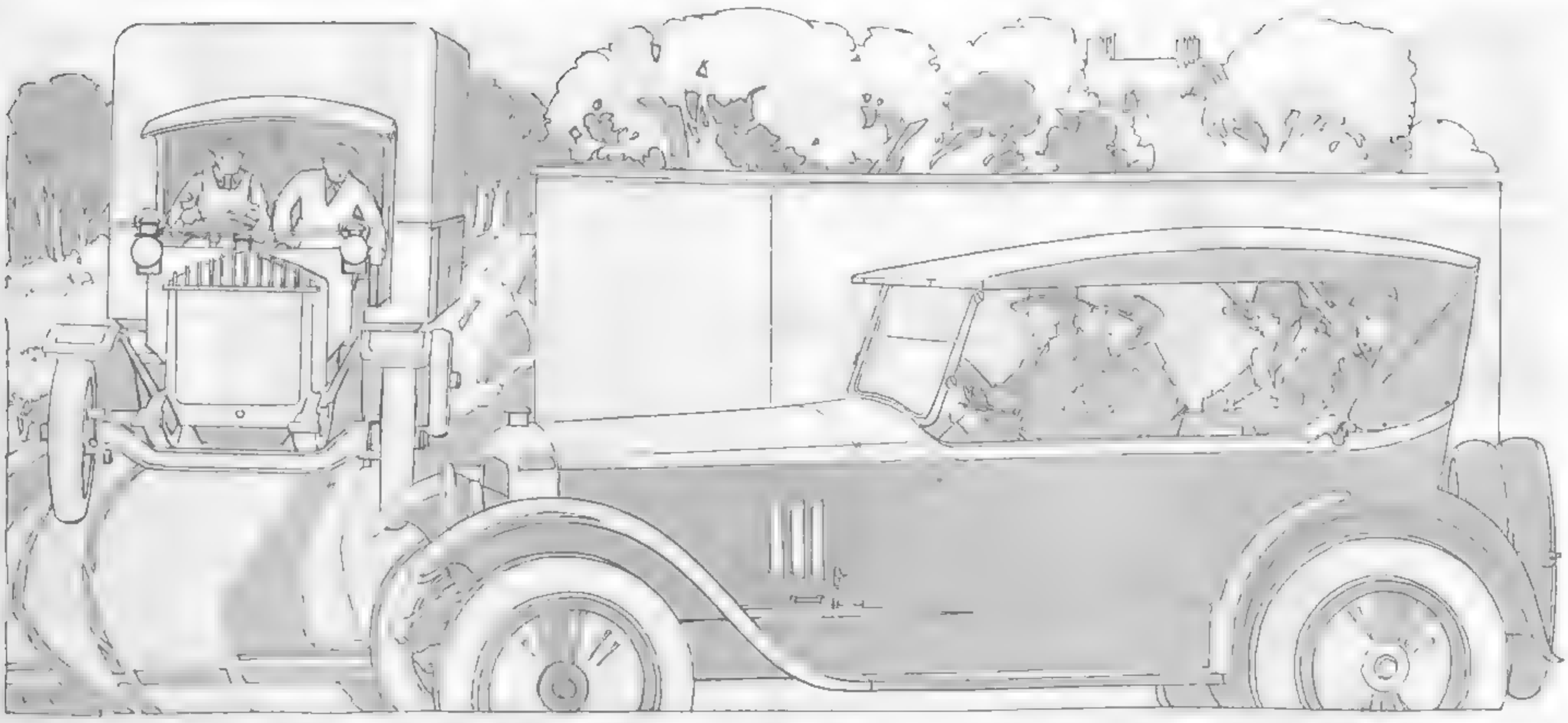

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(Continued from Page 142)

first-class if you will accompany me to Triest and express an opinion of the painting. I can pay the fee in advance if you wish. I shall not be ready to leave Florence for a few days."

"I am naturally most anxious to see your panel. But I have no hopes. The chances are ten million to one against your finding such a treasure."

"There may be a scientific foundation for your mathematical pessimism, but Lemmi found the Villa Tornabuoni frescoes," retorted Thurston coldly.

"Ah, that was different. We had not searched so assiduously then. Are you a dealer or a gentle—er—a collector?"

"My father collected for his own pleasure, to the detriment of my patrimony," answered Thurston amiably. "He secured some very good Flemish primitives. I own them now. Personally I prefer your painters of the Renaissance. And Sandro best of all."

"The attraction of opposites," murmured Volterra with the air of settling a controversy.

Thurston rose.

"I am very grateful for your kindness to-day. I expected it of the biographer of Giotto."

Volterra bowed. Then he said flatteringly: "You do not speak like an American of the north."

"If you will honor my obscure name by remembering it for one week I shall let you know when I am ready to return to Triest. After you have seen my panel"—Thurston paused, then he finished with conviction—"I shall know what to think."

"And all for one thousand lire." And Professor Volterra smiled maliciously.

"Not at all!" rebuked Thurston with dignity. "Because Carlo Volterra said yes."

"Or no." The negative seemed more probable, from Volterra's look.

"In either case I shall smile because of the ending of doubts."

"And hopes," Volterra added, being a true art expert besides the director of a museum that ought to have all the Botticellis in the world.

"Not hopes, for I have none." Thurston spoke quietly. "But uncertainty. Yours is the last word."

Volterra, being human, said, not unkindly, "We shall see."

Thurston bowed himself out.

He was pleased with his plan to get the panel out of the jurisdiction of the Italian authorities and then to have Volterra see it. Later other experts would be consulted.

The Great Expert Bowed, Looked Keenly at Thurston and Evidently Saw Both Money and Brains

Presently it occurred to him that it was all unnecessary, since he was not betting on the authenticity of the portrait but merely paying a not very extravagant price for something he wanted. Of course if it proved to be a Botticelli he would be compelled to accept the genuineness of Vespe's friendliness.

In any event the panel, artistically, was worth in dollars whatever a lover of good work could afford to pay. For it was that rarest of things—a picture one could live with, a companion who ceaselessly took and gave love.

He reached the hotel, sat down in an armchair in his room and began to think about the portrait. He did it deliberately, as one sits down to read a fascinating book or to listen to exquisite music.

Visual memory is untrained in most people. When Thurston closed his eyes he merely remembered that the portrait had roused most curious emotions within him. All great portraits, of course, are overwhelmingly autobiographical. But this portrait of Simonetta did what only two other portraits in the world had done for Thurston: It asked him questions! Thurston had carried on with it the kind of conversations one carries on with the ocean on those rare occasions when the sea, after having made one listen, makes one talk. He knew, of course, that it was not alone to a great portrait that he had spoken but to a wonderful woman. It had made him wish; and even more, it had made him wish to wish. A portrait that could do that was a portrait to own.

"Here I am," he told himself, "the same as I have always been, only that there is no longer a silence. I certainly am crazy, yet I am most unmistakably sane—even exceptionally sane. Now, how does that happen?"

He gave up trying to answer himself because someone knocked at his door.

He opened it and saw the face of Antonio, one of the hotel's boys, whose business consisted of smiling gratefully in advance whenever he beheld the princely American approach.

"Signore"—Antonio was obviously perturbed—"signore, a man wished to come up to see you, but I would not permit him."

"Who is he?"

"*Ecco!* Who is he? And what is he? He told me he wished to see the most generous Inglese, and I said: 'Ah, that is the Excellency in forty-one!'"

He smiled his smile of premature gratitude. Thurston put his hand in his pocket, found one, and gave it to him.

"Ah, signore, so many thanks! To prove it I described you and your hat, Excellency. And he said ——" Antonio shook his head and looked worried.

"What did he say? Repeat exactly."

"He said: 'That is he; I would see him.' And I asked: 'Who would see him?' For I did not think he had affairs with the Excellency. And he said: 'Tell him the man who is after the other nine fingers has come for them.'"

"Bring him to me." And as the boy hesitated Thurston said sharply: "At once!"

"Suddenly, Excellency!" And Antonio ran down the hall.

He returned presently, preceding Vespe's old manservant, now dressed in shabby black clothes much too large for him. He halted at the threshold and began to bow.

He kept it up until Thurston, perceiving that Antonio lingered, his eyes ready to jump out of their sockets from curiosity, said solemnly: "Hunter of fingers, enter!"

The old man entered. Thurston pointed a rigid digit at Antonio and said sternly: "Instantly close the door and go downstairs. If I should ring come quickly. There will be a reward."

He turned to Vespe's servant and asked impatiently: "Well? Well?"

"Signore, Excellency—I am here." The old man gazed about him apprehensively.

"I know. You have come after the riches I promised you. Speak!"

"You asked me about the signorina."

The old fellow stopped and again looked about him as though he expected a volley of poisoned darts from the figures on the wall paper. Thurston's heart skipped a beat in pleasurable anticipation.

But he said calmly, as though he knew all: "Simonetta?"

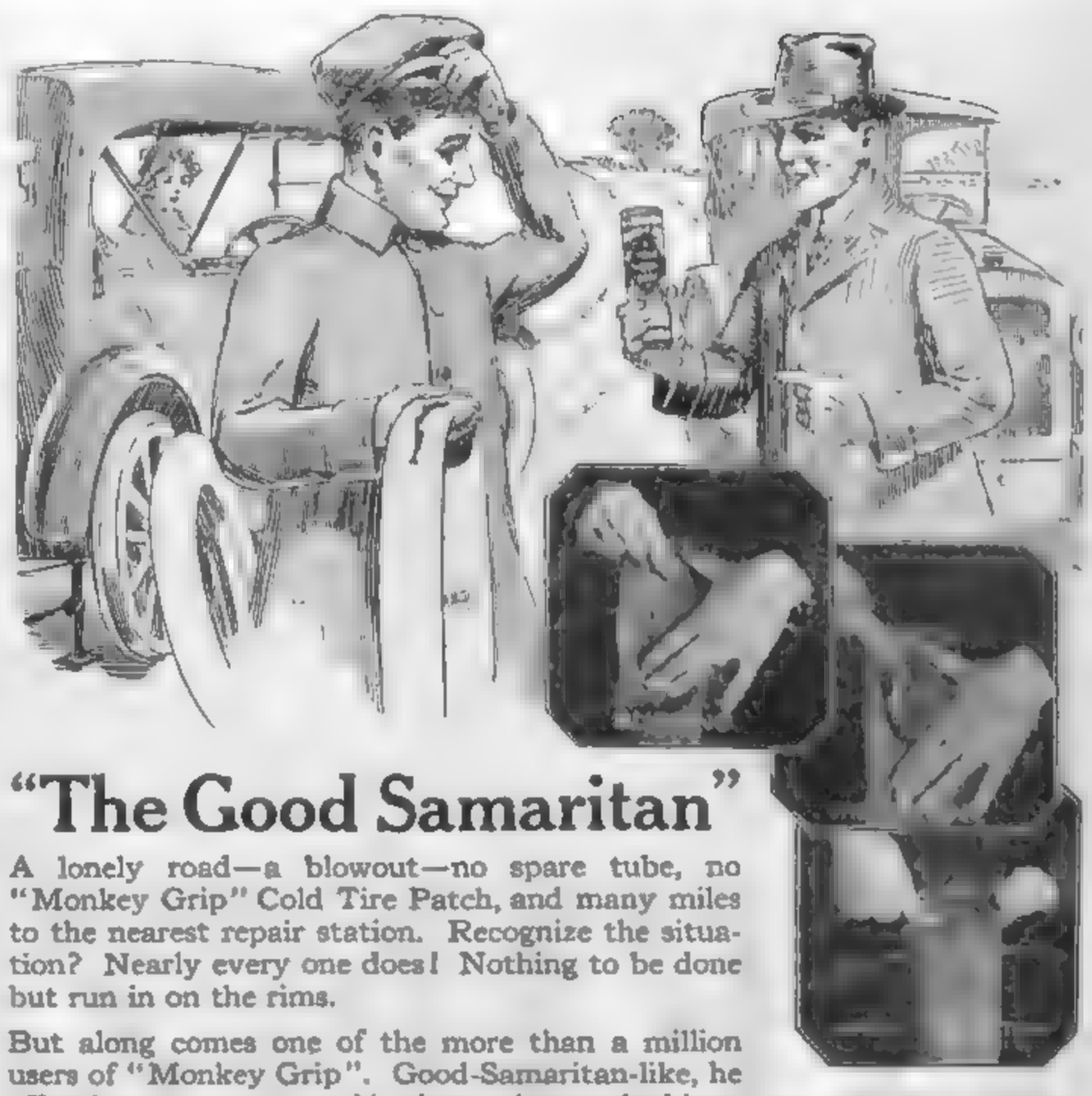
The old servant nodded—and looked both frightened and guilty.

Thurston drew in a deep breath and said with decision: "I must speak to her."

"It cannot be."

"Nine fingers!"

"Signore! Signore!' The old man's voice was so full of anguish that Thurston could not tell whether the servant was



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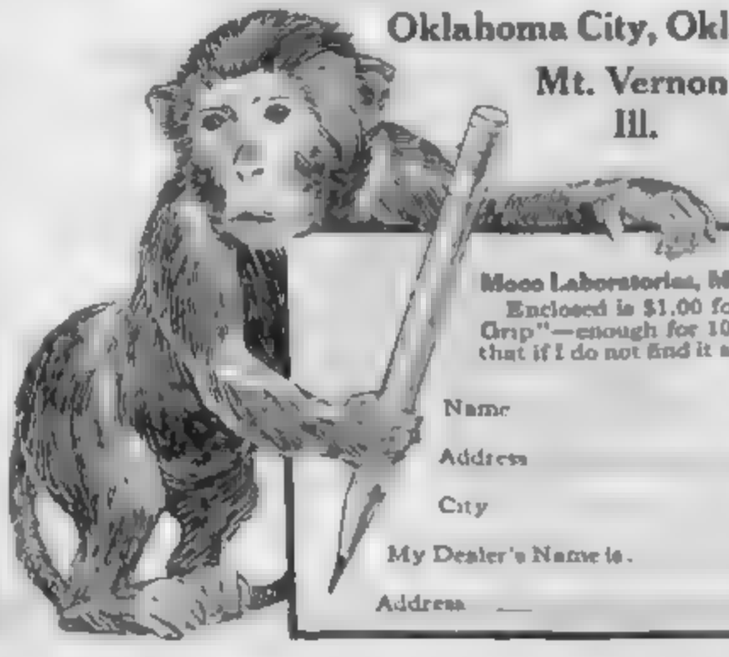

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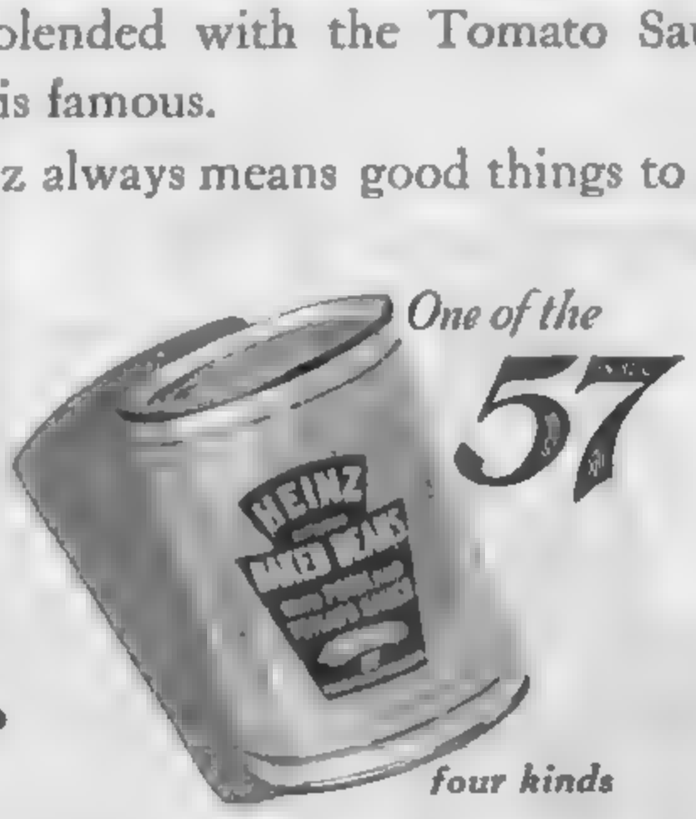

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four kinds

Vinegar
Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
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addressing him or the Most High. "How can you speak to her when she sees no one? Only at night and always in black does she go forth."

His face was contorted with agony. His eyes were beholding the precipitate departure of all the one-hundred-lire fingers.

"In black?" Thurston's voice shook slightly.

"And at night only."

"But in the day?" persisted Thurston.

"In the pavilion in the garden. Then, back to her room—till the night falls."

"And she is happy?"

"She is young and she does not weep. But then, neither does a bird weep in its cage, dying of homesickness." And the old man shrugged his shoulders.

"At night, then, must I see her."

Thurston merely thought aloud, but the old man said quickly: "At no time, Excellency!" Then he explained hastily: "In the day it is impossible, he being there. At night her old nurse does not leave her side."

"She spoke to me last night—alone," asserted Thurston, thrilling at the recollection.

"Mariuccia?"

"No."

"The signorina?"

"Yes."

"She—spoke—to—you?" The old man shook his head, incredulously, three times after each word.

"Yes! To me! She is very kind."

"A heart of gold!" assented the old man.

"You love her?"

"Can I help it?"

"You would obey her commands, whatever they might be?" asked Thurston in his bribing voice.

"If they concerned my life, yes. If they concerned her father's honor, no, even though ——" The old man paused.

"Even though what?"

"It is that when she is angry she stabs with words of forgiveness made twice as painful for being said so kindly. Ah, her voice!"

"Yes! Her voice!" echoed Thurston, passionately longing to hear it again.

"Signore, she is a thrush, a linnet, a finch—the throat of all the birds that sing used for talking purposes. It is as if we who proudly use silver for rings dared to be haughty before one whose shoes are fashioned each of a single diamond!"

Thurston took a handful of silver from his pocket and gave it to him.

"For being a poet! It has nothing to do with the nine fingers."

"No, signore?"

"No. They remain on my person since I cannot see the signorina.

"When you say see do you mean speak?"

"And listen."

"But Mariuccia, who suckled her, will let no man approach." The old man's voice dripped hopelessness.

"Why not?" And Thurston frowned pugnaciously.

"The sting of the wasp!" It was a pun on his master's name.

"Does she—not love the signorina?"

"Assuredly; but she loves herself more."

"And these, your words, are as if one said what?" Thurston spoke impatiently.

"That she fears the master, and though she loves the signorina most tenderly she loves herself still more. He has a head, Excellency! Ah!" The old man reluctantly admitted it, in order to explain their fear of old Vespe.

"Speak. Do you imagine I am a magician?" Thurston spoke impatiently.

"That is it, signore! The master read her future life in the Black Book which has the pictures of demons. He showed Mariuccia plainly that on the day her foster daughter, the signorina, loved a man, that very day Mariuccia would die of a ball of fire in her intestines. For all that she is so old that she must hear voices in the night telling her to make haste and join them Mariuccia refuses to die. So she keeps always beside her a pitcher of fresh water—for the fire—and permits the signorina to see no man except her confessor."

"And Mariuccia believes?"

"He showed her the picture! A most frightful death!"

Thurston smiled. The old man said with conviction: "It was in the Black Book."

"That book," said Thurston slowly, doing what he would not have believed he could have done, "is less certain than mine. Mine has the wisdom of eternity, so that it can be read only on the Night of Nights by the light of the Seven Candles of Solomon. In one page are four lives—yours and mine, the signorina's and Mariuccia's, even as the elements are four—fire, water, earth and air. It is for you to do my bidding or die—of nothing! One day, of a sudden, the breath stops! It is in the Book, written many thousands of years ago, before there was one house in Florence."

The old man crossed himself quickly and then looked at the American with such malevolent sullenness that Thurston raised a warning finger and said sternly:

"Take hatred and suspicion and black sin from your heart! In their place put a prayer of thanks because as a reward for your loyalty to me the hour of your death shall be made more distant and your days filled with comfort. Pray and give thanks, old one. Who are you to ask me questions with your eyes?"

"Signore, I ——"

"Enough! You will carry a message from me to the signorina."

"A message?" echoed the old man from the verge of a negative.

"Must an evil eye look upon you so that the hound of ill luck will bite your heels twenty-four times in twenty-four hours? Listen and obey! Say to the signorina that the foreigner to whom she spoke last night, who came from across the salt seas to work the miracle, will do what she counseled him not to do, and withal will not do it. He will buy and not buy, give and not give, take and not take! To-morrow night the foreigner must speak with"—a great flash made him see a name and he pronounced it solemnly—"Mariuccia!"

"Mariuccia?" repeated the old man.

"Aye! You will give my message to the signorina. Then you will tell Mariuccia that the man from the Highest Mountain has come to give her that for which she has prayed so long! Your master leaves the house when?"

"At eight."

"At eight-thirty I shall call for Mariuccia."

When he told me this part of the story Thurston declared that he did not know why he had said all that. He knew nothing of the patter of fortune tellers, nothing of Tuscan superstitions; but he had a feeling that he was repeating words that he had heard, though he could not remember ever having heard them. Also that though he knew Italian pretty well and had read and spoken it for years he never had spoken it so fluently, so intimately as he did before the old servant.

"What is your name?"

"Tommasselli, Francesco."

"Go, now. I have my poor to make glad to-night—even as you will yet rejoice of my coming. Do not forget my messages."

"Forget? I could not if I would!" answered Francesco, thinking of the fortune to come. "Good rest, Excellency."

"Obey—and be rich!"

Francesco backed out of the room, bobbing his head like one of those balanced papier-mâché heads that will bob for an hour at the merest push.

VI

THURSTON spent the next day chiefly in wondering whether Vespe's daughter would resemble the portrait. Simonetta Vespucci and Simonetta Vespe! There was something theatrically premeditated about the coincidence that affected him disagreeably, like something dishonest. But that would vanish if Simonetta Vespe in broad daylight had the portrait's power to rouse pleasurably disturbing sensations, like the sight of the ocean.

The hours dragged so slowly that in the afternoon he found himself before the door of the house in the Via di Pinti.

Francesco opened the door.

"Have you arranged it for to-night?" asked Thurston quickly.

"Mariuccia will see you. I knew I could make her. But you must make her take you to the signorina," whispered Francesco. Then aloud: "You wish to see someone, signore?"

"Your master."

"You will excuse me, signore; he is not to be disturbed."

"Tell him I am here."

"Signore ——"

"He told me I might come at any time to see the painting in the salon."

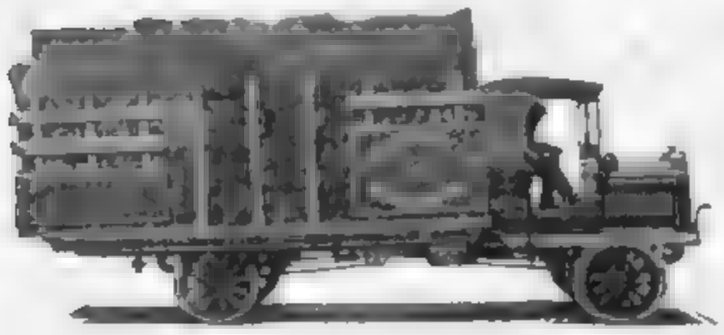
"I pray you to wait, signore." And Francesco hastened away, to return presently. "Excuse me, signore! The master sends his compliments and will come quickly.

(Continued on Page 149)

DUPLEX FOUR WHEEL DRIVE TRUCK

Positive Proof of Cheaper Hauling

We are hauling lumber at $1.35 per thousand, with a 3½-ton Duplex 4-Wheel Drive Truck, on our 12½ mile haul at Hazlehurst, Miss. With a semi-trailer, we can cut our cost to $1 or less per thousand. For this same haul with mules, it costs from $3.25 to $4.50. With the truck we save $2.25 to $2.50 per thousand.—Julius A. Carroll Lumber Company, Brookhaven, Miss.



WE cannot make merely fanciful claims for Duplex 4-wheel-drive trucks. Our every assertion of superiority must be backed by unquestionable proof.

When we tell you, therefore, that Duplex ton-miles *do* average from 20 to 60 per cent less, we are simply reiterating the statements of Duplex users.

The Duplex has repeatedly won out in direct competition with horses, mules, and other trucks, solely because of its extraordinary savings.

If you regard your haulage problem not as a question of vehicles, but as a matter of dollars and cents and performance, the Duplex makes most positive claims.

Whatever it hauls and wherever it goes, the Duplex goes *more* cheaply—and gets through.

Four driving wheels, instead of two, use *all* the power. No gasoline is wasted in idly spinning wheels.

Power actually multiplied four times by Duplex construction means continuous haulage where teams would stall.

As long as one wheel of the Duplex has solid traction, it will pull its capacity load.

But principally, this four-fold Duplex pulling power means astonishing savings in operating costs.

Power to all four wheels equalizes driving strains, and reduces breakages and overhauling to almost nothing. Extra-wide or dual tread tires are not needed on the rear wheels, cutting tire costs an average of 30 per cent.

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These savings are the same in the city or in the country—on paved streets or almost impassable roads.

Our figures are from companies which value a truck by its ton-mile economy. They are based on Duplex costs in comparison with other trucks, and with horses and mules.

The proved economies of eleven years entitle the Duplex to the personal study of every man with a haulage problem.

We ask you to learn for yourself how the Duplex 3½-ton truck can save 20 to 60 per cent of your ton-mile costs.

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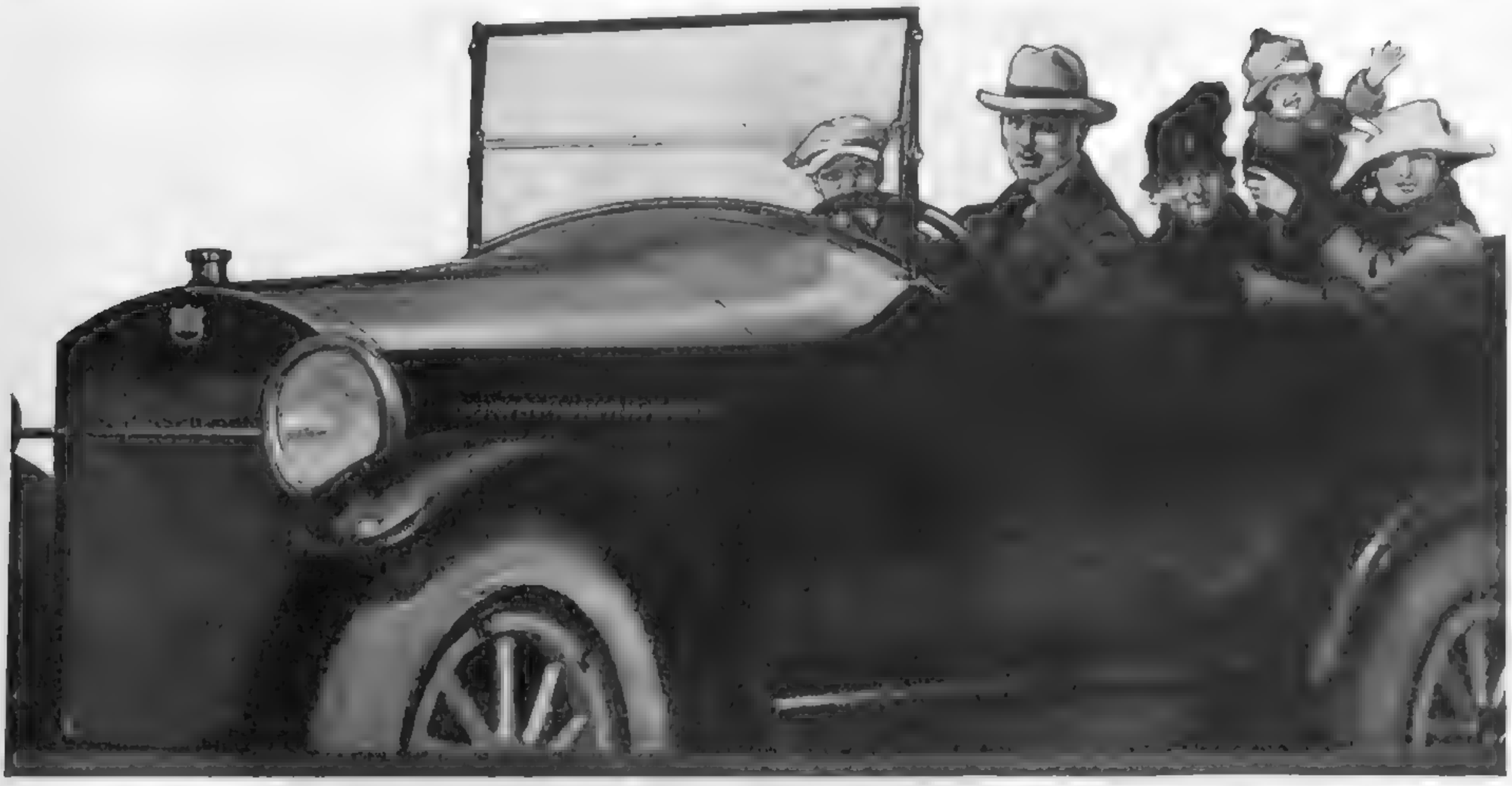

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The start itself is free from the usual distressing roughness and delay. It gets into action instantly.

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The difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives is a distinct, a definite and a tangible thing.

Owners constantly comment in their wonderfully kind letters on this difference and on the car's enduring goodness.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 146)

Meantime I pray you to have the kindness to follow me."

Thurston followed the old servant into the room, sat down in one of the gorgeous sixteenth-century walnut armchairs facing the portrait, leaned back and looked at Simonetta. She was young and beautiful. The brow was low and broad and smooth—the brow a girl must have whose thoughts are moonbeam thoughts rather than golden philosophies.

About her lips played the premonitory dawn radiances of a smile. Beside it the Mona Lisa's became a prolonged and exasperating smirk. By the color of her lips one knew that her beauty was immortal. Four hundred years had merely faded slightly their flower red instead of turning it into a death yellow.

To Thurston the smile-about-to-be distinctly said: "I waited so long! So long!"

He too had waited—in the dark; and now it seemed to him that his soul was flooded with the light the dead do their seeing by!—a curious conceit that did not seem curious to Geoffrey Thurston, stockbroker, of New York, on May twenty-seventh, in the year of our Lord 1910, or four hundred and thirty-four years after the death of Simonetta Vespucci, whose portrait Giuliano de' Medici had ordered Messer Sandro Botticelli to paint for the greater glory of his love.

The original was not there to kiss with his lips, but the portrait was—to kiss with his eyes. That was the obvious thing for a stockbroker to do who had made money in Wall Street by not having the kind of thoughts that this picture made him so glad to have. After all, it was the portrait he wanted. The Signorina Vespe might resemble La Bella Simonetta—provided the Signorina Vespe proved to be the woman in black.

"Signore, I beseech your forgiveness," said Vespe, coming into the room.

Thurston rose and said: "I fear I have disturbed you. But I wished to take another look at the portrait ——"

"Your portrait," corrected Vespe with a smile.

"I wish I could feel that it was. A remarkable piece of work! I am now inclined to disbelieve that it is by Botticelli."

"Pray why?"—with a quick frown.

"It is a more virile, more vital, more clairvoyant painting than I find in any of the other Botticellis. I believe it is one of the six great portraits of the world."

"And which may the five other great portraits be, signore?" asked Vespe with a sort of ironically expectant smile.

"Innocent X, by Velasquez; Christine of Denmark, by Holbein; Elizabeth Bas, by Rembrandt; the Duke of Norfolk, by Titian; and M. Bertin, by Ingres. This of Simonetta ought to be in one of the great galleries."

"You really think so?" Vespe's eyes were shining.

"I do."

"I am overjoyed to hear it!" Vespe's pleasure at hearing such praises of a work with which he had just parted at a price he had tried to make as small as possible made Thurston feel that he had done a great injustice to the old man.

"What a painter!" Thurston's eyes were fixed on the panel. "He has gone back to his twenties, as a boy goes to his mother, as a father goes to his child."

"Signore, you increase my gratitude. You have turned the leave-taking into the greatest pleasure of my life. You must take the portrait with you to-day. I can die happy, leaving it in your lover's embrace."

"I haven't brought with me the ——"

"Signore, I pray you! I pray you! Do not finish!" He shook his head. Then he concluded: "Perhaps you will never pay."

He spoke so hopefully that Thurston laughed. Then turning serious, he said: "I feel compunction about taking it; but of this I may assure you: If I die before you the portrait comes back to this house. If it is you who goes to Simonetta first her portrait at my death shall go to the Uffizi, to your Florence—and hers, signore."

"Signore! Signore!" exclaimed Vespe excitedly. Then he shrugged his shoulders despairfully: "And I hoped to pay my debt. And instead, it is you who are grateful to me!"

He rose, opened the door, and rang a small bronze bell that ought to have been kept under a glass in a museum. Francesco came in with that painful haste which you observe in servants who are old and rheumatic and fearful of being dismissed.

"Take that picture down and carry it to the signore's hotel. Wrap it up in a cloth."

"The portrait?" asked Francesco with shocked amazement.

"The portrait!" repeated Vespe, frowning fiercely. Then he turned his back on Francesco and Simonetta with a resolute gesture.

"What—why ——" stammered Thurston uneasily.

"I pray you to pardon me, signore. Frankly, I would not regret the one impulse of years for which I need not blush with shame. But I have lived with that portrait. I do not wish to say good-by to it. I beg that you will take it hence before I —— At once!"

"But I did not bring ——"

"I pray you! I pray you! I am not thinking of the thirty pieces of silver, but of the life you have saved."

"I did not save your life; and you know it. And I do not wish you to ——"

"Had I done what you did I should speak as you are speaking."

"But I merely happened to be here."

"Happened! Happened! And the Savior happened to be born in Bethlehem, and light happens to be faster than sound, and lead happens to be heavier than cork, and gold happens to be brighter than chalk; and I happen to be a grateful ass and you happen to be surprised at it. But since I happen to be older than you and Francesco happens to be my servant he will follow the signore, who happens to be returning to his hotel now—at this very moment."

And Vespe, smiling triumphantly, bowed and hastily left the room.

"I'll be damned!" exclaimed the astonished Thurston in English.

"Excuse me, Excellency!" said the perplexed Francesco.

"Come, then," said Thurston; and followed by the servant carrying Simonetta wrapped in an old table cover he left the house, took a cab, and was driven to the Grand Hotel de' Medici.

"Francesco, do you know a carpenter who would make me a case for this picture?" asked Thurston.

"Yes, Excellency; an honest man and a skillful artisan ——"

"The more I pay him the less money I shall have left to reward you."

"And very cheap," hastily said Francesco.

"Go, and return with him."

Francesco was gone less than half an hour. The carpenter's face exuded consciousness of the importance of the work. You might have thought he was about to make a coffin for an emperor.

"Measure this painting," Thurston told him. "I wish a wooden case made for it, light yet strong, well protected, with a hinged cover and a lock, to carry with me on my travels. You must arrange for the picture to be fastened within so that it cannot shake loose. Have you understood?"

"Absolutely, signore."

"And the price?"

"I cannot say."

"And to what do we owe the silence?"

"It must be of selected materials and very carefully made. It may be seventy lire—perhaps even eighty." If death came to him then and there, the cause would be truth-telling.

"You will bring it to-morrow at this hour," commanded Thurston.

"Impossible!"

"For the impossibility I pay a hundred lire."

"I do not think ——"

"To do is always better than to think of doing. For bringing it to-morrow, one hundred lire; for not thinking of not doing it, ten lire extra. Total, one hundred and ten lire," finished Thurston.

"Should I fail ——"

"You will not fail. The trumpet says one hundred and ten lire for 'yes' instead of seventy for 'perhaps.' You are wasting time. Measure and go."

The carpenter measured the painting carefully.

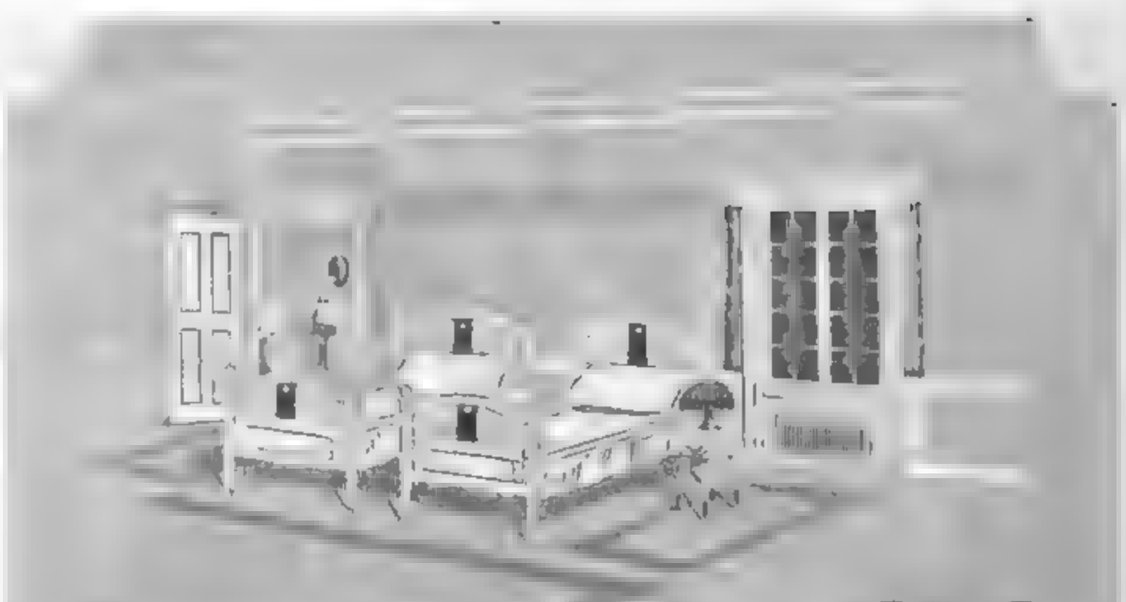
"Signore, I think ——"

"The last ten lire are for not thinking. As if for yourself—to carry on your travels. *A rivederla.*"

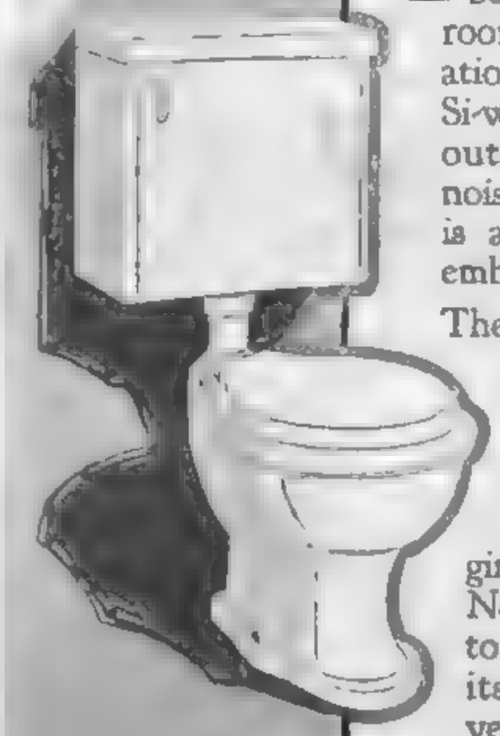
The man bowed himself out; and Thurston turned to old Francesco, who had watched the transaction with gaping mouth, and asked: "Where was Mariuccia born?"

"In a house that still stands in Fiesole, on the road to Borgunto."

"Her father's name?"



Silent SI-WEL-CLO



IT matters not whether the bathroom be adjoining the bedroom, the library or any room in the house—the operation of flushing the Silent Si-wel-clo Closet is not heard outside the bathroom: A noisy closet, on the other hand, is an annoyance to you, an embarrassment to your guests.

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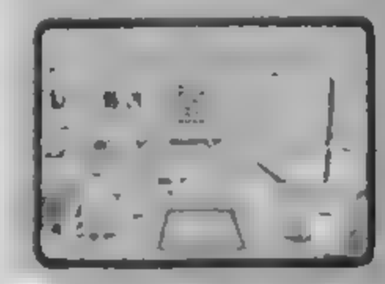

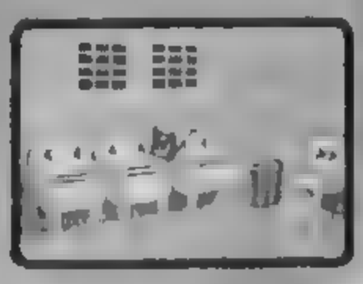

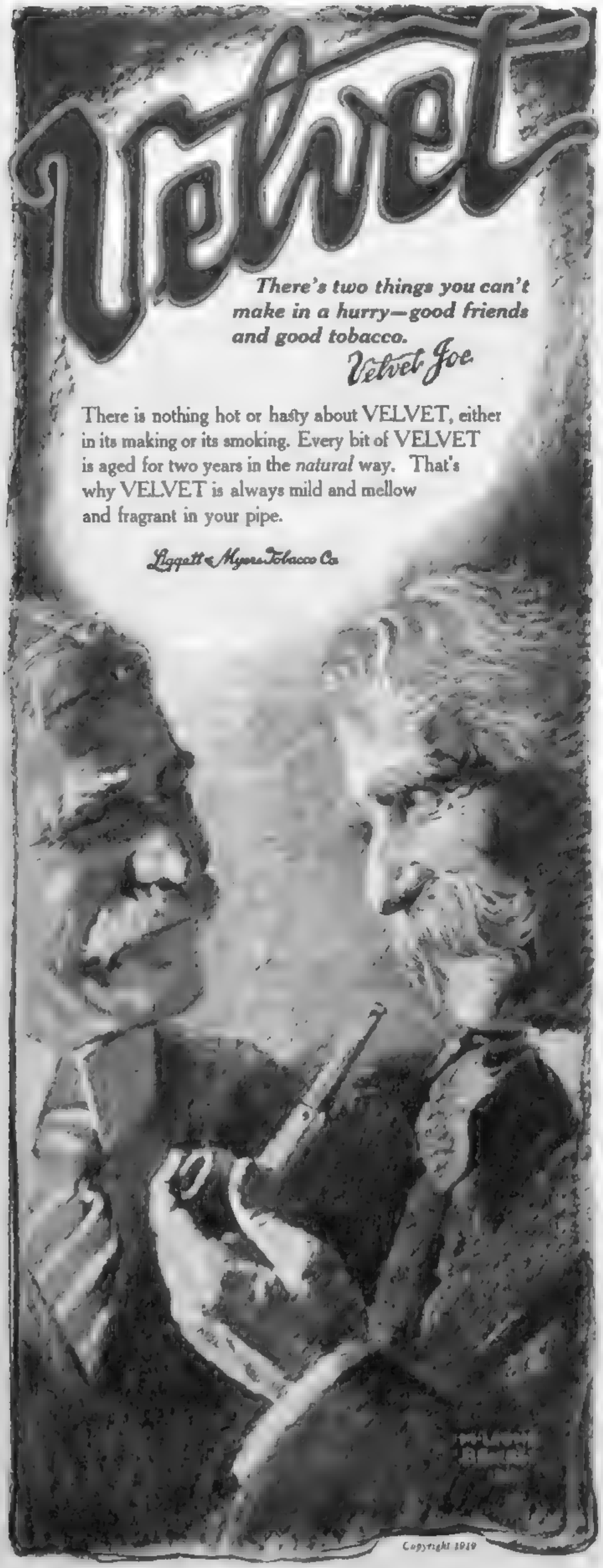
Velvet
There's two things you can't make in a hurry—good friends and good tobacco.
Velvet Joe
There is nothing hot or hasty about VELVET, either in its making or its smoking. Every bit of VELVET is aged for two years in the natural way. That's why VELVET is always mild and mellow and fragrant in your pipe.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
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"Girolamo Monteverde."

"Has she daughters?"

"Had."

"How many?"

"One."

"Married?"

"Dead."

"Sons?"

"Two. In Fiesole. Masons."

"Did you tell Mariuccia I was generous?"

"I showed her twenty lire."

"Why not the hundred?"

"She might think me a murderer."

"You should have thought of me," remonstrated Thurston.

"I thought of the hundred."

"When you return find an opportunity to tell her that at this hotel they have told you two things about me first, that it is a custom with me to give money before I speak."

"I understand. Speech follows the coin. And the second thing?"

"That after I make rich I make young those who please me."

"Do you in truth, signore?"

"In truth, Francesco—when they please me. I must see the signorina." And Thurston nodded dismissingly.

"I shall do my strongest," said the old man, and left the room.

Thurston said that after Francesco went away he proceeded to have a complete understanding with Simonetta's portrait.

They agreed that happiness was to live with one who always listened and always understood; with whom there was no need of spoken words. The fragrance of her soul was there—in the portrait before him. Why wasn't she herself there also to receive his worship?

At eight-thirty he went to Vespe's house, on the Via di Pinti. It was a moonless night and the old Florentine street was full of shadows. The Magnificent doubtless had strolled along the same street, singing an obscene ditty of his own composing. The wayfarers then were the same bulking blacknesses. They walked along the self-same stones, then—as now—thinking of love or of hatred, hoping or fearing, merging their moving darkness with that of the house shadows whose words were sinister silences.

Thurston knocked at the door of Vespe's dwelling—the house that for centuries had sheltered one family. To cross the threshold was like leaping backward four hundred years.

Presently he would breathe air that had not been changed since 1476, when Simonetta died—the halitus of quattrocentist Vespes and their loves. Never before had Thurston felt antiquity weigh so heavily on him—except once, in Pompeii, when a propitious mood made him fill the streets of that city of roofless houses with sandaled feet and he had even heard their gritty susurration.

The door opened about six inches and there was a whisper: "Who?"

Thurston—he never knew why—answered very solemnly, as if he were giving a countersign: "The Man from the Highest Mountain! Open, Francesco, to me and my Nine, not yet thine!"

"Excellency ——"

"I said open!"

"Is it to see Mariuccia?"

Thurston felt sure she was listening close beside Francesco, and thanked the instinct that made him answer as he did.

He now said slowly: "Seven times a thousand kilometers have I come to see and to give!"

There was a pause, and Thurston fancied he heard retreating footsteps. Then Francesco opened the door and said: "I pray you, this way, signore."

Thurston followed him through the ill-lighted courtyard until they stopped before a door, which the old man opened without knocking.

"Here is the *forestiere* who would speak with you, Mariuccia."

"With me?"

"With you."

What Thurston really wished was to see the signorina's face in a good light, to make sure the signorina was the woman in black who had the face of Simonetta.

Therefore Mariuccia must think of him as a benefactor, in order that the signorina might come quickly. He said solemnly:

"Mariuccia, born in Fiesole, that for which you have so often wished when sleep came not and you thought of the days which still remained to you on earth ——" He paused; then: "Do you know what I mean?"

Mariuccia crossed herself and said tremblingly.

"I know, signore! Yes, signore."

She was an old woman with a determined chin, very dark, almost like a gypsy. Her smile was merely a grimace, half of fear, which showed strong sharp teeth. She gave an impression of being able to bite with good effect; and that, in its turn, somehow suggested ruthlessness.

"What is found in your house must be given to Our Lady in the Church of Santa Maria Primerana, in Fiesole. Then will your wish come true."

"Which wish?" she asked eagerly.

"The good one," he answered sternly. "You are not having an affair with magic but with the Queen of Heaven."

"Who conceived without sin," murmured the old hag.

"That which you will find hidden behind a stone in a certain spot in one of the walls of your house must be removed by flesh of your flesh ——"

"My sons are masons." And she nodded triumphantly.

"From the hollow place behind the stone; not your hand, but the hand of a daughter who has borne no child ——"

"Mine had six!" wailed Mariuccia. Then, resignedly: "All males!"

"Think carefully," Thurston said. "Peradventure you suckled some child of a neighbor, to whom you were as a mother, who drank of your life with your milk. For what you then gave her she now will repay, provided she is as yet unwedded ——"

"My Simonetta!" cried Mariuccia.

Thurston thrilled at the mere sound of her name; but he said coldly: "I must see her forthwith."

Mariuccia hesitated.

Francesco spoke: "The Excellency has saved the master's life ——"

"When?" asked Mariuccia.

"Yesterday! That close! The signorina must not know."

The old woman gazed dubiously at Thurston, who thereupon returned the look coldly and said slowly:

"Fiesole will remain in Tuscany, and the house where you were born will remain in Fiesole, but I, the foreigner who came from the Highest Mountain beyond the seas, will not remain where I am not obeyed. Only once, bearing good luck, do I knock at your door. Once! Hearing no answer, I go—forever!"

"Signore, it is that ——" began Mariuccia.

"Where is the maiden? Must I invoke Saint Theobald and his Nine Fingers?"

"I'll get her," said Francesco intelligently, and left the room, unchecked by Mariuccia, who stared wide-eyed at the foreigner.

"With gold we approach gold. Purity with purity. This maid is your child?"

"My foster child."

"Are you sure she has never known the love of man?"

"God forbid!"

"Why, oh, Selfish?"

"The day of her wedding is the day of my death!" And Mariuccia looked anxiously to see how the Man from the Highest Mountain beyond the seas might take it.

Thurston nodded and admitted austerely: "It is so written in the Black Book. But what the hand of Fate wrote on the leaf of your life the hand of the mother of God will erase."

Mariuccia shook her head. She was not going to be deprived of the fear of her life like that. For one thing, it was too easy to be convincing. Thurston went on:

"When the treasure is found in your house, where it has lain these many hundred years, you will give it to Our Lady in the Church of Santa Maria Primerana. Besides living long years you will gain wealth. But your hand must not touch the gold of the hiding place. Perhaps it is feared the temptation might prove too strong. Perhaps it is for some other reason. I do not ask questions of Destiny."

"Excellency!" cried Francesco eagerly, unaware that nine of his fingers were working anticipatorily.

Thurston turned quickly and beheld—Simonetta, whose portrait had said so many things to him; to whom he had said so many things that he longed to say again!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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The High Cost of Conventions—By J. R. Sprague

IT WAS the last day of a national convention of manufacturers which was being held in a Western city. The time had come to decide on a meeting place for the following year; four cities were in the race. Impassioned speeches were made by representatives of the rival communities, delegations paraded the convention hall, waving banners, pounding bass drums, and wearing grotesque uniforms which were covered with convention badges. The chairman hammered for order, but no one paid attention.

At last, from out of the bedlam on the convention floor a man dashed toward the platform waving a sheet of yellow paper above his head. "I have here," he shouted, "a telegram in which the chamber of commerce of my home city guarantees to raise the sum of forty thousand dollars to entertain this convention next year!"

Money talked. Mere nebulous hospitality had no chance against the power of gold. A vote was taken and it was decided to hold the next convention in the city that had offered the big money.

This particular convention usually brings about two thousand delegates and visitors. The city that was willing to put up forty thousand dollars, therefore, paid about twenty dollars apiece for the privilege of entertaining its guests.

Experts have figured out that the average man in a strange city spends ten dollars a day while he is there. Of this three dollars goes for his room, three dollars more for food, and the four dollars remaining just sort of evaporates as he walks round. It is further estimated that there is a net profit of two dollars to the local business men out of this ten dollars that the stranger spends.

From actual statistics covering conventions of every sort and extending over a period of many years it has been found that convention visitors stop an average of two days in the convention city. Thus at two dollars a day profit per man who averages to stay in town two days, the community makes four dollars apiece out of its guests.

Now why should any town be willing to offer twenty dollars apiece to get people to visit it when it can hope to make only four dollars apiece out of them?

A Typical Instance

As a matter of fact the price of conventions has advanced to the point where there is little profit in them for anyone. Recently a gathering of commercial secretaries was held in a Southern city. There were only about fifty in attendance, but these were live, active men, representing big interests, and it was decided to treat them right. During the three days of the convention they were tendered two elaborate banquets, taken to the theater, given an automobile ride and otherwise entertained, the total cost running up to thirty dollars a man.

The commercial secretaries enjoyed themselves, but felt that the spending of so much money was poor business judgment, and a movement was started to reduce the high cost of conventions. But it is usually easier to start something than to stop it. One of the secretaries, who represented a Middle-Western city which entertains more than two hundred conventions a year, expressed himself in a heart-to-heart talk with his fellow workers.

"My city is spending altogether too much money for the possible good that conventions can do us," said this man; "but so long as we are a convention city I don't see any way out of it. Let us suppose, for instance, that the National Order of Prometheans holds its convention in Atlantic City this summer. There is a strong lodge of the order in our city, and it has been decided to send a powerful delegation to Atlantic City to urge upon the convention to meet with us next year.

"A committee is appointed from the local lodge to call on me and see what the chamber of commerce is willing to do. The committee is naturally enthusiastic; it feels that this is the one chance to put our city on the map. It estimates that the attendance should be fully ten thousand, because one of the national officers is a local man, and people are crazy to see our city anyhow.

"There is no use arguing against such optimism, and so I tell them that the convention fund is low, and possibly they are figuring a little too strong on attendance, but I guess we can afford to slip them five hundred dollars to help land the convention, and if they get it we can let them have a thousand more. Such small money does not satisfy them. They are perfectly sincere in believing that their convention would be more valuable to the city than locating a truck factory or building a new interurban railroad.

"So they slip something over on me. There is a hotel manager on my board of directors, or someone who owns stock in a hotel corporation, and to him the committee adjourns. Again they tell of the importance of their order, and what a wonderful thing it will be to the city to entertain its convention. They explain that the convention headquarters will have to be in some hotel, and it may just as well be the hotel in which their listener is interested.

"The hotel magnate gets enthused over the double prospect of benefiting our city and at the same time filling up his house with four guests in every room. He talks to the other chamber-of-commerce directors, with the result that the Promethean delegation goes to Atlantic City with two thousand dollars in its pockets to spend in landing the convention, and the promise of five thousand more for entertainment if their efforts are successful."

The Real Struggle Begins

"They come back triumphant. But when their committee sits down to figure it out it is decided that at least fifteen thousand dollars will be needed to handle the convention creditably. They come back on the chamber of commerce for it, but we have gone our limit. The only thing we can do is to give them a letter of indorsement and turn them loose on the public.

"Then the real struggle begins. Armed with the letter of indorsement, committees go after the money. First the hotels are visited and shaken down for varying amounts, based on the number of their rooms. The restaurants come next; then the merchants generally. It is no use for a man, seeing a committee heading his way, to slip out the back door, because he will be visited until found and made to declare flat-footed whether he stands for progress and a subscription or is willing to be classed among the slackers and mossbacks. Eventually the money is raised.

"The time for the convention arrives. A full brass band is stationed at the Union Depot, playing lively music as each train rolls in. Members of the reception committee wearing cordially worded badges greet the delegates as they arrive, and bundle them into waiting automobiles which have been loaned for the occasion by patriotic citizens. Taxicab drivers look on disagreeably and remark to each other that no other city in the country would pull off a cheap stunt like that.

"The town is all dressed up for the occasion. A little welcoming pennant hangs from every trolley cross wire, and all the store windows in the downtown district display elaborate signs lettered in sentiments of hearty greeting. The lobby of the headquarters hotel is a crowded mass of delegates from every part of the country, each man wearing a hatband lettered with the name of his home town, and a badge on his breast inscribed with his own name so that he may be welcomed without the formality of an introduction.

"The mayor makes a speech at the opening session of the convention. He tells them all about our natural advantages, how many railroads we have, how much our annual bank clearings are, and that a welcoming hand is always extended to strangers who are thinking of establishing industries in our city.

"Instead of ten thousand delegates being in attendance about three thousand actually appear, which is as many as the experienced expected. These three thousand are given a banquet, a barbecue, an automobile ride to all points of interest, and a book of

REVERE TIRES

THE Paul Reveres of to-day, the men who have foresight and vision, select thoroughbred tires as the patriot of '75 picked his steed. And Revere Tires have the distinction of *being* thoroughbreds. They are built to stand the unusual strain—*the rough riding*. Built to give undying service throughout their long life.

Revere Tires have just enough bounce to smooth out the jolt and jounce, plus the toughness to counteract the roughness of roads. Revere Tires, in their strength and service, are a monument to the deeds of the man who aroused New England on the 18th of April in '75.

You lift yourself out of the rut of tire troubles when you put four "Reveres" on the four corners of your car.

The Revere Cord, "R" and "Granite" Tread are the thoroughbreds. Your dealer sells Revere Tires.

REVERE RUBBER COMPANY
1788 Broadway, New York

INFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is **inside** instead of **outside** the line (C-D).

STRAIGHT
where the surface across the ball (A-B) is **equal** on either side of the line (C-D).

OUTFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is **outside** the line instead of **inside** the line (C-D).

Man Has 3 Feet

Science has proven that instead of there being one universal type of foot, there are, like Trupedic Shoes, three distinct ground-plan shapes. *Your* feet are either Inflare, Straight or Outflare.

The scientific facts built into this wonderful new Trupedic Shoe were discovered by the American Posture League after long study and investigation. They are based on the League's measurement of the feet of men of different nations and classes the world over. Based on this systemized knowledge the Churchill & Alden Company, by contributing their 40 years of shoe-making experience, has produced a genuine anatomical shoe, without the freak-look of the corrective shoe—a universal shoe for universal service

Special *Trupedic* Features

The Trupedic is made in the three universal-foot types—Inflare, Straight and Outflare. In Trupedics you can always have the shoe that gives you plenty of toe room, that because of its narrow shank, fits and supports the arch securely, thus preventing the foot from rubbing. You can always know you are getting *your* shoe—a scientifically standardized shoe—a trim, neat looking shoe, and a splendid wearing shoe, besides.

Link good health, better posture and increased efficiency to the genteel style, wearing qualities and reasonable cost of Trupedics, and you have the most noteworthy shoe-innovation of the century.

Go to the Trupedic dealer in your neighborhood, and get *your* type of shoe by actually trying on the three types. The Trupedic is made only in Blucher pattern, in one style toe. Each pair carries the American Posture League Label—which also indicates the type—Straight, Inflare or Outflare. Your feet will know the right one. $8 to $10. Write for name of nearest Trupedic dealer and the Trupedic Booklet.

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A Real Anatomical Shoe without the Freak-Shoe Look

The Tru-pe-dic SHOE

A Universal Shoe for Universal Service

APPROVED BY AMERICAN POSTURE LEAGUE INC.

YOUNG WOMEN The School of Nursing of the Hospitals of the Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania has several vacancies in its corps of Pupil Nurses. An excellent opportunity for some intelligent young women to enter the nursing profession. Instruction and Maintenance (board, lodging and laundry) free. A small cash allowance is also furnished to the pupil. Write "DIRECTRESS OF NURSES," Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia.

Be guided by This Trade-Mark

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"
—E.C. SIMMONS.
Trade Mark Registered.

The KEEN KUTTER trade-mark will never fail you. When you see it on tools and cutlery you can absolutely depend on their high quality. For years, its dependability has been universally recognized.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

coupons good for free rides on the street cars. The fifteen thousand dollars disappears like chaff before the wind.

"But instead of being impressed by the hospitality and talking about coming to locate factories among us the delegates persist in advertising their own home towns. Groups of them can be seen at any time congregating in hotel lobbies to let out fierce yells or sing songs in praise of Dallas, Spokane or Atlanta. There are booths everywhere with workers in attendance to give out information, souvenirs and literature of Buffalo, Birmingham, Duluth or San Diego. El Paso delegates mounted on burros stage a solemn parade through the convention hotel lobby. A citizen of Norfolk stands on a table to tell everyone that his city has the finest harbor in the world and that his hearers had better hurry up and move to Norfolk if they want to get in line with progress. New Orleans rents a hall and maintains a free moving-picture show to visualize the attractions of Canal Street and the old French Quarter. San Antonio gives away more than six hundred dollars' worth of paperweights made in reproduction of the Alamo.

"The delegates are kept so busy that they don't get round to spend much money with the merchants. Two or three of the downtown hotels are crowded, but the others have rooms to spare. The managers regret that they had been so optimistic as to put cards in all their rooms a week before, asking traveling men to vacate in time for the convention. No real-estate dealer reports the sale of a factory site to a stranger. The convention is an artistic success but a financial failure."

The Stay-at-Home Dollars

The same rules apply to smaller gatherings as to the big national affairs. Many towns that cannot afford to go after big-league events make a specialty of state conventions. A state convention of druggists, for instance, is to be held. Two or three drug men in some small city make up their minds that it would be a good thing to entertain their fellow craftsmen. They are members of the local chamber of commerce and naturally go to that body for assistance. On account of their membership it is hard to refuse them, and so the chamber backs them up to the extent of a few hundred dollars.

It is believed that a thousand druggists and their wives will attend, but at the last minute many of them find it impossible to leave home, and so only a hundred or two appear at the convention. The hotels and restaurants do some business with them, but practically no other lines are benefited. The visitors are shown a pleasant time, but no one among them decides to come to the city to live, because all his interests are bound up in his home town. They do not patronize the merchants much, because everyone feels a loyalty to his brother storekeepers back home.

The annual convention of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association is considered one of the most desirable affairs held in the Southwest. Every year the larger cities of Texas and Oklahoma compete for the privilege of entertaining the cattle raisers. It has been no unusual thing for a city to spend twenty-five thousand dollars in getting it.

Formerly this convention brought real money to town. Many of the cattlemen would bring their whole families with them and buy merchandise to last throughout the year. Clothing merchants, shoe dealers and ladies' ready-to-wear stores stocked up with the most expensive goods against the coming of the cattlemen and their families. Diamond dealers from other cities would rent rooms in the convention hotel and open up most lavish displays of platinum and diamond jewelry.

But of late years business at the cattlemen's convention has not been so good. The cattlemen were more prosperous than ever, but the convention city's bank clearings invariably showed a smaller increase during the week than had been the case in former years. A certain chamber of commerce secretary made an exhaustive investigation to learn the cause of the decline, and his report should interest business men everywhere, because conditions are approximately the same in all sections of the country.

"Cattlemen and other country dwellers are spending more money than they ever did," this secretary reported to his board of directors, "but they are not spending it so freely at their conventions nor in the large cities generally. The small towns are getting a greater share of it than in former years.

"This condition, as I understand it, is due largely to good roads and automobiles. Years ago the family that lived ten miles from town was distinctly out in the country. It was somewhat of an event to go to town. The team that made the trip was taken off farm work the day before to rest up for the journey, and an early start was made so as to get back by chore time. The twenty-miles excursion took close to four hours of driving.

"Under these conditions the family did not go to town very often, and so did not get specially in the habit of buying from their small-town merchants. It was almost as easy and much more attractive to wait until they went to the big city and then do their buying all at once.

"But when the family got an automobile the ten-mile trip to their village and back was nothing. When any small thing was needed someone would jump into the machine and be home again in an hour and a half. After the chores were done in the evening everyone would get into the car and go to town for a picture show.

"And the fact that the countryman saw his small-town merchant oftener made it more natural to do business with him. When the wife wanted a tailor-made suit or the daughter a wrist watch they got in the habit of giving the local storekeeper a chance to make the sale instead of passing him by in favor of the big city establishment. The increased business in turn made it possible for the small-town dealer to carry more up-to-date merchandise. Instead of handling unknown brands as formerly he stocked nationally advertised goods. His store began to appear more like those in the large cities; he put in a plate-glass front with marble trimmings, and changed his window displays twice a week. He is not a country storekeeper any more, but a merchant.

"No one who has not traveled among the small towns of the country during recent years can appreciate the change that has come over the retail stores in those places. Small-town and country people are patronizing their local business men. And this, as I understand it, is the reason the cattlemen's convention is not so profitable as formerly. It is still a most desirable affair, but certainly not worth spending so much money to get as has been the custom."

Boosting Booklets

One convention extravagance that will stand correcting is the promiscuous giving away of booklets. No matter how small the city, it has its boosting booklet, printed on fine enameled paper and the half-tone illustrations all framed up artistically with handmade drawings. The sky line of Main Street is shown at two different angles from the First National Bank corner. The new courthouse, decisively stated to be the finest in that part of the state, is shown, as well as the M. R. & S. passenger depot. The leading hotel occupies a full page, not exactly an advertisement, but unable to restrain giving the information that it is newly furnished throughout and that its rates are $1.50 upward, European plan. Several private residences are illustrated, to give casual readers an idea of the type of homes prevailing in the city.

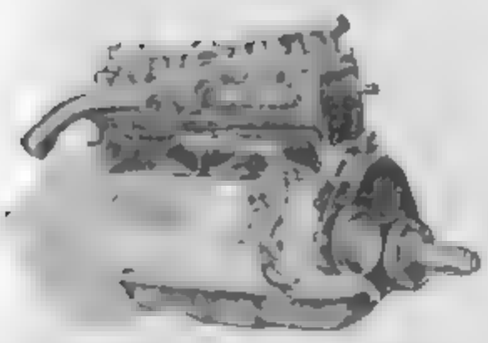
It is no one's business to know just how much it cost the owners of the private residences to get into the book, nor what the leading hotel contributed; but someone had to pay the bills, and it costs about twenty-five cents apiece to manufacture such booklets. Did you ever attend a convention and see what becomes of such publications? They are thrust into the hands of the delegate from every angle. They are in his room when the bell boy first shows him up and asks self-consciously if there isn't anything more that he wishes; the check girl hands them to him with his hat when he comes out of the dining room; in the convention hall they are on every seat, and piles of them are at the door for free distribution. From the booths round the hotel lobby booklets are pressed on the delegate with such insistence that he just can't help filling his side coat pockets several times a day.

At a small convention recently attended by the writer, where there were less than two hundred delegates, one ambitious community sent a thousand elaborate booklets

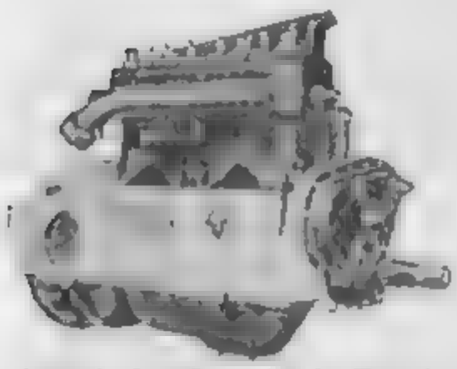
(Concluded on Page 157)

CONTINENTAL MOTORS · AMERICA'S STANDARD · Powerful as the Nation

This seal when shown on Continental Motor has a red circle border.



America's Standard Passenger Car Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.



America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.

His strongest selling point is the Red Seal Continental Motor

The argument that most often clinches the sale of an automobile or truck is the Red Seal Continental Motor.

For there is hardly a man who is not familiar with the record of *past performance*—the infallible test of motor worth—which has distinguished this motor for well over a decade.

On hundreds of thousands of automobiles and trucks, under every conceivable condition of service, the Red Seal Continental Motor has *proved* its 100% dependability. In the supertasks of war, in the vigorous tasks of peace, it has stood the test of service.

Today upwards of 15,000 dealers have signified their belief in the Red Seal Continental Motor by entrusting their business prosperity to Continental-equipped cars. And their choice is the Continental because of its proved record for power, for speed, for economy, for reliability.

Today more than 160 successful manufacturers of automobiles and trucks equip their output with Red Seal Continental Motors. The judgment of these manufacturers is vindicated by tens of thousands of owners who will have no other motor.

Look for the Red Seal on the motor in the car or truck you buy—and *be sure*.

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Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

Twenty-one years ago the MACK truck had its origin in a little shop on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn.

Today the MACK is one of the most vital factors in modern transportation, and the product of its two plants at Allentown and Plainfield is found in growing numbers in practically every field of business endeavor throughout the world.

Fundamentally the MACK has always been a truck. It was a powerful transportation medium at the start. In fact, the earliest MACKS were used on heavy brewery haulage in Brooklyn.

The MACK was the only truck selected by West Point Engineers, and standardized for war service with the U. S. Engineers abroad during the great conflict. At home it is a familiar necessity wherever transportation is used. MACK branches and dealers are found in all important centers. Capacities—1 to 7½ tons.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK

An illustrated booklet "Letters From The Front" will be sent on request

Mack TRUCKS

"PERFORMANCE COUNTS"

(Concluded from Page 154)

for distribution—at least two hundred and fifty dollars' worth. It is estimated that about one out of twenty booklets thus distributed is actually carried home. The rest are got rid of as decently as possible after the delegate is out of sight of the giver. On the basis of one in twenty, therefore, it costs five dollars to get a man to read a booklet and carry it home.

The convention manager of a Pacific Coast city blames the newcomers for the high costs. "The prices of conventions would probably come down automatically if it were not for the new towns constantly getting into the game," said this man. "A community wakes up some morning to find that it has fifteen thousand population. It pinches itself to see if this is really true, and then begins to plan what it can do to prove itself a regular city. It will become a convention center. Of course it is not strong enough to go after national affairs, but it will gather in all the state conventions.

"The chamber of commerce organizes a band of its livest wires into a Booster's Club. If it is a seaport town they dress in sailor clothes; if a mining town they fix up as miners with a kerosene lamp on each cap; if a cattle center they masquerade as cowboys. They have a song leader who composes a piece about the home town, and a yell leader who drills them in some unique way of making a noise. Such details being perfected they are ready for business. They have financed their preparations by a minstrel show at the Opera House, at which the sale of tickets nearly paid the cost of the show. A good profit was made, however, by the advertising in the program at fifty dollars per page. No advertiser expected any returns, but he was afraid to turn the committee down.

"A state convention is in progress somewhere and this Booster's Club suddenly descends upon it in full regalia, singing its song, shouting its yells, and giving away literature at every turn. It hands out souvenirs representing the home-town grain elevator done in ivory-colored plaster of Paris, and cigars with an embossed band showing the new Federal Building. The convention would have been a dull affair without this unexpected pep, and so it is gratefully voted to hold the next gathering in the home of such a live-wire Booster's Club. The boys go back home exultant; they have put the old town on the map. For a long time whenever they meet each other on the street they stop to discuss how good they are.

"Other gatherings are secured and for a year or two the town quite revels in conventions. Then the citizens get tired of subscribing money, a new man is elected president of the chamber of commerce, the yell leader moves away, and the place ceases to be an active contender in the convention field. But another city takes its place, going through the same routine, so there is no slump in convention prices."

Cities With a Limit

In the national field, too, it is the newcomer who keeps things stirred up. When a town gets into the hundred-thousand class it is most likely to sow its wild oats. At that size it feels itself to be a regular city. It builds a municipal auditorium; there is an exclusive ladies' ready-to-wear store; there is a hat-check girl at the principal hotel; the largest jewelry store carries a genuine pearl necklace in stock; business men eat lunch downtown; the leading newspaper employs a cartoonist; merchants change their advertising copy every day.

Thus having attained man's stature the city in the hundred-thousand class looks round for a quick method of getting itself into the Who's Who of American Municipalities. What can be a more effective way than going after some of the big national conventions? It knows that it will have to pay a heavy price, but it is willing, because it realizes that any new business must spend more money on advertising than its older competitors until it gets itself established. And so it organizes a conventions bureau in connection with its chamber of commerce, raises some money to finance it, hires an experienced secretary, and goes boldly out to bid for conventions in the open market.

Old-established convention cities, like Denver, Kansas City or Detroit, have a limit beyond which they will not go in landing any convention. But their smaller and newer competitors recognize only the sky as a limit when anything particularly desirable is on hand. Everybody gets behind and boosts. Recently the representative of a small city laid a check for one hundred thousand dollars on the desk of the presiding officer at a national convention as its offer for the next year's meeting. There was no such sum of money on deposit at the bank. The offer had been underwritten by several hundred men in the city and surrounding towns, who had agreed to put up certain amounts to make the check good in case the convention should be secured.

There is a movement on foot to make conventions partially self-sustaining. The next time you go to your favorite gathering do not feel surprised or hurt if you have to pay over five dollars before receiving the badge that proves that you are a delegate, and the book of coupons good for admission to the clam bake, the grand ball and the automobile ride. A number of the larger national organizations, including the Rotariana and the Associated Advertising men, already have a rule for charging this five-dollar registration fee to help out the convention city on expenses.

The manager of the conventions bureau in an important Eastern city recently unbosomed himself to the writer. "For fifteen years our city has been one of the big convention centers," said this man. "When anything good was on hand we went after it aggressively, and were not afraid to spend money."

Bread on the Waters

"I know we have been paying too high a price all these years. Ours is a beautiful city and we are proud of it; but it is foolish to believe that a business man will fall over himself to come here and establish a factory because we took him on an automobile ride and showed him the fashionable residence section or filled his pockets with booklets descriptive of our public-school system and the purity of our drinking water. Nine-tenths of the men who go to a convention are so tied up in business that they could not leave their home town and come to live with us, no matter how much they wanted to. And they come to boost their own town, not to admire ours.

"We are not sore on the convention business. On the contrary we want it just as badly as ever, but we are not going to pay exorbitant prices. In future we are going to spend one dollar on each delegate if it is a state convention, and not to exceed five dollars if it is a national affair.

"The immediate cash results of a convention to our business men do not amount to much. An excursion from our trade territory will produce more actual buying of merchandise than several conventions.

"I look on conventions as cumulative advertising, rather than a means of present profit. If a man comes to our city and we show him a pleasant time he will always speak a good word for us. And a city needs to do good-will advertising just as much as a business firm.

"The man we entertain may not now be in position to leave his home town and come to live with us even if he wanted to. But he may be in the habit of taking a yearly vacation, and if we impress him favorably enough he will possibly want to spend his vacations in our city. Or it may be that in a few years he will sell out his business, and the memory of the pleasant time we gave him will be the deciding factor that will induce him to come to us with some profitable enterprise.

"Business men are not nearly so businesslike as people think they are. A man may have two cities in mind as possible locations for a manufacturing plant. He will figure it out that one of these cities is so well located as to freight rates and power that he ought to make twenty thousand dollars a year. In the other city, which is ours, business conditions are not quite so favorable, and he cannot figure out annual earnings of more than eighteen thousand dollars.

"But several years ago he attended a convention in our city and we showed him such a good time that he has always thought he would like to live with us. The agreeable memory weighs heavier than the two thousand dollars; for he rightly reasons that the main object of his business is to buy a pleasant life. He locates his factory in our midst. And so, after many years we cash in on the automobile ride, the barbecue, and the other entertainment on which we spent our money."

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Hurting, aching, easily tired out feet—you needn't have them! Your feet may always be delightfully at ease in the stylish shoes you want to wear.
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Adjustable Foot Appliances
In each of your feet there are 26 delicately adjusted little bones. Callouses, run-over heels, fallen arches, and other foot pains and troubles come when some of these little bones get out of position.
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Buy your shoes where you can get delightful Wizard Foot Relief
At leading shoe and department stores everywhere you will find trained experts in the Wizard System of Foot Correction. Go to one of these stores near you today.
The Wizard expert will examine your stockinged feet and find the exact cause of your foot trouble. He will make the special individual Wizard supporting adjustment with feather-light, all leather, soft pliable Wizards, that fit comfortably in your shoes. Your pain will stop at once. There is nothing else like this Wizard principle of foot correction to restore your foot structure to normal.
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Write today for FREE booklet
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"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

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CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

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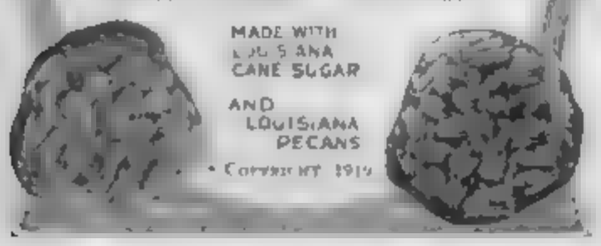

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Trail Makers and Trail Markers

The Roosevelt National Park

ON FEBRUARY twelfth the Public Lands Committee of the House reported out the Roosevelt National Park Bill, simply changing the name of the old Sequoia Park to Roosevelt Park, but cutting out the proposed increased area. In its present form the bill is more or less valueless and more or less a mockery. Instead of embracing sixteen hundred square miles of the most marvelous landscape in the world, it contains two hundred and fifty square miles, beautiful but not comprehensive, and in no way measuring up to the original intention of the bill.

Theodore Roosevelt had enemies in the Senate, but they forgot the past and voted unanimously for this monument to his memory.

The House apparently does not know who Theodore Roosevelt was, and it certainly does not know what the Roosevelt National Park would have been. Few of the members of the Committee on Public Lands have ever been in that mountain country at all—I am not sure that any one of them has ever seen it.

An editorial forecasting this committee's action was printed on February 3, 1919, in the Chicago Evening Post, which sets out fairly well the why and wherefore:

"The Roosevelt National Park Bill, which was fathered by Senator Phelan, a Democrat from California, and which passed the Senate, is now being blocked in the House. The blocker is one Denver Church, a Democratic congressman from California, who has just thirty days more of official life, the Seventh District of the Golden State having decided last November to replace him with a Republican.

"Having never before chanced upon Mr. Church's name in the public prints, we know nothing of his idiosyncrasies, predilections or constitutional tendencies. But we assume that his motive in opposing this eminently appropriate memorial to one of our greatest Americans, which he does not deny will add one more charm to the necklace of charms worn by his state, is merely to reserve that grateful privilege for his Republican successor and a Republican House.

"Something of the same fine spirit must animate the Department of Agriculture, which has made an adverse report on the bill.

"When this park was first proposed, under the name of Greater Sequoia, after the stand of magnificent trees it incloses, the Department filed no objections that we were aware of. Now, however, it discovers that it must investigate the grazing and timber possibilities therein before giving its indorsement."

Every man who knows the situation in the high Sierras knows that the giant redwoods ought not to be lumbered off; knows that that is not and never can be a cattle country; is not and never can be a mineral country—the miners have passed it up.

Roosevelt National Park, when ultimately established—and the fight for it will never be given up until won—will in all likelihood be the last of the great national parks. It is difficult, even now, to get any considerable body of wilderness lands without including some sort of individual holdings, or individual jealousies, or individual avarices; and these matters increase with every year. It is deplorable that our people and so many of their representatives are men of no vision in a matter such as this; that they neither know the past of America nor can see its future. It is difficult to estimate how valuable these great parks will be as examples of wild country within twenty years. Before the lapse of that time they will be the only remaining representations of what was once wild America. In Europe great parks have been owned for centuries by kings.

In America the people should own great parks—and own them forever—to show that something of the native world belongs neither to kings nor to politicians, neither to covetous cowmen nor to remorseless lumbermen, but to the people of America. This particular park is so good, so necessary, that we need not doubt its ultimate establishment.

A League of Common Sense

THE various leagues of sportsmen collectively and severally, did not control the weather last fall. We have had a very mild winter all over the country. Such ducks as we have left were not concentrated, but were widely scattered over the North and South and the Middle West. The shooting was not so good as it was in the fall of the year previous; hence the wail from the Middle West, where it seems they must have ducks or all is lost. Hence, also, all these various resolutions, leagues, and so on, in the endeavor to control Dame Nature;. which last cannot be done.

At the risk of being regarded flippant, I would suggest to these ardent sportsmen of America just one more league. Why not get together a few hard-headed men and call them the League of Common Sense? We cannot save our birds by unanimously resolving anything about them; we cannot save them by printing editorials about them, or Agricultural Department regulations about them, or Biological Survey resolutions to investigate their feed supply. The only way to save these birds is to stop shooting them. The only way to protect any investment is not to spend the principal of the investment. That is horse sense about game protection, and nothing else is horse sense about it.

All this shilly-shallying, all this bluffing and pretending, all this regulating and apologizing and explaining and promising, all this attempt to have new test cases and new laws—the whole absurd lot of it all comes to nothing whatever. It is an astonishing thing that we Americans are not keen enough to see that at once and stop such foolishness. Sometimes I long for an old-fashioned king with an ax. But, since we have no king with an ax, let us simply conclude that the migratory-bird law is still in full force. If you break it you break an existing law of the United States; and you run your own chances.

We American outdoor men have got to go into some of these larger problems if we are going to have any out-of-doors left. It is all very well to get the latest rod and gun and start out to kill something; but a part of the concern of any American to-day who wants his boy to know anything of the out-of-doors is that there shall be a real out-of-doors left somewhere, and something in that out-of-doors to see and, if need be, to kill.

The Olympic Elk

A RECENT dispatch from Seattle revives interest in the great species of the Olympic elk, popularly supposed to be almost extinct:

"Licenses for the killing of four hundred bull elks on the west slope of the Olympic National Forest have been recommended to the Washington State Legislature by the Forest Service and the game wardens, according to R. E. Fromme, supervisor. The game within the national forests is under control of the state rather than the Federal Government; but forest officials are, in most cases, better acquainted by reason of their duties with the game in the more remote mountain districts. Mr. Fromme says: 'Through a study of the elk, conducted on the Olympic Forest for the last eight or ten years, estimates of the number have been made, and it is now believed that certain watersheds are overcrowded, to the detriment of the elk. It is now estimated there are between seven thousand and eight thousand elks on the Olympic peninsula, probably all of which range on the coast side of the mountains; and five thousand feed entirely within the forest boundaries.'"

With the principle of using the interest of a good investment there can be no logical quarrel. But is that the principle which has governed the administration of game in America? The merest glance at the game supply of to-day is all the proof needed that we have been using not only our interest but our principal as fast as we could. The men who would like to see some of the wild life and wild game remain are at continual war with those who want to see it destroyed as fast as possible. We might as well admit that Americans do not want to see their game preserved.

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WHEN a good, hard, permanent road replaces this stretch of mire, every foot of land adjoining it will increase in value, and every pound hauled over it will decrease in cost.

This photograph was not posed for advertising—it shows the actual condition of a seventeen-mile link of so-called road between Pittsburgh and Butler, Pa.

Use your influence for good roads at every opportunity. Good roads are one of the greatest agencies in advancing the economic and social life of the nation.

The Highway Industries Association, 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has done so much towards forwarding good roads that we suggest you ask them how they can help you to improve road conditions in your community.

Chassis $2050

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Sunkist
ORANGE
MARMALADE
(Sweet)
MADE THE HOME WAY IN THE SUNKIST KITCHENS WITH FRESH RIPE ORANGES AND LEMONS FROM SUNKIST GROVES GRANULATED SUGAR AND PURE WATER—NOTHING ELSE
CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, DISTRIBUTORS
MADE IN CALIFORNIA BY EXCHANGE ORANGE PRODUCTS CO.
Made from old Scotch recipes with fresh, ripe fruit from Sunkist Orange Groves

Cut out the coupon and send to us—

It Brings

We are making this offer of 40,000 individual breakfasts of Sunkist Orange Marmalade at our expense, just to prove how good it is.

One Free Breakfast

Cooked by Women

WE cook Sunkist Marmalade just the same as you cook at home when you put up fruit.

A Scotch woman, a connoisseur of marmalades and preserves who brought the recipe to this country, superintends the cooking. She uses small, individual gas stoves, and cooks only a few pounds at a time. The home unit is simply multiplied in the Sunkist kitchens.

She selected women-cooks exclusively as her assistants, "because only women know instinctively how to make good preserves."

So our method is the real "home method" and we get a genuine "home taste."

We believe you will say as soon as you taste it, "Why should I go to the trouble to make my own when I can buy marmalade like that?" We know you will want to serve Sunkist Marmalade regularly thereafter.

That's why we can afford to make this offer of the first individual breakfast free.

Fruit from Sunkist Groves

Sunkist Marmalade is made in the heart of California where the best oranges grow.

We use the rich, pure juice of fresh, ripe fruit from the famous Sunkist Orange groves; and thin strips of the yellow part of the peel, which is finely shredded so it won't form lumps.

Then we add pure sugar and a little lemon or grapefruit juice. Nothing else comes to you in this marmalade.

We cook down 2 lbs. of fruit to make 1 lb. of marmalade. That's four times as much as most cooks use. That's how we get the full rich orange flavor. The marmalade jells naturally because of this *concentration* of fruit and because of the "small stove" cooking which permits individual care.

You will notice these qualities in Sunkist Marmalade.

And you will notice a delicious tang, when you get your Individual Breakfast-jar,—an evidence of the famous old Scotch recipe. It adds the final captivating touch to *The New American Marmalade.*

Send your coupon now and get your jar. Try Sunkist Marmalade on hot toast, muffins, biscuits, waffles, French toast or griddle cakes. You'll want less of other kinds of preserves, and you'll save the time and trouble spent in making them, when you know Sunkist Marmalade.

Try it now at our expense. Then ask your grocer for it.

Sunkist
Orange Marmalade
Made by Sunkist Orange Growers

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Los Angeles, California
A co-operative organization of 8500 Growers
Distributors of
Sunkist Oranges, Lemons, Grapefruit, Marmalades and Orange Jelly

"ONE BREAKFAST FREE" COUPON

We can send only one jar to each family

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Div. M-3, Los Angeles, Cal.:

Please send one "breakfast sample" of Sunkist Orange Marmalade Free to the following address. In the acceptance of your offer I am furnishing my grocer's name and address. I have not previously taken advantage of your free offer.

My name is_____

Street _____

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My grocer's name is_____

Address_____

Keep Colgate's ready for use in the bathroom. It is good for you and your children. If brushing with it only made the mouth feel wholesome it would be worth using. It does that—and more.

Your own teeth profit from its use. (There is none of that after-sensitiveness which the too great chemical strength of some "tooth pastes" may cause.) If Colgate's merely kept the teeth *safely* clean, its use would be a valuable daily habit. It does that—and more.

Teeth that make a smile bright! If a Colgate brushing two or three times a day merely made your smile brighter, Ribbon Dental Cream would justify its purchase. It does that—and more.

Clean—the word that means relief from many tooth troubles. Colgate's cleans thoroughly and polishes the teeth to natural whiteness.

Colgate's—Sold everywhere—or, if you prefer, send 4c in stamps to Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., New York, for a trial size.

COLGATE'S

A Man's Dentifrice

"A man is known by the teeth he keeps"

Practical Facts Are you one of those who have thought it necessary to use a "druggy" tasting dentifrice to preserve your teeth? If you are, consider the common-sense thought that a dentifrice is no more a medicine than is soap and water. It simply serves to *clean*. And consider the value and advantages you get when choosing Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Good Business Ribbon Dental Cream cleans the teeth so thoroughly—so *safely*. It contains no alcohol, pepsin, carbolic acid, saccharine, nor chlorate of potash. It has no harmful grit or acid, which may clean but which may also work havoc with the delicate membranes of the mouth and throat. Colgate's is *safe;* please remember that.

Common Sense So don't take chances on "cure-alls" when your teeth and mouth seem to need treatment. Do the common-sense thing—consult a dentist or physician. For no dentifrice can take the place of the dentist.

Professional Advice Both physicians and dentists advise brushing the teeth at least twice a day. There is an advantage in doing this with Ribbon Dental Cream, for its flavor appeals to the normal taste of both adults and children, and so encourages regular care.

Remember the red package with the white lettering—the dentifrice that helps keep the tongue and gums healthy and red—helps keep the teeth sound, clean, and white.

For good reasons, more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice for use every day.

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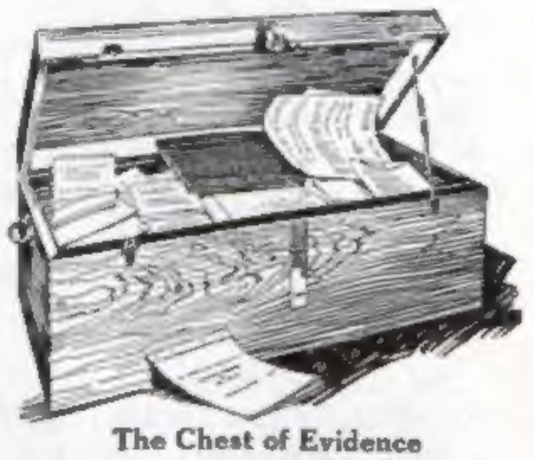

The Chest of Evidence

Evidence that Colgate's is preferred by dentists is contained in the affidavits and other documents in this Evidence Chest—deposited with the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. of New York. They may be examined by accredited committees on application to Colgate & Co.